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**ASTOR. LENOX AND
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Vulpinus
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RINALDO RINALDINI,



THE GREAT BANDIT.

trans. by
in Amer. cit. 1/2
1880, 82 p.

THIS TRANS
NO. 11 17.
THE 6-2-23

HISTORY
OF
RINALDO RINALDINI,
CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF VULVUS.

BY L. HINKLEY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN B. PERRY,
No 198 MARKET STREET.
NEW YORK:
N. C. NAFIS, No. 278 PEARL STREET
1848.

W.T.C.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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PREFACE.

The uncommon celebrity on the continent, of the work of which the following is a translation, and the numerous and ornamented editions of it with which Germany is teeming, would not have been sufficient motives for the present Editor to unite his name with it, had it been a mere imaginary romance; nor did he undertake the translation, however pleasing and interesting the narrative appeared to him, till he had the fullest assurance, private as well as public, of the authenticity of the principal facts.

It further appeared to the translator, that independent of the various moral instruction to be derived from the biography of celebrated and singular characters, the ensuing narrative was particularly valuable, because it is there evident, that the most commanding of all talents and those which give an individual most power either to benefit or injure mankind, are energy and promptitude of mind.

The Editor was also desirous of showing certain pretended translators that it is possible to render colloquial German into colloquial *English*: which from the innumerable wretched performances he has perused, under the title of translations, especially works of that class, might almost have been conceived impracticable.

These considerations, and the greatness of mind displayed by the hero of the tale, were additional motives, which overcame his aversion to avowing a production which the philosopher and the man of learning may probably still consider as trifling. www

The German author, who has presented in such interesting points of view the life and adventures of this

extraordinary man,* at first modestly concealed his name ; but the uncommon eagerness of his countrymen to know to whom they were indebted for facts so judiciously collected and arranged, and related in so pleasing a manner, has at last discovered him. He has introduced his work by a preface to the following effect :

* Rinaldo Rinaldini lived in the former part of the last century.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

ALL Italy speaks of him. The Appenine mountains, and the Sicilian vales resound with the name of Rinaldini. It lives in the songs of Florence and Calabria and in the ballads of the Sicilians. From the summit of the Alps to the extremity of the Appenines, men talk of his achievements: and when the garrulous villagers of Calabria assemble in the evening before their doors, every one is ready to relate some adventure of the Valeroso Capitano Rinaldini. It is a pleasure to witness the eagerness and emulation they express.

The Shepherds of the Sicilian vales alternately entertain each other with stories of him; and the simple peasant, though exhausted by the heat and labour of the day, seems reanimated the moment he begins to talk of Rinaldini, amid a circle of his acquaintance. Wives and maidens, young men and boys, all listen with delight, when their fathers and husbands speak of him. Nor does sleep oppress their eyes, if their labours be but enlivened with the story of Rinaldini. He is the hero of the soldier's tale in the guard room, or the lonely watch tower upon the coast; and of seafaring men when unwillingly detained on shore, or becalmed on the ocean. Hills and valleys, spinning rooms and cottages, alike resound with ballads of Rinaldini. Here then follows the history of this extraordinary man, in which the adventures related of him

are collected together, and arranged in the proper order of time; and if the tale be but half so pleasing to my readers, and excite in them but half so lively an interest as among the inhabitants of Calabria, of Florence, and of Rome, though they may have taken it up but to gratify curiosity, or chase away the dull moments of slowpaced time, they will not lay it down dissatisfied: such at least is my proudest wish.

Written on St. Rosalia's Day, 1798.

HISTORY
OF
RINALDO RINALDINI,
CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

The boisterous winds rolled over the Appenines like the mountain-waves of the ocean; and the aged oaks bowed their lofty heads to the storm. Rinaldo and Altaverde had kindled a fire beneath a projecting rock, and sat sheltered in a narrow dell. The night was dark, thick clouds concealed the moon and no cheering star twinkled in the heavens.

Altaverde. This stormy night exceeds every thing I have ever witnessed! Rinaldo! are you not asleep?

Rinaldo. I sleep! I like such weather: it rages here and there, around us, close to us, in this breast of mine, and every where!

Altaverde. Captain, you are no longer the same man you were.

Rinaldo. 'Tis true. Once I was an innocent boy: but now—

Altaverde. You are in love.

Rinaldo. I am a captain of Banditti.

Altaverde. Has your cara sposa found it out? When you appear in great towns and

cities, who but takes you for one of the richest noblemen, and of the most ancient house?

Rinaldo. And yet a price is set upon my head!

Altaverde. And who will earn it?

Rinaldo. Perhaps one of my own band.

Altaverde. For shame! They who have sworn fidelity to you, will never be guilty of such an action.

Rinaldo. Oh! they are men, and bad men. Good you cannot, by heavens! call one of us.

Altaverde. On that we shall differ. But you are in a bad humour. Will you drink? No. Well, then I'll drink alone. What boots it now, to lament and grumble? Now it is too late.

Rinaldo. Alas! woe to me, and thee, and all of us, that it is too late!—Oh, Altaverde, to what end shall we come?

Altaverde. To that which is decreed us by fate; and after we are dead, whether worms, fish, or crows fatten upon us, is more indifferent to us than to hear how his holiness the pope dined; for it will not be our business, at any rate, to pay the grave digger. There is but one road into life for kings and beggars; but there are many doors out of it; and whether we depart by the middle or side door is unimportant. Die we must; and if it be the will of Heaven, we may as well die peaceably in our beds as any other man.

Rinaldo. Peaceably?

Altaverde. And how many die peaceably? Almost every man dies with pain and agony.

Rinaldo. But not with shame and ignominy.

Altaverde. Since you have been in love, one can scarcely say a word to you. Who brought you among us?

Rinaldo. My own thoughtlessness.

Altaverde. Then quarrel with that, and be not enraged against yourself. What is past is past; and all you can do for yourself is to take of the future. Do that, and you will have nothing more to reproach yourself with; for if you fall, it will not be your fault. Go; serve your country with your life and fortune; devote your body, your soul, all your thoughts and exertions to its advancement, and still, if Fortune pleases, you may rot in a jail though innocent of every crime. Are there not innumerable examples? Both ancient and modern history abound in them. How many benefactors of their country have died in chains! Should this then be your lot, you will at least have no cause to complain of your country's ingratitude; for you have taken from mankind, and mankind will but take from you in return; and thus your account is balanced.

Rinaldo. As we are old friends, I excuse you you when you talk such folly.

Altaverde. For the same reason I excuse your ill-humour. My folly, as you call it, makes me a philosopher: but your ill-humour is of no use, and makes you intolerable. What would

you have been, had you still continued at Ostia-la, tending your father's goats?

Rinaldo. What alas! I am not now—an honest man.

Altaverde. But you have performed actions for which the most honourable of mankind might envy you.

Rinaldo. They are of no value, for they were done by a public robber.

Altaverde. That cannot subtract from the value of noble actions. The devil himself may act nobly, although he be a devil.

Rinaldo. He who pursues a dishonourable line of life can scarcely perform any thing truly honourable.

Altaverde. A curse on that sentiment! Have you not frequently drawn forth tears of joy? Has no man remembered you in his prayers? Has no man ever given you his blessing?

Rinaldo. Alas! they knew not they were giving it to a robber.

Altaverde. Your noble actions, then have gained you tears of joy and the prayers and blessings of mankind.

Rinaldo. Yet they can avail me nothing.

Altaverde. Then learn to flog yourself, and turn monk. Why thus disparage the noble actions you have performed! Have you not often been a more powerful protector of right and justice than the magistrates, whose office rendered it their duty?

Rinaldo. And who gave me a right to do so?

Altaverde. Humanity.

Rinaldo. Oh that it had left me to tend my goats! I tell you I can neither approve nor boast of my actions; and even should some of them be thought to deserve applause, yet the bad ones are far more numerous, and will doubtless one day bring me to the scaffold.

Altaverde. Are you there already?

Rinaldo. O Altaverde! who knows the hour of his end?

Altaverde. No man; and so much the better: otherwise no one could sleep quietly in his bed: and sleep is the best of all human enjoyments.

Rinaldo. Can we, then, sleep quietly.

Altaverde. I am almost asleep now; so good night! take care not to let the fire go out; and when you want to sleep yourself, wake me.

Accordingly Altaverde went to sleep; and Rinaldo, sighing, took up his guitar, and sang:

Once, with the happy, good and gay,
Sweet innocence led on my youth;
While, taught through flow'ry vales to stray,
I sported with fair Peace and Truth:
But now, with conscious crimes oppress'd,
Wild gloomy cares, and anxious fears,
I waste my life in fruitless tears
And, sighing, beat my anguish'd breast.
While free from guilt, from anguish free,
I view'd the cloudless azure skies,
My soul was an unruffled sea,
A mirror of Heaven's peaceful joys:
But now, as raging storms affright,
And rob all nature of her rest.
With horrid crimes my soul oppress'd,
Is darker than the darksome night.

My guardian angel, forc'd away,
With grief my lot to fate consigns;
Despair has mark'd me for her prey;
My soul to torture Peace resigns.
Faded is Hope's once flow'ry wreath,
Now chang'd to Vice's galling chains,
Chang'd all my joys to hell-born pains;
Unblest in life, and infamous in death.

But now one of the dogs, that lay before the fire, barking, Altaverde started up and seized his musket. Rinaldo had scarcely cried out "Who's there?" before the sign was given that one of their party had arrived. The dogs returned to their rest, and Nicolo joined them.

Altaverde. Well! what is the matter?

Nicolo. I am come to inform you that we have heard the bells of some mules at a distance.

Altaverde. In such a night as this?

Nicolo. They must have lost their way.

Altaverde. You are all still near the hermitage?

Nicolo. All except Pietro and Giambattista, who are out upon the scout. The remaining thirty are all together.

Altaverde. Is not Girolamo still with you?

Nicolo. Yes; and rejoicing already in the capture of the mules.

Altaverde. I do not doubt it.

Rinaldo. Altaverde, had you not better join him. You know Girolamo is not overstocked with prudence.

Altaverde. As you please.

Rinaldo. Send Cinthio to me: I will wait here for him.

Altaverde. 'Tis well.

Rinaldo. And if you can avoid bloodshed—

Altaverde. Most surely, if it be possible.

Nicolo. Captain, will you remain here alone?

Rinaldo. Till Cinthio comes, I will.

Altaverde. Take a little sleep, Captain.

Rinaldo. God grant I may! leave the dogs with me.

Altaverde. Good night!

Nicolo. A happy meeting!

Thus departed Nicolo and Altaverde. Meanwhile Rinaldo threw some wood on the fire then lay down beneath a tree, and drew his cloak over his head; while the storm raged above him, and the dry wood loudly cracked in the flames.

"Alas!" cried Rinaldo, with a sigh, "once, I could exclaim, with confidence, whenever I closed my eyes to sleep, Protect me, ye guardian angels! but now I can neither pray nor close my eyes in sleep. Oh, that I could relieve this anguish with tears!"

The dogs barked. Rinaldo threw off his cloak, and starting up, seized his pistols. The dogs sprang furiously upon a man; but Rinaldo called them back, approached the stranger, and beheld a venerable old man, with silvered hair and beard, and dressed in a brown great coat. His right hand held a staff; in his left was a lantern, with the light extinguished; and a little dog anxiously leaped about him.

"Who are you?" said Rinaldo, soon as he had quieted his dogs.

Old Man. I am known by the name of the Old Man of Oriolo-hill, and am come from the adjacent territories, where, according to my custom I have been procuring provision, with which I am returning to my hermitage. But the wind has extinguished my light; and if I am not mistaken, though I know the country pretty well, I have got out of my road. Permit me to light my lamp, and I shall presently find my way. Good night!

Rinaldo. Old man, why do you look so steadfastly at me?

Old Man. I am glad to have found you by this fire, and to have an opportunity to light my lamp.

Rinaldo. And who do you take me to be?

Old Man. To know or not to know who you are is to me indifferent. The knowledge of men is no longer interesting to me.

Rinaldo. I am unfortunate.

Old Man. I am sorry for you.

Rinaldo. My fate has compelled to wander among the vallies of the Appenines; and Rinaldini the famous robber renders these regions very dangerous.

Old Man. 'Tis true.

Rinaldo. I fear that cruel man.

Old Man. Cruel! 'Tis said he deserves not that reproach. I have myself twice applied to him for favours.—I was desirous of having letter of protection for my little cottage.

Rinaldo. Do not deceive yourself regarding him.

Old Man. 'Tis of little consequence. The few years I have to live he may rob me of when God Almighty pleases. The debt of nature must one day be paid. If he set fire to my cottage I can build another; gold he will not find, and if he kill my two goats, the farmers of the neighbourhood, who love me much, will give me a couple more. Be it as God Almighty pleases!

Rinaldo. Are you in want?

Old Man. He who has fortitude feels no want.

Rinaldo. Permit me to do a good action. Take this purse.

Old Man. I do not chuse to contract debts I shall not be able to pay. Neither have I need of money. Adieu! good night!

Thus he departed, nor did Rinaldo venture to detain him longer. He lay down again beneath the tree, and the next time the dogs barked, the morning dawned and Cinthio arrived.

Cinthio. Captain what ails you? Why do you no longer continue with your people? You are grown fond of solitude, and fall out with us all.

Rinaldo. I have fallen out with myself, Cinthio. I know not what is the matter with me.

Cinthio. Altaverde says you are in love.

Rinaldo. And so I am.

Cinthio. Well! that is no misfortune.

Rinaldo. Four days ago I was taking a ramble through a small valley, where I saw a maid.—Ah! Cinthio, she was an angel. She was gathering berries; I addressed her, and she talk-

ed with me as innocence talks with vice. Our people then came up, and I was obliged to leave her. Since that time I have never seen her, nor do I know she is, or where she lives.

Cinthio. Then forget her.

Rinaldo. That is impossible.

Cinthio. Man can do whatever he resolves to do.

Rinaldo. That is not true. Otherwise I could become an honest man.

Cinthio. Discourage not our people with these thoughts. Cast up your own account of evil when you please; but keep it to yourself.

Rinaldo said no more, but silently lay down beneath the tree, and at length went to sleep. When he awoke the sun was risen, the storm was past, the clouds dispersed, and Cinthio had been joined by two more of their party. They sat with him round the fire and were preparing chocolate.

Cinthio. Good morning, Captain.

The others. Good morning.

Rinaldo. I thank you. Give me a dish of chocolate.

Paolo. 'Tis extremely good.

Girolamo. True Spanish chocolate. Alta-verde sends you word, that we have taken the mules. There are three of them. They were loaded with the baggage of a Neapolitan Prince, and were going to Florence, if we had not changed their destination. The booty however was not great.

Rinaldo. Were any men killed?

Girolamo. The three muleteers. The rascals might have discovered us, and there are more muleteers in the world. Altaverde is dividing the plunder. He found this little case in one of the packages and sends it to you.

Rinaldo opened it, and beheld the portrait of a beautiful girl in the habit of a nun, and on the reverse that of a young man in uniform. The setting was not rich but very tasty.

Soon after came Altaverde with a numerous troop of Rinaldo's party, who pitched their tents, made a fire, and cooked their dinner; after which they sang, danced, drank and played.

Rinaldo concerted with Altaverde new measures of safety; and when the troop divided to take their respective posts, Rinaldo crossed the mountains into another small valley, where he laid himself down under a tree by the side of a fountain.

Here Altaverde brought him a paper relative to the division of spoil, which he signed, and towards noon returned to his joyous companions, where a grand feast waited his arrival.

"Captain!" said Girolamo—"Your people observe that you are unhappy, and are anxious to know what has befallen you. Perhaps you wish for something we can procure you; if so, it shall be obtained, even should we purchase it with our lives. But if it is mere caprice or low spirits that disturb you, we beg you to drive them away, and not to make us out of humour with you also."

Rinaldo having for a few moments silently

cast his eyes around the company that encircled him, at length addressed them in these words:

"Have you read the declaration of the Republics of Venice, Genoa, and Lucca? It has been publicly proclaimed. A price is set upon my head."

"Heed it not Captain!" they all exclaimed with one accord. "No man will earn it."

"Who will dare to touch the hair of your head," said Girolamo, "while we are with you?"

And, as he said this, he waved his sabre. The rest followed his example; crying,

"Our life and blood, Captain, are yours as long as we have breath."

Altaverde now showed the partition paper, and each took his share with perfect content. After dinner they again played; sang, danced and made merry.

As Rinaldo was lying under a tree, Florilla, an Amazonian of his troop, came up to him, seated herself by him, and began to clean her pistols.

Florilla. The price Captain, that has been set upon your head, is not the only cause of your dejection. A man like you trembles not for distant dangers. I doubt not the cause is much nearer home.

Rinaldo. What do you mean.

Florilla. I cannot be mistaken. The seat of your complaint, I believe, is your heart.

Rinaldo. Doubtless many things oppress me. there.

Florilla. Half a year ago 'twas so with me

Rinaldo. Half a year ago?

Florilla. But now 'tis past. At that time I was foolishly in love with you?

Rinaldo. With me?

Florilla. I thought you must have perceived it.

As she said this, she threw down the pistols and arose.

"I absolutely thought," added she, "that I *must* be the Captain's sweetheart;" and thus saying, she left him.

Rinaldo's eyes pursued her steps. He then arose from his uneasy resting place and immediately gave the signal appointed for calling his people together.

"It is my intention," said he to them, "to remove to the mountains of Albonigo. You will therefore strike your tents, call in the out posts, and at night halt in the valley of St. James's Chapel. To-morrow, at noon, you will be in the plains of the Four Hills of La Cera. If my plan succeeds, we shall strike a bold stroke."

Upon this they all huzzaed for joy, and packed up their baggage. The posts were called in, and Girolamo set forward with the van. Then followed Altaverde with the main body, and Cintheo brought up the rear. What route Rinaldo meant to take no man knew.

He took his guitar and his arms, and accompanied by two dogs went to the spot whither the old man was gone the preceding night.

He soon found a footpath, and when the lengthened shadows marked the approach of evening he perceived through the trees a small cot-

tage near the ridge of a mountain; to this he directed his steps, and, before he reached it, saw the old man above spoken of grubbing up roots.

They saluted each other, and seemed mutually embarrassed. At length the old man, endeavouring to collect himself, inquired,

"Have you not yet found the great road?"

"I have not been seeking it," replied Rinaldo. "I only sought for your abode, to ask you for a night's lodging. If you deny my request, and refuse me your protection, I shall remain as you found me last night, in the open air."

Old man. You may pass the night here, but you will be very ill accommodated.

Rinaldo. They who can rest at all, are always accommodated.

Old man. A bed of hay.

Rinaldo. I am not very nice; and, as you saw, I was harder lodged last night. My unhappy fate——

Old man. What brings you into these solitudes?

Rinaldo. The consequences of an unfortunate moment.

Old Man. Perhaps you have killed your antagonist in an affair of honour as it is called?

Rinaldo. Excuse my answering that question.

Old Man. If you can take up with what you will find, you may follow me.

Rinaldo now accompanied him in silence, till they arrived at the hermitage, where he was known into a small but neat and clean apart-

ment. A couple of tables and a few chairs were all its furniture; on one of the tables lay a latin bible, on which stood a crucifix, and on the other a piece of netting, which Rinaldo immediately observed; but it presently occurred to him, that it was possible the old man might himself sometimes net. Meanwhile the old man removed the work, as he observed that his guest seemed to consider it with uncommon attention. Rinaldo, however, did not venture to ask, whether it was his own work, and the old man for a while left the room.

He returned with a lighted lamp; and Rinaldo then drew two bottles of wine from his pockets and set them on the table, saying,

"When we have drank a glass of wine together we shall be better acquainted."

"An acquaintance (replied the old man) that is formed between two honest men by a bottle of wine, often becomes as hearty as the wine itself, which is the most heart inspiring liquor heaven ever gave to mortals. It will be the best part of our supper; for I can only offer you bread and cheese, some butter, and a few melons, which I gathered this morning."

"'Tis enough, my good friend, for us two; or even had we a third to join us, said Rinaldo."

Upon which the old man quickly answered:

"A third! is any one else....."

"No one with me but here, perhaps——"

"Not a soul lives here but myself; my little dog, and a pair of turtle doves."

Rinaldo was silent. But the old man asked:

"How came you to think of finding any one here beside me?"

Rinaldo smiled, opened the table-drawer and showed him the netting.

"Ah! (answered the old man) Yes, that netting does indeed belong to a third person; but one that does not live here. She forgot it this morning and left it here."

Upon this the old man left his guest, and went to bring in their frugal repast.

Meanwhile Rinaldo examined the apartment more particularly, and opened a door that led into a small room. Here he saw the man's bed over which hung a pair of pistols, between two paintings in oil. He took the lamp, to examine the paintings, and immediately hastened back.

The pictures were of the very same persons of which miniatures had been brought him that morning as booty; (the nun and the officer) to which they were so exactly alike, that it was impossible he could be mistaken. Thus he left the chamber and returned pensive to his place.

The old man, whom we shall call Donato, now brought supper, and as soon as he had pronounced a short prayer, seated himself with his guest at table.

When they had both eaten heartily, emptied the first bottle, and opened the second, a conversation, by no means uninteresting, arose.

Rinaldo. Let us drink the health of the aforesaid third person, be she here or not.

Donato. With all my heart! but here she certainly is not.

Rinaldo. I do not mean to doubt your word.

Donato. And yet I perceive you do not believe it.

Rinaldo. And of what importance is it?

Donato. To me, of much. I would not pass for a man that would assert a falsehood. At a farm about a league off, beyond the mountain, there lives a maid, who sometimes calls here, and who left her netting this morning.

Rinaldo. Is she the farmer's daughter?

Donato. His foster child, not his own. She is a good natured, innocent girl, and I love her as a father loves his offspring; for she is worthy of my esteem, and of that of the whole world.

Her health, with all my heart!

They ceased and drank. Then followed a pause. At length the old man, whom the wine made garrulous renewed the conversation.

Donato. May I ask you of what country you are?

Rinaldo. I am a Roman.

Donato. A Roman, born in Rome itself?

Rinaldo. No, in the neighbouring country.

Donato. Countryman your hand; I am also a Roman born. Yet I am by no means proud of my birth. 'Tis an ungrateful country.

Rinaldo. Have you experienced it?

Donato. I have been very ill used. Even the imperial tribunal of the Ruota and their sentences could not—but enough! I live here in peace, and forgive my enemies. Rome no longer produces men. She knows not how to support her dignity, and her inhabitants are licen-

tious, cruel, and unjust.—How have they treated you?

Rinaldo. My misfortunes were the consequence of my errors.

Donato. That would be my consolation, could I thus accuse myself. But I have suffered innocently.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when they clearly distinguished the voices of men before the hermitage, who constantly approached, and at length knocked at the door.

"What is that?" exclaimed Rinaldo with astonishment.

Donato quietly opened the window and inquired who was there?

"Open the door," cried a voice from without.

"There are armed men at the door, (said Donato.) They may be police officers or soldiers. If you have reason to fear such visitors, go into that room, and so out of the window into the garden; then get over the hedge, and go straight forward, till you come to some rocks, among which on the left you may conceal yourself in a grotto. I will open the door presently, that nobody may suspect any thing."

Rinaldo now called his dogs, and went into the other chamber, while Donato opened the door to the strangers.

Six armed men entered, and followed him into the parlor; meanwhile Rinaldo overheard what passed.

"Who are you?"

"I am the hermit Donato."

"Are you alone?"

"I live entirely alone."

"Do you know us?"

"How is it possible?"

"Do you fear us?"

"Even were you police officers, an innocent man could not fear you."

"You mistake us; we are no spies for justice to lean on when she is lame. Where is your money?"

"In this purse. Here it is."

"Go to the devil with your paltry pence. Give us more."

"'Tis all the money I possess."

"We do not believe you."

"'Tis the truth."

"You are no beggar; there stands your wine, you rogue. Bring us more wine."

"'Tis a present, and I have no more."

"Blood and thunder! Here two people have been eating. You are not alone. Knock the rascal down, he has told us a lie."

"I had a visiter——"

"Bind the old sinner! and make him confess."

"Be merciful and——"

"More money?"

"Take whatever you can find. Money I have none." "You obstinate villain! won't you confess them?"

Upon this the robbers fell upon Donato, who cried aloud for help, though without knowing whence it could come. when Rinaldo suddenly

opened the door, and taking out a pistol, demanded in a voice of thunder—

“What is your business here?”

“Heavens! our captain! exclaimed one of the gang; while they took off their hats, and released the trembling hermit, who tottered to a chair, repeating in a broken voice:

“The captain!”

“Are these your deeds of herosism?” continued Rinaldo—“Dare you to disgrace my name with such actions? Are you indeed of Rinaldini’s band? Have you such necessities as to force the last penny from the hand of poverty? Is this your bravery, to bind an unarmed man? Which is the villain that first laid hands on this feeble old man?”

A profound silence now ensued, after which Rinaldo continued with increasing vehemence:

“Which was the villain? name him, or I will shoot the first man that stands before me.”

“’Twas Paolo,” murmured the man that stood next to Rinaldo: upon which, without another word, Rinaldo instantly fired at him and broke his arm. Paolo fell; but his companions continued motionless.

“And why (said Rinaldo, with a look of rage) have you departed from your route?”

“We were in search of you, captain,” replied one of them.

“Is it your business to dog me where’er I go? (continued Rinaldo.) Go join the main body. You know our laws; you know what you have done, and the punishment you deserve. Take.

with you this base fellow, who belongs not to Rinaldini's company, and wait my coming, and your sentence to-morrow."

Upon this, the robbers departed, carrying Paolo with them; while Donato remained silent and trembling in his chair.

Rinaldo now approached him, took his hand, and pressing it, said:

"Be not alarmed, good old man!"

"Open that closet," cried Donato, in a broken voice: "and give me the little bottle of drops."

Which Rinaldo having done, he poured out a spoonful at Donato's request, and gave it him. Donato swallowed it, and seemed to come to himself.

Donato. So you are Rinaldini himself?

Rinaldo. I am.

Donato. I am indebted to you for my life, and yet cannot rejoice in your acquaintance.

Rinaldo. Who have you to fear?

Donato. Your name alone is frightful, and yourself terrible.

Rinaldo. Alas! that it should be so!

Donato. Your actions here before my eyes fill my heart with fear and terror.

Rinaldo. And mine with grief. Oh! that I could have spared myself and you this scene! but you know not these horrible beings. Fear and terror alone can restrain them.

Donato. And are you not yourself afraid of such monsters?

Rinaldo. Even if I feared them, I must not let them have the least suspicion of it.

Donato. Unhappy man! Into what a connexion have you fallen!

Rinaldo. Friend! the goodness of your heart unites me to you; for you are worthy of my confidence. You shall know my whole story. But not now; for it would affect you too much, and you need repose. Let me lead you to bed. I will await the morning in a chair.

Rinaldo now conducted Donato to bed, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, threw himself into a chair. It was not, however, till long after midnight, that he fell asleep, and he awoke with the first rays of the sun.

"I am very ill," said Donato with a sigh, when Rinaldo approached his bed to inquire after his health.

"I wished to be of service to you," said Rinaldo, "and came to give you protection; but am the innocent cause of your present illness, which I assure you gives me the greatest pain. Do not, however, take my good intention ill."

"By no means," replied Donato, in a faint voice; "on the contrary, I am thankful to Providence for sending you hither; otherwise I should most probably have been murdered."

He then requested him to fetch some bottles of physic out of the closet, and having directed him how to mix it, swallowed a spoonful, after which a soft sleep soon closed his eyes.

Rinaldo now went out to taste the morning air, and with expanding heart admired the

beauties of the rising sun. With majestic glory the king of day advanced amid a blaze of light, rising above the misty summits of the mountains, and darted his genial rays into the narrow vale where Donato dwelt. The birds celebrated the magnificent return of day with a hymn of joy; and Rinaldo in pensive mood covered his face and sighed.

"Even on me the golden sun, (said he) bestows his light; on me, as on all men, whether good or bad; on me, to whom his beneficent rays are as the lightning's flash, threatening destruction on my guilty conscience."

Rinaldo now heard a rustling near him in the hedge, when raising his eyes the beauteous maid he had seen and talked with a few days before, but whom he had not since met, approached him.

Struck and embarrassed with this incident, both stood silent during a few moments, till at length Rinaldo addressed her in the following words:

"Are you not the virtuous maid of the neighbouring farm house, who sometimes visits the hermit Donato?"

Aurelia. I am.

Rinaldo. And what is your name?

Aurelia. Aurelia; and you are the man who spoke with me a few days ago, as I was gathering berries?

Rinaldo. The same. The friend of your friend Donato.

Aurelia. And where is he?

Rinaldo. He is asleep.

Aurelia. Asleep so late. He must surely be ill.

Rinaldo. Indeed he is not well."

Aurelia. Good God! what ails him?

Rinaldo. A trifling indisposition. He will soon be better. He will be better when he has slept. We must not disturb him.

Aurelia. I will go and tell my father. Poor Donato is old and weak, and must want assistance.

Rinaldo. We will give him whatever assistance he needs.

Aurelia. We? I do not know you well enough to stay here in your company.

Rinaldo. Be not afraid, fair maiden!

Aurelia. You are a stranger and——

Rinaldo. I am the friend of Donato.

Aurelia. I must hear that from his own mouth.

Rinaldo. You shall.

Aurelia. Well! I will wait for his confirmation. But till then I must not stay here alone with you.

Rinaldo. Of what are you afraid?

Aurelia. Afraid? I—

Rinaldo. I pledge my word of honour, and my most solemn oath, that you have nothing to fear?

Aurelia. Who are you then?

Rinaldo. A traveller.

Aurelia. And yet stay so long in this place?

Rinaldo. I am much pleased with the situation.

Aurelia. Among the mountains?

Rinaldo. Among the mountains where dwells so lovely a maid.

Aurelia. If you mean me, I live beyond the mountains.

Rinaldo. Yes; Donato told me so.

Aurelia. Have you then spoken with him of me? How came you to fall on such a subject?

Rinaldo. Through your netting.

Aurelia. Aha!

A rustling was now heard in the hedge, and Rinaldo looking towards it, Cinthio gave him the wink. Aurelia hastened into the hermitage.

"Captain!" said Cinthio, "your presence among us is necessary. There is an alarm."

"Wait for me" replied Rinaldo; and instantly entered the hermitage.

"My dear girl," said he to Aurelia, "stay with Donato."

Aurelia. That I certainly shall, since he is ill.

Rinaldo. And when he awakes, tell him I shall soon return.

Aurelia. Whither then are you going?

Rinaldo. My servant calls my attention to my baggage where a trifling accident demands my presence. Farewell, dear girl, and forget me not. Be kind to my memory.

Aurelia. How do you know that I am not so already?

Rinaldo. O yes.

Aurelia. Who told you so ?

Rinaldo. My heart,

Aurelia. Believe it not. Farewell.

Rinaldo pressed her hand, and hurrying out, accompanied Cinthio to the spot where his people had passed the night.

" 'Tis well you are come, Captain," cried several voices, confusedly. " We would know _____"

" Be silent," thundered Rinaldo. " Girolamo, read the fifth and sixth articles of our laws aloud !"

The being done, Rinaldo related the scene he had witnessed at the hermitage, and concluded with a proclamation to this effect ; " Now let our compact and our laws decide."

" Pardon ! pardon ! pardon ! pardon for Paolo !" cried several voices.

Rinaldo was silent.

Paolo who lay on the ground and recently had his wound bound, cried out for pardon in a faint voice.

Rinaldo was still silent.

Girolamo now went up to him, and begged that Paolo might be pardoned.

Rinaldo made no reply.

Florilla now went up to him and said ; " Captain ! in the name of all the pangs I have suffered for you, I beg for Paolo's pardon ; for on him I have fixed my affections, in the hope of suppressing and exterminating my passion for you."

♦

"Like you, (said Rinaldo) I am subject to the law, and have no power to pardon him."

"Be no longer subject to the law, (cried they all) you shall be our legislator, and shall have power to pardon."

"If that be your will——"

"We swear it."

"Then be Paolo pardoned, and his companions also. But with one condition."

"Pronounce it."

"That this be the first and last occasion on which such conduct can be forgiven."

"Be it so."

"And further—I adjudge that Paolo and his companions, who maltreated that venerable old man, shall give him two goats, two barrels of wine, and a dozen fowls."

"Bravo! Bravo! Long live our noble Captain!"

Thus, amid rejoicings, music and acclamations, Rinaldo now took his breakfast before his tent, and having attended awhile to the amusements of his people, signed various papers at his desk, and having written and sealed some instructions, he directed the whole corps to be assembled. They soon formed a large circle around him, and waited in silent expectation, till Rinaldo, who continued sitting, thus began:

"Here Girolamo, I give you an order, which you will open at Borgo, where the state of affairs will determine whether or not you are to proceed to Arezzo. The business that calls you thither requires prudence, which, how-

ever, to you I have no occasion particularly to recommend. You, Florilla, I send to Bibiena, where you will endeavour to learn how we are spoken of. Nicolo and Sebastiano will cross the woods to Bosina. To you, Amadeo, I give charge of the woods of Anghiarto, Altaverde will take six or eight men with him, and endeavour to secure the person of the Mayor of Brancolino, these orders contain the particulars of that expedition. Toward evening Mattheo will remove with twenty men to the South Mountains, and take possession of the pass of Caprile. Alsetto will remain here with thirty men till further orders. Cinthio will choose out twelve men, and draw off the left into the poplar valley of Oriolo, near the pass among the rocks. Here is the watchword. The detached corps will keep as close together as possible during three days, in the western plains, before the forest of Marcia. And now let these plans be executed without delay."

All were now in motion, and Rinaldo having loaded his two great dogs with provisions and medicines, returned to the hermitage.

Aurelia was no longer there; but a young peasant boy, a son of her friend the neighbouring farmer, stood by Donato's bed, who was awake and said he was better.

Donato now sent away his young attendant, desiring him to fetch some wood, and Rinaldo gave the old man a few spoonfuls of the corroborative physic, which he had with him, but did not venture to enter on a subject to which

however, at length Donato himself led the discourse.

Donato. I hope soon to be quite re-established.

Rinaldo. 'Tis what I most sincerely wish.

Donato. You are come perhaps to take leave of me.

Rinaldo. Do you imagine so?

Donato. I hope it. Now I know who you are, I would not that any one should know I am acquainted with you. You know the world, and that all men depend on the opinion entertained of them by others. I thank you for the preservation of my life; but no man shall be informed by me that I have given lodging to the dreaded Rinaldini, on whose head so high a price has been set. Aurelia has made me her confidant.

Rinaldo. Has she so?

Donato. You ought not to have said to her what you have.

Rinaldo. But I confess to you that I am in love with her?

Donato. Is it possible? Can you expect she will return your love when she learns who you are?

Rinaldo. And why need she know it?

Donato. Would you then deceive her?

Rinaldo. How? Suppose I renounce my way of life, and—

Donato. 'Tis too late.

Rinaldo. I will tell her.

Donato. You must not see her more.

Rinaldo. How?

Donato. She is about to take the veil

Rinaldo. Who has—?

Donato. I have brought it about.

Rinaldo. Indeed! Then be assured I will bring about the contrary.

Donato. What will you do?

Rinaldo. That you shall learn.

Donato. Do nothing that is dishonourable or base. If you really love Aurelia, how can you wish to make her unhappy? But you do not love her with the purity with which she deserves to be loved. You cannot love her in an honourable way, and your passion is a crime. Aurelia must be rescued from your sight. Or would you take her with you amid your lawless band, and deliver her up to that justice which will surely sooner or later overtake you, as an accomplice? Is it not enough that you are what you are? Then leave the girl to live and die with honour. If you leave me soon you will confer on me an obligation, for I expect several visitors.

Rinaldo. Not through fear; for that is a stranger to my breast: through complaisance I will. But let me first ask you, whom do the portraits represent that hang over your bed?

Donato. They are my friends, and persons of quality.

Rinaldo. The one in the dress of a nun and the other in uniform?

Donato. From this very man, whose portrait you see, I expect a visit. He is going to

Florence, and his mules with their baggage have been taken from him on the mountains, probably by your people. The drivers were shot, except one, who being very young, ran away; he took refuge with Aurelia's foster-father, where my friend, whose portrait you see, now is.

Rinaldo. If he is your friend give him this for perhaps he would not willingly lose it.

So saying, he gave Donato the case containing the portraits he had received out of the booty found with the mules. Donato took it, opened the case, and no sooner beheld the portraits than he kissed them both.

Donato. You have made me a present of great value, which the right owner shall have again.

Rinaldo. And will you not tell me his name?

Donato. For why?

Rinaldo. Perhaps I may be of service to him for your sake?

Donato was about to reply, when the peasant boy suddenly came in crying—

"They are coming! they are coming!"

And immediately after entered the very person who was the subject of their conversation. He was dressed in uniform, and bore a cross of the order of Malta. With him came two peasants belonging to the farmer, and the brother of the latter.

The stranger cast a piercing look at Rinaldo, who returned it in such a manner that the former turned his eyes away; then giving Donato

his hand, and saying, "A speedy recovery;" he departed from the hermitage.

The Chevalier of Malta, however, hurried after him, and came to the door of the hermitage as Rinaldo happened to look back, and perceiving him stopped. Upon which the Chevalier went up to him, and said;

"I Believe, Sir I have had the pleasure of seeing you somewhere before."

Rinaldo. That is very possible.

Chevalier. Are you not the person who called himself Donato's friend, and spoke this morning with a young woman named Aurelia

Rinaldo. I am.

Chevalier. You are a traveller?

Rinaldo. I am.

Chevalier. May I ask your name?

Rinaldo. You shall hear it when you have told me yours.

Chevalier. My name is neither a secret nor matter of suspicion.

Rinaldo. Who imagines it to be so?

Chevalier. I am the prince of Rocella.

Two of Rinaldo's people now brought the goats, the fowls, and the wine, which Paolo was sentenced to give, as a peace-offering, to the hermit, and which Rinaldo delivered to the young peasant, saying:

"These are for my friend Donato: he knows of them already. You may tell him by and by that they are all arrived."

He then turned again to the Prince, who was waiting for his answer and to know his name:

Rinaldo. If you come from the farm-house where Aurelia lives, tell me whether she is still there?

Prince. I know not how—

Rinaldo. How I came to ask that question when you were expecting to hear my name?

Prince. In truth that was my meaning.

Rinaldo. If possible, excuse my telling my name; a false one I ought not to give you, and my true name—

Prince. 'Tis impossible I can mistake. I saw you about half a year ago at Florence, under the name of the Marquis of Pepoli: did I not? We talked of the German houses, and you grew warm when a story was told of that notorious robber Rinaldini, which tended much to his prejudice.

One of Rinaldo's people now gave him the wink very significantly. He understood the signal, and approaching the prince with great confidence, said, "Know that I am Rinaldini himself," and instantly hastened away.

Rinaldo now inquired of his comrade what was the matter? and received for answer, "Cinthio hesitates to approach the Poplar Vale near Oriolo, as a caravan of travellers have taken up their quarters there."

Upon this Rinaldo hastened to Cinthio, and found him and his party among the bushes of a pleasant hill; where he learnt from himself what had been reported to him, and, after some reflection, gave the following orders:

"Wheel off with your people to the right.

pursue the high road, and keep the road from Oriolo to the convent of San Benedetto constantly in sight. If you meet with a beautiful young woman in a carriage, stop it and carry off the girl without further ceremony; and at dusk we will meet again upon this very spot."

Upon this he disguised his face with brown paint, dressed himself as a hunter, and took with him one of his companions, called Severo, also dressed as a hunter, and armed like him with a double barreled gun, some pocket pistols and a hanger. Thus equipped, and accompanied by his dogs, they proceeded to the Poplar Vale.

When they came to the hill that commanded the valley, they perceived a tent pitched, and near it some mules grazing, and several men dispersed here and there, who seemed to be cooking their supper by a large fire they had lighted.

Having observed them for some time, they perceived two ladies in the tent, and at a small distance from it unloaded baggage, and the muleteers lying near their charge.

About forty paces from this spot ran a murmuring brook, hurrying down the hill into this beautiful valley; and hither came a fine active youth belonging to the company, with an empty vessel, to draw water. When the youth saw Rinaldo, he screamed and would have fled, had not Rinaldo called to him saying:

"Stop, young man! Do you belong to yonder company?"

"Yes I do belong to them," said the boy, terrified and hesitating.

"And who are those ladies in the tent?"

"The Marchioness of Altanare and her sister. We are coming from San Leo, and are going to Florence."

Rinaldo gave his companion the wink, and they both went up to the tent, when the attendants of the marchioness saluted and stared at them, and her equery came out to them, while the ladies listened, at the entrance, to the following conversation:

"Whence are you, my good friends?"

Rinaldo replied: "I am the forester of Sorsina, and am pursuing a bye road with my servant. On seeing your company I felt a strong desire to know who you are, and so I came to give you a hint to be on your guard; for Rinaldini's troop are now among these mountains."

"Oh, heavens!" cried one of the ladies, "I am dreadfully alarmed!"

"And why so?" said the equery, "we are numerous enough to oppose force to force."

"Humph!" said Rinaldo, smiling; "that will avail but little; for Rinaldini's men are very devils."

Lady. Heavens! why are those banditti suffered to commit their depredations so quietly and so undisturbed?

Rinaldo. Because men are afraid of them.

Equery. How strong may they be?

Rinaldo. Who can tell their strength? Rinaldo is an outlaw, and a price by no means

contemptible is set upon his head. Between ourselves, I have been above a week in search of him, in hopes of gaining the reward. If he comes within reach of my gun he shall certainly never escape.

Equery. Do you know his person then ?

Rinaldo. He has been fully and accurately described.

Equery. In fact 'tis said he has no courage at all himself, and that his people are obliged to do all for him.

Rinaldo. So ; then they must all be fools.

Equery. And you think he is now here in the neighbourhood ?

Rinaldo. I am certain of it. We are eighteen of us, and all hunters and good marksmen. We are constantly watching for him, and have agreed if we take him to divide the reward.

Lady. And what are you to receive then when you take the villain ?

Rinaldo. In Venice, Genoa, Lucca, and Florence, money will be paid for his head, making together a sum of three or four thousand sequins : so that each of us will receive something. The times are very bad. 'Tis certain, however, we run the risk of our lives, and some of us may bite the dust.

Lady. The troops ought to be sent out against the cut-purse.

Rinaldo. And so they have, Madame, but without success ; he is too cunning for them and has hiding holes where he keeps on the

defensive. The militia of Lucca can tell a pretty story of that kind. Three hundred of them were driven over hill and dale by eighty men under Rinaldini's command. They had seventy men killed, and have never since dared to stir a step against them.

Lady. 'Tis really terrible to think what depredations such a vagabond may commit.

Rinaldo. 'Tis very true! Besides, he is a very desperate fellow and very often has adventures, even when quite alone, which would make you split your sides with laughing.

Lady. I should like to see one of these adventures.

Rinaldo. Suppose you stood here quite off your guard, and near you your equery, and all your attendants collected round your tent: then holding one pistol to your breast with his left hand, and another with his right to your equery, (while his companions take care of the rest of the company,) he says I demand your rings your watches, and one hundred sequins.—I am Rinaldini!

These words being accompanied with the action they described, the marchioness screamed, and the equery almost fell backwards with surprise.

Equery. Come, Mr. Forester, no jokes if you please.

Rinaldo. No, no; no joke I assure you: I am quite serious, Mr. Equery.

Equery. How?

Lady. For God's sake!

Rinaldo. You wished to see a little of Rinaldini. You see him now.

Lady. Are you really—

Rinaldo. I am Rinaldini. Now no more preliminaries. I have complied with your wish, and you must comply with mine, that of possessing your watches, your rings, and the trifling sum of one hundred sequins. I will then give you a protection on showing which none of my people will touch a hair of you head till you arrive at Florence.

Trembling from head to foot, the marchioness took off her rings, and delivered her watch and purse to Rinaldini, who said:

“Have you seen enough of Rinaldini?” And departed.

No one, however, was bold enough to pursue him.

Night drew in, and his company assembled at the appointed spot, without having met with the expected carriage. At this Rinaldo appeared dejected, and, after taking one of his frugal suppers, lay down to rest beneath a poplar; where, having wrapped himself up in his cloak, he soon fell asleep. His companions lighted a fire, set two men to keep watch, and laid down to rest, after Severro had related to them Rinaldo's joke with the Marchioness.

Toward morning they all arose with one accord, being awakened by repeated firings; and having instantly seized their arms, they heard a cry from the sentinels, flying, “We are surrounded.”

"Surrounded!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

The sentinels now pointed to the neighbouring peaks and vallies, and arms glittering around them on all sides.

Severro. Captain! what is to be done?

Rinaldo. Fight.

Severro. That's of course. But we, a handful of men, and—

Rinaldo. We must draw hither as many of our party as we can. Alsetto, with his thirty men, is still encamped on the old ground, and here we are twelve men strong. Blow the alarm-horn, and load your arms double.

The vallies now resounded with the horn, and the echoes gave back the sound. Again a horn was heard quite close them, and presently Altaverde joined them with five of their friends.

"Comrades," cried they, "we are surrounded. Both militia and regular troops are moving towards us, and our friends Nero and Rispero have fallen into the hands of the militia."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

And immediately horns were heard at a distance; then nearer, and nearer till at length they perceived Alsetto and his corps advancing towards them across the valley.

They were now forty-nine men strong who all cried with one accord:

"Captain, let us attack!"

"Be it so (said Rinaldo) only I would first

learn where the militia are placed. Then we may easily cut our way through."

A few moments after he called to them to wheel to the left, and drew them off into the vale below.

They had marched a few hundred paces, when they saw a paper lying on the ground which Altaverde took up and delivered to Rinaldo, who opened it and read as follows:

"In the name of the government a free pardon is hereby offered to any one of Rinaldo's men who shall voluntarily quit his service and go over to the regular troops. And whosoever shall bring the head of Rinaldini, shall receive, besides his pardon, a reward of five hundred sequins."

Rinaldo then folded up the paper, saying,

"Comrades, this paper promises you a free pardon if you will go over to the troops and put yourselves wholly and entirely in their power."

"And is it signed by the Grand Duke?" said Alsetto.

"By no man. 'Tis a scrap of paper without date, place, or signature," replied Rinaldo.

"Then we should be the most credulous of fools, (cried Altaverde) to risk our lives at the mere demand of a subaltern officer. 'Tis written by some coward, who is afraid to fight us, and, had we yielded, nobody would have avowed this engagement. We should only have been made a jest of and hung, as indeed we should justly deserve. Captain, tear it in pie-

ces and let us send it back to them as wadding from our guns. We will singe the writer's beard with his own treacherous promises."

"Comrades (said Rinaldo,) it is my opinion that we should advance towards the frontiers of the ecclesiastical state, and cut our way through the militia into the forest of Marle."

"Let us go! Let us march!" they all cried.

Thus they crossed the valley, and drew off towards the opposite hill. They had almost gone round it, and were very near the frontiers when they fell in with a piquet of militia, whom they unexpectedly attacked with so much vigour, that they drove them back. But presently after they met with a detachment of above a hundred and fifty men, rapidly advancing upon them.

"Comrades (cried Rinaldini) now defend yourselves bravely! We are but three steps from the frontiers, and the woods are scarcely a hundred paces off. If we are taken alive, we shall die upon the wheel or the gallows. Let us, then, rather die like the brave, sword in hand. If we are but courageous, we shall certainly cut our way through.—Let us be bold and quick."

As he spoke these words, he gave the signal by firing a pistol, and rushed upon the enemy; and his companions followed his example. The fury with which the attack was made, at first threw their opponents into confusion, and at length they began to yield; when one of their officers reproached them with their cowardice

put himself at their head, and advanced into the hottest of the battle.

A dreadful slaughter now took place. Alsetto fell fighting by the side of Rinaldo, and three of his companions with him. Altaverde, Cinthio, Severro, and Rinaldo, still fought like lions. Musket balls and sabres fell with the rapidity of a hail-shower. Severro had his head cut open, and fell; and twelve of the banditti were killed near him by musket balls and sabres. Rinaldo, with his united forces, attacked the flanks of the regulars, and at length fortunately reached the frontiers, though separated from his men. Here he was attacked by two dragoons one of whom he shot, and the other took to flight.

Tired and fainting, he reached the wood and concealing himself in a thick bush, sank down on the earth with a panting heart, and almost senseless.

He did not come to himself till mid-day, and then felt himself much oppressed by a most burning thirst. He therefore roused himself and penetrated further into the forest, till he came to a fountain, where he lay down and refreshed himself. On examining his pockets he found two biscuits, which he swallowed with the greatest avidity; and then creeping into a bush, began to reflect.

Hunger however, soon drew him from his treat. He got up, examined his arms, filled his bottle with water, and set forward.

He had not gone far before he heard foot-

steps; and having listened for some time, perceived a peasant, with a basket, walking quietly along. He therefore advanced to meet him, accosted him, and inquired whether he had any thing to eat.

The peasant having first stared at him with surprise and curiosity, informed him he was carrying some cheese and sausages to a neighbouring town. Rinaldo offered to purchase them, took as much of his provisions as his pouch would hold, and paid for them without treating about the price; after which the peasant, seeing he was so well paid for his provisions, added a loaf asked for by Rinaldo, but which the former had brought to eat on the road.

"What news have you?" said Rinaldo.

"This morning," replied the peasant, "there has been much blood shed upon the frontiers."

"How so?"

"The troops of Tuscany have caught that thief Rinaldini."

"So they have caught him have they?"

"Yes, though both he and his men defended themselves like devils. But they were all shot or cut to peices."

"All!"

"Every one of them."

"And Rinaldini himself, too?"

"Rinaldini himself."

"That is very good news."

"Aye, very good. But at any rate the thief would have been hung soon. 'Tis a pity he

was not taken alive, and that he died so honorable a death. However, the rascal is sure to go to the devil."

"Aye."

"Aye; for he died without absolution, under a load of sins."

"Indeed!"

"Either of us would have died with more peace and honour, should we not?"

"Most surely; for we are neither of us chieves!"

"Well, God bless you! if you are not going my way."

Thus saying the peasant left him; and as soon as he was out of sight, Rinaldo entered the wood, and satisfied his hunger.

After a short refreshing sleep he again arose, and proceeded some leagues farther into the forest, till at length he unexpectedly came to an open place a few hundred paces in circumference, where before him, on a hill that rose in the middle of it, were the ruins of a castle.

He now looked around, but could not perceive a living soul. A death-like silence reigned over the whole scene; nor was a single bird heard among the trees, though he thought he perceived footsteps in the grass.

He now advanced to the ruins, and entered a spacious court, covered with high grass. Here he sat down on some fragments of statues, in front of a ruined colonnade, and aban-

doned himself to his reflections, till a sudden noise alarmed him. It was a roebuck that rushed by; and Rinaldo rising, approached a flight of steps leading to the upper part of the castle.

Having ascended these he came to a large hall, where his footsteps loudly re-echoed; but though he listened after every step, all was solitude, and no signs of a living inhabitant appeared.

This hall led to a spacious apartment, on the farther side of which were two wooden doors, fastened with iron bolts. Here he stood and listened, but heard nothing, except the noise of his own breathing; and though he knocked at both of them, the same silence still continued.

At length having drawn back the bolts of one of the doors which creaked upon its hinges, he entered into an empty room, which he immediately left. In like manner he opened the other door, and here also found an empty apartment. He therefore again bolted the doors, and returned by the way he came.

He now perceived, in a corner of the hall, a small opening which led to another empty room. This led to a second; and that to a third. Here he suddenly trod on wood, and perceived he was on a trap door fastened by bolts, which he opened, and looked down into a dark and deep place, and a small stone staircase. He then carefully closed the door, and returned by the way he came to the court yard.

Evening now beginning to draw in fast, he looked around for a tree to pass the night in, and chose a majestic oak, amid whose thick foliage he endeavoured to repose.

Having, however, passed the night with scarcely any sleep, Rinaldo left his uneasy lodging when day began to dawn, and set forward in search of water, which he soon found. As soon as he had quenched his thirst, and filled his bottle, he advanced still farther, cutting marks on the trees that he might again find his way back to the ruins.

Towards noon he approached the road that traversed the forest, and reposed, at a small distance from it, under a thick bush.

He had not lain long before he heard the voices of men, and the tinkling of mule-bells, which seemed constantly to approach; till at length a company of gipsies appeared, consisting of three men, two old women, and a couple of young women, four children, a mule with baggage, two dogs, and some animals for show.

These people seemed to know the place; for they bent their course into the forest, and went towards the fountain which Rinaldo had just left. The dogs scarcely perceived him before they set up a dreadful cry, and flew furiously at him. One of the men seized his fusil, which lay on the panniers, and the other two drew their stilettoes.

Rinaldo now let loose his dogs, which instantly darted forward out of the bush towards the strangers.

"Hollo! who are you?" cried one of the gipsies.

"Call in your dogs," cried Rinaldo, "or I will shoot them!"

They called in the dogs, and the women held them fast while Rinaldo approached them, and said, in a resolute tone,

"We can hardly have any cause to fear each other."

"Who are you?" inquired the gipsies again.

"A man," replied Rinaldo, "who knows not what it is to fear."

Gipsy Man. I know not what to make of you.

Rinaldo. Think of me as you please—but give me a glass of liquor if you have any.

Gipsy Man. You shall have some when you have paid for it.

Rinaldo. That I will do.

Gipsy Man. You look, to me, like one that—that had done something for which he was afraid of being taken up for.

Rinaldo. That is impossible. Come pour out.

Gipsy-Man. Yes, yes, you are certainly one of Rinaldini's people.

Rinaldo. Of what consequence is Rinaldini to either of us?

Gipsy Man. To me of great consequence

Rinaldo. To you?

Gipsy Man. Yes, very great.

Rinaldo. How great?

Gipsey Man. At least to the amount of two thousand sequins.

Rinaldo. How so?

Gipsey Man. If I could but deliver up his head—

Rinaldo. Indeed! But you are too late.

Gipsey Man. Too late? I fancy he will think it always time enough to be hung.

Rinaldo. He will not think so now.

Gipsey Man. Why not?

Rinaldo. Because he was killed in his last battle with the troops of Tuscany.

Gipsey Man. And how do you know that?

Rinaldo. Because I was there.

Gipsey Man. By heavens, I guessed it! didn't I?

Rinaldo. Guessed what?

Gipsey Man. That you were one of his people.

Rinaldo. Say that again, and by heavens, I'll split your skull in two. I will let you know who I am; I am the forester of the next frontier town, and was ordered out against that thief Rinaldini, with all my people. We had very hot work; and now as we have destroyed him, you treat me as if—

Gipsey Man. Well, well, I beg your pardon. A man may—

Rinaldo. Come, less argument, and more liquor! Well, that is one, now for number two! Now show me your passports: we have lately

had very strict orders to take up all such vagabonds as you.

A Woman. 'Tis excellent liquor! Entirely at your honour's service!

Rinaldo. I take no presents, and know my duty.

Gipsy Woman. Why not? Do let me—

Rinaldo. Come, once more, old woman!

Gipsy Woman. With all my heart, good Mr. Forester.

Rinaldo. Is that your daughter, old Shrivelskin?

Gipsy Woman. The little one is. The tall one is a relation, a poor fatherless and motherless girl. Come hither child! She is named after her godmother Rosalia, is a good Christian, seventeen years old, and has an excellent heart! Shall I pour out another glass?

Rinaldo. With all my heart!

Gipsy Woman. Rosalia, give Mr. Forester a piece of rice-cake!

Rosalia. Here, here, Forester! Much good may it do you!

Rinaldo. Hark ye, my maid, are you really christened?

Gipsy Woman. Heaven forgive your disbelief! Yes, indeed she was regularly christened at Macerata, as her certificate will prove.

Rosalia. Yes certainly I was! I was!

Rinaldo. Now what am I indebted to you?

Gipsy Woman. Oh, by his holiness! not a doit. We will not take any money of you, good Mr. Forester!

Rinaldo. I cannot accept presents. Come, out with your passports! what have you in these panniers? What, the deuce! How came you by these large wax candles? You must certainly have stolen them?

Gipsey Woman. God forbid! Mr. Forester! What do you take us for? Stolen, indeed! No, we paid good hard money for them!

Rinaldo. And what use do you make of these church candles?

Gipsey Woman. By night, Mr. Forester, when the weather is dark and stormy, in the woods; and when—

Rinaldo. I will buy two of them.

Gipsey Woman. They are at your service.

Rinaldo. I will also buy your bread.

Gipsey Woman. With all my heart!

Rinaldo. Now reckon what I owe you. Come show me your passports! Will you sell me the whole bottle of liquor?

Gipsey Woman. Certainly.

Gipsey Man. Mr. Forester is a good customer!

Rinaldo. Yes, I will buy every thing that pleases me. I will buy this girl, if you will sell her, and she has no objection.

Rosalia. In what capacity?

Rinaldo. As my housekeeper. I want just such a girl as you.

Rosalia. If I can earn my wages I will go with you immediately.

Rinaldo. I mean so.

Gipsey Woman. You shall have her. I will sell her for three ducats.

Rinaldo. I will give only two.

Gipsey Woman. Well, take her! But with one condition, that you shall not ask us for our passports!

Rinaldo. Aha! Very well! But beware that you do not fall into the hands of the militia, for they are out to-day.

Gipsey Woman. We shall soon get out of the wood.

Rinaldo. I would advise you to do so. Here is the money for the girl; and here are a couple of pauls* for my reckoning.

Gipsey Woman. Thank you, Mr. Forester!

Rosalia. Good bye! good bye!

Gipsey Woman. Behave yourself well, and don't shame us. What is the name of the place, Mr. Forester, where you are going to take her?

Rinaldo. To Sarsiglia, where I am forester. My name is Benvenuto Fromiglia: the whole town knows me.

Gipsey Woman. We only ask that we may know where to find her.

Rinaldo. Very well! God bless you!

Rosalia. Adieu!

The gipsies now loaded their beast, and began to set forward.

Rosalia took up her bundle, and accompanied Rinaldo, who pursued his way toward the ruined castle, and was very gay and happy.

* A piece of money worth about 5s. 3-8.

Rosalia expressed her wonder at the ruins, remarked it would make an excellent habitation for gipsies, and laid herself down near Rinaldo, who had extended himself on the grass.

Rinaldo. And are you really come with me willingly?

Rosalia. Yes; or else I would not be so cheerful. The life I have hitherto led has long been wearisome to me; and I had formed a plan of some time or other leaving my companions in the night, only I did not know where to go. But this is better.

Rinaldo. Who knows whether it will be better or worse?

Rosalia. Why so? A gipsy girl is but a poor wretch! One must turn one's hand to something, or one cannot get one's bread. If one is once caught stealing, it is all over; and they give us no quarters between heaven and earth. But if I am your housekeeper—

Rinaldo. I will not deceive you; I am no forester.

Rosalia. Oh, heavens! then what are you!

Rinaldo. You may still rejoin your company, if you are not inclined to stay with me. I will not detain you: you are perfectly free. Thus you see I deal fairly with you; and I will even be so imprudent as to tell you who I am—I am Rinaldini!

Rosalia. Oh, heavens! what shall I do?

Rinaldo. Go back, and join your company, I give you full permission to do so.

Rosalia. Ah! what a famous man! I am quite frightened, for you are so great a man.

Rinaldo. Be not uneasy. Here are ten ducats, which I make you a present of.

Rosalia. Oh, stay, let me but think a while! Shall I, or shall I not? Well, come what may—I'll stay with you!

Rinaldo. Will you indeed?

Rosalia. Yes I will.

Rinaldo. Very well! You shall see I will be careful of you; and when I am well off you shall be so too, and shall want for nothing I can procure you. Give me your hand, and promise to stay with me!

Rosalia. I do. Here is my hand!

Rinaldo. Your open countenance prejudices me in your favour, and I give you my whole confidence. You may therefore believe that I wish to be worthy of yours.

Rosalia. Rinaldini! though you are so terrible a man, I will not be afraid, but will stay with you, and serve you faithfully. It seems as if I had already known you long, and we were old acquaintances.

Rinaldo. So it is with me; and that is the reason why I repose so much confidence in you.

Rosalia. You are very kind! The more confidence you place in me, the happier I am with you.

Rinaldo. I will tell you all. Just as you see me here I escaped from an engagement with the troops of Tuscany, which but few of my men

survived. I am now quite alone, and do not expect again to see the remainder of my company. Fortune, perhaps has separated me from them for my good. I am informed by a peasant, that the Tuscans believe I was killed in the battle; and I am very glad they think so. Perhaps they mistook me for my friend Severro, who resembled me, and whose head being cut open, they saw him fall; or perhaps some of my men, who might be wounded and taken prisoners, have given out that I am killed to secure me from pursuit. I wish all Italy may believe it! Amid these ruins I will pass a couple of days, till the soldiers are gone, and then we will approach certain places where I have buried some gold. If we only find three of them undiscovered, we shall have enough to live on and will take ship, abandon Italy, sail to some foreign country, and there pass our lives together in peace.

Rosalba. That is an excellent plan; and I would give any thing to see it completed.

Rinaldo. Well, we will endeavour to accomplish it.

Thus this new alliance was concluded, and sealed with a breakfast; after which Rinaldo conducted his companion into an inner chamber of the castle, and lighted the two candles he had bought, to examine the place to which the stairs under the trap-door led.

Having descended these, they came to a spacious vault, which seemed to be the vestibule of one much larger. This they examined, and

found quite empty; and at the end of it they came to another staircase leading up to a trap-door which stood open, and led into a small court grown over with grass. Here they crept through a narrow opening, which seemed once to have served as a door-way into a small apartment, of which the window shutters were shut. They approached a side door, which was bolted, and which they opened while two snakes hissed by them. At first they started back; but again proceeded, and entered a small room; from which, however, they instantly returned, in consequence of a dreadful smell that assailed them. But Rinaldo re-entering, found two corpses lying on the earth, in a state of corruption. They were quite naked, and covered with blood.

"This," said he, "is the abode of murderers!" as he left the apartment, and again shut the door.

This horrid discovery made him uneasy; and turning to Rosalia, he said,

"Here we must not stay long, I thought these ruins had been the haunt of snakes and owls, and now I find a den of assassins."

Rosalia drew back with horror; nor did Rinaldo long delay ere he returned with her the way they came, and hastened out of the castle as if they had been pursued. They were scarcely arrived in the open court before a gun was heard, the ball of which passed between them. Rinaldo took his gun, and fired

on the bush whence the shot seemed to proceed.

Upon this he heard a loud curse and a rustling noise; and instantly an armed man presented himself, and said in a thundering voice,

"Here no one dares resist! I am Baptistello, captain of a formidable band of men who are the terror of the whole country."

Rinaldo. Ah! do I at last see thee, thou terrible Baptistello! of whom I have so often heard? Are you he?

Baptistello. I am.

Rinaldo. Now, then, learn that I will not yield a hair's breadth to you. I am as much dreaded as you; I am Rinaldini, who never yet knew fear!

Baptistello. Ah! do we meet here? Know, that we do not meet only to exchange those empty words! I am jealous of your fame; and this rencounter can only end in the destruction of one of us. That I will not submit to you, you may easily imagine: so draw your sabre, and show if you have any skill to use it.

Rinaldo. That you shall experience. But let your men come out of their ambush!

Baptistello. I am quite alone, he that conquers shall be the other's heir.

Rinaldo. Mine is this young woman.

Baptistello. Agreed, I will suffer her to go; and, besides, make her a present. Let your men come forward!

Rinaldo. They are above half a league off.

Baptistello. Come, then, draw!

Rinaldo now threw down his arms, and took off his hunting pouch, while Rosalia's eyes were filled with tears. Rinaldo saw them not, but drew his sabre, and quickly went up to Baptistello, who already stood in a posture to receive him, which he did with coolness and courage. Stroke followed stroke, parried and returned alternately by each. The combat continued some minutes. Rinaldo grew hotter and hotter: but Baptistello still remained cool and collected. Rinaldo no longer saw nor heard any thing, but furiously raged against his adversary, who, unperceived by him, drew out a pistol with his left hand, which he hid behind his back, and fired at Rinaldo, but missed him.

"Villain!" cried Rinaldo, and drawing a pistol from his girdle, shot his adversary through the head. Baptistello fell, and Rosalia screamed aloud. Baptistello gave up the ghost without speaking a single word, and Rinaldo wrapped him up, and threw him into the bush from which he had fired at him.

Here he found a bundle, which he took up and gave to Rosalia; besides which he took a ring from his finger and a box of gold from his pocket.

"Now, Rosalia," cried he, "let us depart before the villain's companions come."

Having proceeded about a league and a half, they found a retired spot in the thickest part of the wood that covered the sides of a hill, at the foot of which a silver stream murmured down the declivity. In the middle of the hill was an

open place, where they reposed themselves, and talked of this bloody rencounter.

Rinaldo now counted over the gold he had found upon his adversary, amounting to above two hundred ducats, beside some gold medals and pocket-pieces. Meanwhile Rosalia examined the bundle, which contained a hermit's frock, a couple of false noses, a beard and some linen, which came very apropos for both of them.

Upon this they took a frugal repast; and having conversed on various subjects, passed the night in this retired and beautiful scene.

BOOK II.

THE sun was now risen, and our adventurers were proceeding on their way. At first they approached nearer to the road, but soon changed their course, and perceived, as they were quitting it, a peasant coming toward them, who, on seeing them, doubled his pace. Rosalia hurried back into the forest: but Rinaldo stood and waited for the peasant, who, at a few paces distance, cried out aloud,

"Welcome, welcome, my long-lost friend and captain."

Rinaldo knew the voice, and soon perceived that the man who expressed so much joy at seeing him, was his brave companion Cinthio

They immediately embraced affectionately; and Rosalia, trembling with fear, approached.

Rinaldo. And do I see you again, my brave Cinthio? And have you really escaped from the slaughter?

Cinthio. Fortunately I have! Altaverde, myself, and young Steffano, together with you, are all that have escaped out of forty-nine. We three, all wounded, but myself the least, were driven over the mountain. Mattheo, with his troop, were harrassed at the pass of Caprile; and, therefore, to be nearer the frontiers, removed over the heights of Perla, where we met him, and related our misfortune. There was no time to lose. We attacked a post of militia, left eight men upon the field, and cut our way through into this forest.

Rinaldo. And have you taken up your abode here?

Cinthio. We have.

Rinaldo. Lead me to the brave fellows—I know an excellent place for us!

Cinthio. And who is this girl?

Rinaldo. She belongs to me.

Cinthio. Then welcome to our party!

They now proceeded to the place where Mattheo and his companions had pitched their tents. Here Rinaldo was received with the greatest joy, and related his battle with Baptistello.

“’Twas a brave action, Captain,” cried Mattheo, “to destroy such a villain!”

Rinaldo now described to them the ruins,

and they immediately struck their tents to remove thither. Having taken up their quarters there, they began to prepare for their next meal.

Toward evening the sentinels gave the alarm; upon which they all seized their arms, and advanced to meet a troop that was approaching, and which consisted of ten men belonging to Baptistello's band. They soon came to an engagement and the adverse party were worsted. Six of them were killed on the spot: the remaining four submitted, took an oath of fidelity to Rinaldo, and were received into his band; upon which a feast was given, that continued till a late hour at night.

"It is of importance to us," said Rinaldo, after passing a couple of joyful days in the castle, "to learn the state of affairs in Florence, and hear some news of our comrades. I have determined to seek this information myself, and shall therefore to-morrow leave you for a short time; but I hope to see you soon again. Till then let Altaverde be your commander, and Mattheo and Cinthio his assistants."

Notwithstanding the strong representations made to him of the danger he would incur, Rinaldo persisted in his intentions, and early the following morning mounted a beautiful horse, being handsomely dressed, and attended by Rosalia, as his servant, in boy's clothes, upon a mule.

He pursued the road to Oriolo, and hastened

toward the mountain to pay a visit to his friend Donato.

The soldiers had now returned to their quarters, believing they had entirely exterminated Rinaldini's band. Thus the frontiers were open and unguarded, and the morning being extremely hot, when Rinaldo approached the hermitage, Donato was sitting before the door. On hearing the tread of horses he arose, and was advancing when Rinaldo presented himself. Donato did not immediately know him, as his countenance was disguised; yet he felt a kind of suspicion, which led him to examine his visitor's face more narrowly than usual.

Rinaldo. God be with you !

Donato. And with you !

Rinaldo. I am glad to see you well, my dear friend.

Donato. Do you know me then ?

Rinaldo. Yes ; we know each other.

Donato. Are you—

Rinaldo. Can you not guess who I am.

Donato. I suspect : and are you still alive ?

Rinaldo. As you see.

Donato. They say you are certainly dead.

Rinaldo. So much the better ! You see, however, I am still in the land of the living.

Donato. And how did you escape from that bloody affray ?

Rinaldo. A man may cut his way through, if he does not fall, and that was my case.

Donato. And your people ?

Rinaldo. A third part of them bit the earth.

Donato. 'Tis said above a hundred men.

Rinaldo. Believe but half that number : for that is quite enough.

Donato. And what would you here now ?

Rinaldo. See you once more before I quit Italy.

Donato. What do you mean ?

Rinaldo. What I have said.

Donato. And in some other country—

Rinaldo. I will live in peace and tranquillity, do as much good as I can, and no longer head a band of robbers.

Donato. May heaven bless and favour your resolution !

Rinaldo. And now I come to take up my quarters with you, to eat and drink with you and not depart till to-morrow. The horse and mule were now unsaddled, the bags brought into Donato's room, and his guests seated. He brought out whatever he had to eat and drink, and Rosalia, who in her present dress was called Rosetta, undertook to dress the vituals.

Towards evening Rinaldo and Donato sat before the door, and observed the thunder clouds that collected around the mountain and veiled its summit. Lightning darted along the sultry horizon, and the echo repeated and redoubled the distant thunder. Presently fell a few drops of rain, which soon increased to a very heavy shower, and drove them into the hermitage, where they seated themselves at the table, while Rosalia poured out the wine.

Rinaldo. Now my friend, since this is pro-

bably the last time we shall ever meet, do me the favour no longer to conceal the truth; but tell me where is Aurelia?

Donato. I swear by heaven she is no longer in this neighbourhood.

Rinaldo. Is she in a convent?

Donato. No; her father has taken her away.

Rinaldo. Who is her father?

Donato. My friend, whom you saw when you last departed hence—the knight of Malta and prince of Rocella.

Rinaldo. And I suspect the lady in the nun's dress is her mother.

Donato. She is so; and after the birth of her daughter retired to the convent; for her lover, the father of her child, is a knight of Malta.* He has now taken his daughter with him, in order to marry her to advantage.

Rinaldo. Are you related to him?

Donato. I am his uncle.

Rinaldo. You are, perhaps——?

Donato. I am an exiled Roman, of a noble family, that has been forced to yield to the power of faction and Nepotism,† the usurpations and oppressions of which they resisted.

Rinaldo. Can I be of service to you in opposing your enemies?

Donato. I have forgiven them, and leave their punishment to heaven.

* The knights of Malta are under a vow of perpetual celibacy.—T.

† A word used to describe the factions arising from the power and influence of the relations of the Pope.

Rinaldo. Are you in want of money?

Donato. By no means; besides, you have lately sent me presents without my permission. We are now drinking some of the wine you gave me.

Rinaldo. Is Aurelia happy?

Donato. I hope and believe she is. But are you not afraid to travel alone, in a country where spies are every where watching for you?

Rinaldo. I am not without protection: except against myself.

Donato. You are a formidable man.

Rinaldo. And fear no one but myself.

Donato. Then you have to contend with a formidable enemy, whom you will never vanquish.

At break of day Rinaldo took leave of his host, and having left him a letter of protection, went in search of a place, where he had buried some money, which he fortunately found again; and was about to mount his horse, when he perceived a capuchin approach. He presently discovered him to be Amadeo, who in this disguise was seeking his companions, and they immediately embraced, and had much to relate to each other. During a hearty breakfast, of which the capuchin had great need, Rinaldo wrote a letter to his people, which he sent by Amadeo to Altaverde. It was to the following effect:

"Circumstances oblige me to go a greater distance than I expected. It will therefore be some time before I see you again. Should your present abode become unsafe or ineligible, go

back to the Appenines, where you may now remain undisturbed. Endeavour to increase your numbers, and be prudent. I am on the road to strike a great stroke. Above all things I recommend to you unanimity, and the total annihilation of Baptistello's band."

With these instructions Amadeo proceeded by the road which Rinaldo described, to join his companions: while the latter took his way over San Benedetto to Sarsina, on his road to Cesena. He soon fell in with Nicolo and Sebastiano, who had quitted the forest of Basino, and reached the frontiers without impediment. Nicolo received instructions how to find his companions, and Sebastiano continued with Rinaldo as his coachman. For he purchased a coach and four mules at Sarsina, his baggage becoming heavier and heavier, in consequence of the treasure he had dug up in various places. Rosalia accompanied him in the carriage, and he travelled as the Count of Dalbrego.

At Cesena he found a mountebank singing the acts of Rinaldini, in the public square, under a painted canopy. The multitude who crowded around him, listened to him with the greatest attention, and Rinaldo joined the circle to hear what was said of him. When the mountebank had sung several stanzas, he pulled his hat off and cried, "Let us say a paternoster, my Christian brethren, for the poor repentant Rinaldini."

Upon this they all uncovered and prayed; and Rinaldo, to avoid observation, also joined in

this prayer himself. The mountebank now threw his hat down among the audience, saying, "I also am a poor Christian; blessed be they that give!"

One of the company took up the hat and received in it a shower of small coin, and Rinaldo threw in some silver, which drew from one of his neighbours an exclamation of "Bravo Cristiano!" When the hat came back to its owner, he gathered the money, put it in his pocket, and placing his hat upon his head, sang three or four more stanzas.

The audience, who were all much moved, except Rinaldo, now dispersed, while the mountebank packed up his little stage and removed to another square to repeat the same performance. Many of the company followed him to hear once more this interesting story.

Meanwhile Rinaldo turned to one of his neighbours, who seemed to be a magistrate or person of consequence, and asked him,

"Is Rinaldini really dead?"

"Yes," replied the other; "and God be merciful to his sinful soul! His death is certain."

"Where then did he die?"

"In the mountains; in a battle with the militia of Tuscany. His head is now on a pole before the town-house of Pienza."

"That is very good news!"

"Certainly; for he was the terror of all Tuscany and Lombardy. 'Tis much to be la-

mented that he employed his courage and his talents to no better purpose."

A Franciscan monk offered to say a couple of masses for Rinaldini's soul, and received the money for that purpose. Rinaldo gave him something toward it, and thus contributed to his own obsequies while yet alive.

On the following day, when he was about to leave Cesena, he perceived the above mentioned knight of Malta coming toward him, and, as it was impossible to avoid a meeting, went directly up to him and took him by the hand, saying:

"Prince, I am in your power."

"Heavens!" returned the prince with astonishment, "is it possible? have you really thus escaped?"

Rinaldo. You see I am still alive.

Prince. From me you have nothing to fear. I am no police officer.

Rinaldo. Should it ever in the course of my life be in my power to serve you—

Prince. No ceremonies! Only take care of yourself.

Rinaldo. Every one believes I am dead, and they are singing my untimely end in every street.

Prince. So much the better for you; but do you venture thus openly and alone?

Rinaldo. Imagine not I am alone. My people accompany me in a hundred different shapes, and my apprehension would cause a torrent of blood

Prince. How? Have you?

Rinaldo. I have sixty of the most resolute fellows with me in this very town.

Prince. You astonish me.

Rinaldo. Rather pity me. I am now going to Venice on my way to the mountains of the Tyrol: and who knows whether I shall ever arrive there?

Prince. Will you never abandon this course of life?

Rinaldo. I will. In Germany I intend to dismiss my troop, should I be so fortunate as to arrive there. But where are you going?

Prince. To Urbino.

Rinaldo. There I shall see you again; but meanwhile permit me to ask you, is your daughter happy?

Prince. How? Do you know the—

Rinaldo. Donato is my friend.

Prince. Yes; she is happily married.

Rinaldo. God bless her! Prince, my people fell in with your mules and—

Prince. Silence on that subject.

Rinaldo. Do me the favour to accept from me this ring. If you will not wear it yourself give it to Aurelia.

Prince. As a remembrance from so great a man, I will accept it.

Rinaldo. I thank you: and as you intend to travel so far, I also request your acceptance of this letter; in consequence of which my people will respect you wherever you may meet them.

Prince. Well! I will also accept this present—but, sincerely, how strong are you?

Rinaldo. I am as strong as an army. I have eight hundred men under my orders throughout Italy. From Savoy to Naples ten captains command them, and I am their generalissimo.

Prince. Oh! how much have you to answer for!

Rinaldo. Only for what I myself command. Fare you well!

Thus saying he went and ordered his carriage, but prudently took neither the road to Venice nor Urbino; but by another way returned to the forest.

This time, however, Rinaldo did not visit Donato, but having sold his mules, sent forward Sebastiano, and restoring his money to a place of security, set forward for the Appennine mountains.

Here he found an empty hermitage, which seemed to have been recently deserted, as appeared by some fresh writing that lay on the table, to the following effect:

“Whoever thou art that shall succeed me, and chose this hermitage for thy abode, mayest thou be as happy as I who have hitherto inhabited it, and have written this paper, which I request you in like manner to leave behind you.”

Rinaldo had scarcely read this, before a thought struck him, to live there for a while in the character of a hermit. He immediately

put on his hermit's dress, and Rosalia acted as housekeeper; though their mode of life, particularly their table and cellar, were far more luxurious than a hermit usually enjoys.

Two days after they arrived here, as Rinaldo was taking his morning walk, he saw a man sitting on an eminence and drawing. Having therefore approached and accosted him, he inquired what he was about.

"I am taking a view of this place," said he, "because it has of late acquired great celebrity." "How so?" "Do you not know? This is the spot where Rinaldo died. Under that tree his head was cut open, and he expired immediately. A soldier, who was in the engagement, gave me a full description of the place. When I have made my drawing and engraved it, I shall sell it prettily coloured, and make a great profit. Another plate will contain the battle, which will doubtless sell very well. In the view I am now taking, I shall introduce a gallows near the tree I have just mentioned, as an emblem of the subject."

"An excellent speculation!"

"Ay, that is the way of the world. Such incidents are always beneficial to the arts."

Rinaldo wished him a good sale for his pictures, and left him. Yet he could not help feeling some pain at the emblem which was to serve as his monument.

As he returned to his hermitage he heard a noise there; on listening to which, he perceiv-

ed some voices speaking in a threatening tone, and Rosalia weeping.

He instantly entered the room, where he saw Rosalia, crying on a bench, and two ill-looking fellows about to break open a cupboard, upon which they were so intent that they did not hear Rinaldo come in. The latter gave Rosalia the wink to be silent, and suddenly advancing, threw one of them on the ground, and seized a pistol belonging to the other, which lay on the table. Rosalia suddenly took up a musket from behind a chair, and, springing forward attacked the other thief, who, astonished and confounded, let fall the tool with which he was breaking open the cupboard.

Meanwhile Rinaldo applying the pistol to the breast of the man who was down, called to the other,

"Lay down your arms."

Rosalia also called out to him, repeating these orders, and added,

"Lay them down, you villain, or I will shoot you dead."

Both the robbers were now disarmed, and Rinaldo asked them with the utmost coolness and tranquillity.

"What is your business here? who are you?"

"Behave with respect," replied the one "we belong to Rinaldini."

"Never, never," said Rinaldini, "such actions his people never would commit. No, no, you are thieves, of whom Rinaldini knows as little as you of him. Villains that you are,

kneel down and ask pardon—I, I myself am Rinaldini."

On this they both knelt down full of terror, and embraced his knees.

"Pardon! Captain," said the one hesitating, "we did not know you, but we have really belonged to your people these three days. Alta-verde and Cinthio themselves enlisted us. We deserve punishment by your laws; punish us as you please."

Rinaldo was about to answer, when the door opened, and Cinthio entered.

"You have been enlisting some pretty rascals here!" cried Rinaldo.

Cinthio. The devil! what! you here, Captain! and in a hermit's frock. I never should have expected it. How I rejoice to see you again! But what is the use of these reliques! Are you performing your noviciate?

Rinaldo. Do these men know our laws?

Cinthio. They have heard them read.

Rinaldo. And have they sworn to them?

Cinthio. They have.

Rinaldo. This young woman was left here alone, and when I entered, these men were breaking open the cupboard.

Rosalta. And besides, I showed them a letter of protection from Rinaldini himself.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Cinthio. A thousand curses on them! and not to respect your Captain's written order! holla! comrades, come in, bind these villians to you-

Jer tree and shoot them. They have violated their Captain's letter of protection.

"Curses on the assassins!" cried the robbers, who had instantly entered on Cinthio's calling them; and immediately seized and took them out. Thus having bound them to a tree, and firing eight musket balls at them, they blew out their brains.

This incident occasioned Rinaldo to leave the hermitage. Meanwhile Cinthio collected his people together, and being twenty in number, they descended into the valley, and so to the mountain of Fortini, where Altaverde was stationed with a party of sixty men, he having remarked some movements in the ecclesiastical state tending to their expulsion from the forest they had hitherto occupied.

Rinaldo now ordered his tent on the summit of the highest hill toward Belsorte, to be struck, mustered his band which he found to be eighty strong, and removed to a mountain which commanded Brancolino.

A few days afterward came Altaverde, and joined him. "Captain," said he, "we begin to be in great want of provisions."

Rinaldo. It must be remedied.

Altaverde. The men murmur at it, and begin to complain of their inactivity.

Rinaldo. Then we must find them employment.

Altaverde. Certainly. And besides money is very scarce with some of them, who have lost a play.

Rinaldo. Well, here are two hundred sequins, which I will distribute among the men. Employment they shall also have. Let the whole troop be assembled this evening. I will assign them their parts.

When evening came the band assembled in the appointed valley, where Rinaldo joined them in his Captain's uniform, and ordered them to form a circle round him. This they silently performed, leaned on their muskets, and waited with the greatest expectation to hear what their commander would say.

"Comrades," said Rinaldo, "I am informed your provisions begin to fail, and it is fit we should take measures to procure a fresh supply; but this must be done with prudence. I therefore divide among you two hundred sequins of my own property."

"Long live our Captain," cried they all, till the mountains re-echoed with the sound.

Rinaldo having taken off his hat and again covered himself, proceeded;

"With this money let provisions be bought in the neighbouring towns, and those of you who are best acquainted with the places may perform this commission in the dress of hermits. On this subject they may communicate with Altaverde, who will superintend the whole. In five or six days I will speak to you again, and hope then to lead you forth to a great enterprise. Meanwhile Cinthio may enter the frontier forest by the great road, accompanied by twelve of you, and return with wine and

fruit, or oil; he knows what he is to do. I will give him money to pay the poor carriers for whatever he may take of them; besides which, he will admonish them to silence under the strongest threats. The carriages and mules must not be taken from them. But if an idle prelate, or such person, come in your way, take from them what they have in money and money's worth. But I again recommend your sparing all poor travellers and hermits. Every violation of this rule I will punish, as you know, with death. Now depart to your various stations, and so farewell!"

Having said this, Rinaldo left them, and a loud cry of joy pursued him as he went.

When he returned to his tent he found Rosalia sitting in a corner, full of terror and alarm.

Rinaldo. What is the matter?

Rosalia. Oh! I tremble from head to foot.

Rinaldo. What has happened?

Rosalia. I have twice seen a white figure. The second time it looked into the tent, raised its hand, and threatened with its finger. I thank God you are returned.

Rinaldo, without saying a word, made a signal, on which, some of his people came in, among whom was Cinthio. Rinaldo informed them what Rosalia had seen, and immediately gave orders to post guards all around the mountain, at the same time sending Sebastiano to Altaverde, whom he informed what had happened, and instructed to be on the watch.

They all went to their posts, and Rinaldo threw himself on his bed, having first lighted an additional lamp. Rosalia sat by him and played on the guitar.

She had not sung many stanzas before the white figure came into the tent, and Rosalia screamed a loud, "Jesu Maria! there it is!" and Rinaldo rising, asked, "Who art thou?" but receiving no answer, he seized a pistol, and taking aim at the figure, said

"If you are a ghost expect this ball."

The figure still threatened with the finger, and Rinaldo pulled the trigger; but his pistol though an excellent one, missed fire, and, as he again cocked it, the figure disappeared. Rinaldo sprung up and hurried out; but could not see any thing. Immediately a gun went off in the valley, then a second, then a third.

Rinaldo now hastened down the hill to his sentinels, three of whom had seen a white figure, at which they had fired. Upon this a general alarm was spread, with horns and fifes; and immediately the whole corps was assembled.

After relating to each other what they had seen and continuing some time together, they again separated, and Rinaldo returned to his tent; where he and Rosalia having drunk some wine, they lay down. Rosalia soon fell asleep, but Rinaldo thus communed with himself.

"History affords various examples of similar appearances foretelling the fall of great men.

Brutus was forewarned by a ghost, who spoke to him; this figure, however, preserved a perfect silence. Yet it threatened with its finger—was this to me? but it first threatened Rosalia, when she sat alone in the tent. To her first, to me afterward: this was not imagination; five of us saw it. My best pistol missed fire, which it never did before, and my men, who did fire, missed their aim, though they can always hit their man. How wonderful! Yet wherefore should I be afraid? afraid? no, that I will never be.”

Unable to sleep, he sprang up, threw on his cloak, and descended into the valley, where he drank and conversed with his sentinels; and began to joke on what had passed.

The sun now rising he feasted his eyes on the magnificent scenery it afforded, at the same time saying to himself with a sigh:

“Yet it rises not to me so beautiful as when I tended my father’s goats.”

Nicolo now came running up to him, and crying out:

“Captain, we have taken some loads of provisions belonging to the rich monks of Mangolo, for which reason we have paid nothing for them. If the monks wish to be paid, they may apply to you. But the best of the story is, that we made a friar that accompanied it say a paternoster for us all, and give us absolution, which he did with a lamentable voice, and then we let him go.”

“This incident will make a noise,” said Ri-

naldo, and returned in pensive mood to his tent, where Rosalia was already risen and preparing chocolate.

Rinaldo seated himself to breakfast before his tent, and viewed the misty vale, from which, as the sun became more powerful, the fog departed, and the distant plains displayed themselves in all their varied beauties to his view.

He now looked through his glass at the intersecting roads, and found them all clear, except a carriage which was moving slowly on; calling therefore to Sebastiano, he instructed him to see what it was, and the latter immediately flew to execute his commands.

Rinaldo now fixed his eyes on a castle at no great distance, which, without being able to account for it, had particularly attracted his attention: he resolved to take a nearer view of it. He therefore dressed himself in a green hunter's dress, edged with gold, put on a hat adorned with feathers, took his double-barrelled gun, and, accompanied by his dog, descended the hill, and took the road that led to the castle.

To the right was a monastery inhabited by well-fed Benedictines; before the door of which a monk was walking to and fro, and reading.

Having saluted each other, they entered into the following conversation:

Rinaldo. You seem to contemplate me with wonder? at what are you surprised?

Monk. I am wondering to see you traveling alone, as if you had nothing to fear?

Rinaldo. And what should I fear?

Monk. Do you not know these mountains are infested with banditti?

Rinaldo. I have not heard of them.

Monk. Yes, it is perfectly true; we have found it true by experience. They have taken from us a quantity of wine, and Father Barnard, who accompanied it, was obliged to absolve the villains. Such an absolution, however, being compulsory, cannot avail: and the vagabonds will pay dearly for their joke.

Rinaldo. How so?

Monk. The rascals will not only be formally excommunicated by us, but we shall also give intelligence of the event, and a body of men will be sent out against them that will ferret them out of all their holes.

Rinaldo. Then blood will flow.

Monk. The more their blood flows the better for injured mankind.

Rinaldo. Will money and good words purchase a breakfast of you?

Monk. Most assuredly; walk in.

Rinaldo. I would rather have it in the open air; and then return up the mountain, since you tell me the road is not safe.

Upon this the monk left him, and soon returned with a lay-brother, who brought a bottle of wine and some pastry.

Monk. Do you live in this neighbourhood?

Rinaldo. I am on a visit with a friend, whose castle is not far.

Monk. Aha! you have not heard then of the famous Rinaldini?

Rinaldo. He was killed in a skirmish. I heard a circumstantial account of his death at Cesena.

Monk. So it is reported; yet some maintain that this Proteus is still alive, and indeed, a true Proteus he must be; for he goes about in a thousand various forms.

Rinaldo. Do you not know him?

Monk. God forbid! If we knew where to meet with him, we would endeavour to purchase from him a letter of protection for us and our property.

Rinaldo. And how much would you give him?

Monk. We have offered him an hundred sequins, and broke off because he demanded more.

Rinaldo. But suppose you gave the money to the soldiers who are sent out against him?

Monk. That would avail but little, for his troops are always increasing, though they have been frequently half destroyed. Besides, he is above five hundred strong.

Rinaldo. Heavens! and how does this man support so large a band?

Monk. By robbery—they steal like crows.

Rinaldo. But I should think, if proper measures were adopted, this evil might be eradicated.

Monk. Proper measures! how so?

Rinaldo. At least I think so.

Monk. Well! every man may have useful ideas, be he layman or priest—but what do you think ought to be done?

Rinaldo. In my opinion government might effect it.

Monk. As for example?

Rinaldo. A general pardon for Rinaldo and his people!

Monk. God forbid!

Rinaldo. An invitation to return and mix in civil society!

Monk. God defend us! who could associate with such robbers and outlaws? We could not even conscientiously bury a pious Christian by the side of such a ruffian. Talk not then of any man living with him in society—No, that is impossible—the sins of this reprobate may indeed be pardoned on his death bed, if he turn to God; but hang he must without remission. If he die in his sins and without absolution, the devil will have his soul—but no man must, on any account, hold communion with such a miscreant.

Rinaldo. And yet you yourself wish to hold communion with him.

Monk. How? God forbid!

Rinaldo. Would you not buy of him a letter of protection?

Monk. That is not communion, but prudence. Necessity has no law. We will buy of him a protection, and then excommunicate him.

Such men must be dealt with as the Heathens, who know not God.

Rinaldo. Suppose now I were Rinaldini, and knew this your intention?

Monk. God forbid!

Rinaldo. I am only supposing a case.

Monk. Well; but—

Rinaldo. Then would I—supposing I were Rinaldini—you understand——

Monk. Yes, yes.

Rinaldo. Then I would punish you all severely.

Monk. 'Tis well Rinaldini knows it not.

Rinaldo. Yes, indeed.

Monk. For he must be a very revengeful fellow: but perhaps he is no more.

Rinaldo. That is highly probable. It is asserted that his head is now exposed on a pole at Pienza.

Monk. Is it so? But I am as much afraid of his people as of himself.

Rinaldo. But who knows whether they have his head?

Monk. Head! hem! that can be of little use! What can the head of a goatherd avail them?

Rinaldo. In that respect nature may have been more bountiful to him than to many a prelate.

Monk. He has never studied; and nature does nothing alone. I presume you have gone through your studies.

Rinaldo. At three different universities.

Monk. Indeed ; Jurisprudence ?

Rinaldo. Ethics, logic, &c.

Monk. Aha ! Very excellent studies ! Are you your own master ?

Rinaldo. I am. At least I think so.

Monk. Have you any fortune ?

Rinaldo. A large one.

Monk. Riches are the gift of God. To those he loves he gives gold ; and, observe, a good understanding to employ it properly. We here are not so rich as we appear. We have just enough to eat and drink, but no superfluities.

Rinaldo. Superfluities are useless ; they but enervate mankind, and render them lethargic and inactive. Your wine is good.

Monk. Oh yes ; we have a good glass of wine for strangers. As for ourselves, we drink none ; or at least, very little.

Rinaldo. Then drink some with me !

Monk. I thank you.

Rinaldo. Come no ceremony.

Monk. Well, if you insist upon it—if you positively will have it so—your health, noble sir !

Rinaldo. Good may it do you ! Since we are here together, let us empty a bottle between us.

Monk. Well, I—

Rinaldo. You have no objection, I presume ?

Monk. Objection ! O yes, but—

Rinaldo. No ceremonies ! But tell me, to whom belongs yon beautiful castle ?

Monk. It has lately come into the possession of the Baron Rovezzo, who has lately purchased it: but it formerly belonged to the house of Altieri.

Rinaldo. Does the Baron reside there?

Monk. Both he and his lovely young bride, whom he has lately brought home. She is a quiet, good Christian, But the Baron is a little wild. May I ask you your name?

Rinaldo. Count Dalbrogo.

Monk. Dalbrogo! Dalbrogo! That is a family from—

Rinaldo. The Italian part of Switzerland.

Monk. Aha! from Switzerland? So—

At this time Sebastiano slowly and silently approaching them, Rinaldo gave him a wink, and thus addressed him:

Rinaldo. Whither are you going traveler?

Sebastiano. To the mountains where I live.

Rinaldo. Do you live safe there?

Sebastiano. Why not?

Rinaldo. They talk of robbers.

Sebastiano. Where nothing is, nothing can be lost. We have not much, at best. Within such walls as these they would find a richer booty.

Monk. The little we have is the property of the church.

Sebastiano. On which you most heartily fatten! Addio.

Monk. Hark ye! this rogue has a very suspicious look. Perhaps he is one of the banditti.

Rinaldo. Mountaineers have generally a wild look.

The clock now striking, the monk hastened to rejoin the choir. Rinaldo therefore paid his reckoning, and took his way toward the castle.

Adjoining this edifice was a high wall, surrounding a beautiful garden, where Rinaldo finding a wicket open, immediately entered. On approaching a small grove, he perceived a lady, who hearing footsteps behind her, quickly turned round; and perceiving Rinaldo screamed aloud. The latter instantly recognized and approached her.

Rinaldo. Is it possible? Scarcely can I trust my eyes! Is this imagination or reality? Aurelia—the beautiful Aurelia here!

Aurelia. The same!

Rinaldo. Here?

Aurelia. In the castle of my husband.

Rinaldo. Your husband! And are you really married?

Aurelia. Yes, alas!

Rinaldo. How! Tears in the eyes of Aurelia!

Aurelia. Oh! these signs of that misfortune which pursues me throughout my life may convince you how wretched I am.

Rinaldo. Aurelia! and unhappily married!

Aurelia. Ah heavens!

Rinaldo. Ah! when good old Donato—

Aurelia. O that I had been left to live in solitude with him, or that I had remained in my

foster father's farm. How happy had I been! My good father, indeed, meant well, and wished to make me happy: but—I am most wretched.

Rinaldo. Perhaps the lovely Aurelia brought with her here the source of her misfortune?

Aurelia. How do you mean? My heart was free. Innocent and pure was I, when I came to my husband. My father gave me a very large fortune; and for that alone my husband married me. Ah, friend of the worthy Donato! tell that venerable old man how miserable I am.

Rinaldo. Will you grant me your confidence without reserve?

Aurelia. My father knows you also, and—

Rinaldo. What did your father say of me? Do you know who I am?

Aurelia. When he spoke of you to me, he called you a celebrated man, but did not tell me your name.

Rinaldo. I am the Count Dalbrogo; and you know, already, I am your father's friend. A short time ago, at Cesena, we exchanged rings as a sign of friendship. Did he tell you nothing of it?

Aurelia. It is long since I saw or spoke with him.

Rinaldo. Does he know you are unhappy?

Aurelia. If he has received my letters he must know it: but of that I am extremely doubtful, since I have never received an answer to any of them. Perhaps my husband, by means of his spies, intercepts even my letters.

Rinaldo. Well, me he can neither corrupt nor intercept. I will speak to your father, and will say to him whatever you desire me.

Aurelia. Will you, indeed?

Rinaldo. I will engage my word of honour. What complaints have you against your husband?

Aurelia. He is a tyrant to me, and treats me with contempt. He breaks his nuptial faith almost before my eyes, with mercenary wretches whom he keeps here in his castle.

Rinaldo. The villain.

Aurelia. He plagues and torments me incessantly with reproaches.

Rinaldo. With what reproaches?

Aurelia. Ah, heaven! with my illegitimate birth, which——Ah! he knew that before he married me!

Rinaldo. Do you love him?

Aurelia. I loved him once: but now he has compelled me to hate him.

Rinaldo. You hate him?

Aurelia. I abhor him as I do my sins. It was but yesterday he exposed me to the ridicule of his companions; and his mercenary prostitutes make a jest of me. I am treated like a slave!

Rinaldo. You shall have satisfaction.

Aurelia. I am fully resolved, if my father does not soon interfere, to abandon this scene of vice and debauchery, and to fly.

Rinaldo. Whither will you fly?

Aurelia. To my mother.

Rinaldo. Where is she?

Aurelia. She is abbess of the convent of St. Clara near Montamara.

Rinaldo. When first I beheld Aurelia in that happy valley, and when I afterward conversed with her at the peaceful hermitage of Donato, I said to myself, "How happy will be the man to whom Aurelia shall give her hand and heart!" And now this excellent girl is miserable! No; by heavens! it shall not be. At least she shall be revenged. Such is the solemn oath of one who will keep his word—it is the oath of Dalbrogo!

Aurelia. Ah, Count! why will you bring yourself to destruction, perhaps, for my sake?

Rinaldo. For your sake I would engage with monsters and with devils.

Aurelia. Count you alarm me.

Rinaldo. How shall I know the wretch? Is he in the castle?

Aurelia. He is hunting with some of his companions.

Rinaldo. Who are they?

Aurelia. Adventurers from all corners of the earth, whom he has collected round him, and who are dissipating my fortune in debauchery, gambling, drinking, and—ah, heavens they are very bad men—two Frenchmen and a Sicilian, who perhaps have escaped from the hands of justice; they call themselves noble, but that I am sure is false. You can scarcely conceive with what indecency they treat me.

Rinaldo. By heavens, were I present, it should be the last ill action they should commit.

Aurelia. Ah, Count! would you who are a stranger?

Rinaldo. My oath shall be fulfilled, and I will revenge you. The riotous laughter of these villains shall be changed to mourning, and you shall have exemplary satisfaction, or my name—is not Dalbrogo. But, of whom is the portrait that hangs at your breast?

Aurelia. It is the portrait of my husband.

Rinaldo. Show it me. Is it like?

Aurelia. A strong likeness.

Rinaldo. Well—Now I shall know him. But away with this portrait from your bosom.

Aurelia. By no means; he would beat me if I omitted to wear it.

Rinaldo. What! Has he ever dared—

Aurelia. Ah, heavens! I now bear the marks of his cruelty on my body.

Rinaldo. Villain! Thou shalt soon bear the marks of my retribution, which——

Aurelia. Oh, heavens! there comes my husband with his companions up the walk!

Rinaldo. It is too late to fly; stay, and I will stay also; I am a friend of your father's, who has commissioned me to visit you in his name. In my presence he will not dare to insult you. With a single word I could smite him to the earth; and before morning dawns, you shall be rescued.

The Baron and his companions now ap-

proached, and Rinaldo advancing a few steps toward him took off his hat, saying,

"I am glad Baron, to make your acquaintance. The Prince, your father-in-law, desires me to salute you in his name, and to inform you that he will speedily pay you a visit. I am his friend, and Count Dalbroggo is my name."

"Your humble servant," replied the Baron with great coldness. Then turning to Aurelia, said, with a sarcastic smile, "Perhaps too an old acquaintance of yours, and you have not invited this agreeable visiter and messenger of good news from your father into the castle?"

"Pardon," continued he, "the inattention of my wife, but she has been brought up at a farm house. That, however, you probably know already."

Rinaldo. I do; she has been brought up with very good and worthy people.

Baron. So my father-in-law will soon pay us a visit? Has he not fixed the day of his arrival?

Rinaldo. I believe you may expect him daily.

Baron. That is unfortunate, for I have fixed a journey for to-morrow, which I cannot possibly defer.

Rinaldo. He will expect your return. He said he had many things to speak of with you.

Baron. So—but unfortunately I may be obliged to be absent some months—perhaps you intend to await his arrival here?

Rinaldo. No—I have affairs of importance to settle at Rome and would therefore expedite

my departure. Had you not returned as you did, I should have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing you. I was taking leave of your lady when I learnt your arrival.

Baron. But you will stay and take your dinner with us?

Rinaldo. I must beg to be excused.

Baron. I entreat you.

Rinaldo. It is impossible, my hours are all counted.

Baron. I regret that I had not the pleasure of your acquaintance earlier. I hope my wife has entertained you well; but I fear she has had one of those fits of ill humour that so frequently attack her.

Rinaldo. In fact—but excuse me—From the state in which I found your wife, I should rather attribute more to grief than ill humour. Meanwhile I would not be indiscreet and——

Baron. Yes, yes, she has the art of covering her ill humour with the veil of grief, and calls her obstinacy and caprice lowness of spirits.

Rinaldo. Yet she formerly appeared so gay and happy that——

Baron. Perhaps she is not married to your liking. Sir Count, you are vexed she has fallen to my lot.

Rinaldo. Sir Baron, you joke.

Baron. Far from it; the simpleton, perhaps, would have been better pleased, had she been removed from the shepherd's field to your pasture: she would then have remained as she was before.

Rinaldo. Yes, equally good, noble, and lovely.

Baron. Aye, in the eyes of a lover.

Rinaldo. Baron, I remark with astonishment and grief that your marriage is not happy.

Baron. That you have, no doubt, learnt from this paragon of sensibility; she bewails every creature in the village.

Rinaldo. By heavens! it grieves me that your father-in-law must find things as they are.

Baron. He may take her back if he pleases, or restore her to her very honourable mother.

Rinaldo. Baron this bitterness shows—

Baron. That I would be rid of the fool, nothing farther. Will you please to take her with you?

Rinaldo. No insults, Baron, I will not bear them.

Baron. This warmth in the cause of my wife proves—

Rinaldo. That which it shall prove: nothing more and nothing less. I am her father's friend, who will certainly not permit—

Baron. He may receive his jewel back. I want her no more.

Rinaldo. Nor do you deserve to possess her.

Baron. Thunder and lightning! Sir Count—

Rinaldo. What do you mean?

Baron. Away with you, sir, and take this strumpet with you that she may no longer offend my eyes.

Rinaldo. Your brutality—

Baron. Here I am master.

Rinaldo. Then be so of yourself. For all

you have said and done you shall give me full satisfaction.

Baron. In Rome?

Rinaldo. Here in your castle.

Baron. Whenever you please.

Rinaldo. This very day.

Baron. This very moment. I will settle your account for you.

Rinaldo. I will settle yours for you, you wretch!

Baron. Such language shall be answered by my servants with horse-whips.

Rinaldo. (*Putting his hand to his sword.*) Draw.

Baron. How!

Rinaldo. Draw, or I will cut you down.

Aurelia. For God's sake, Count, be calm, you do not know these men.

Baron. (*Giving her a box on the ear.*) Silence! now complain of that to your lover.

Rinaldo. By heavens, Baron, that shall be repaid with blood.

Baron. Leave my castle; or as this is my right hand, I will order my people to turn you out.

Rinaldo. Cowardly villain! that you yourself dare not do: Aurelia, you shall certainly be rescued: As for you, villain! who call yourself her husband, I shall this very day speak to you in a way that you shall feel severely.

The Baron and his companions laughed aloud, and as Rinaldo quitted the garden, cried out after him,

"A pleasant journey to you, Don Quixotta, you may now go and tell your adventures to your mamma."

The temper in which Rinaldo rejoined his companions may easily be imagined. He was scarcely able to contain himself. His appearance made Rosalia tremble; for she had never beheld him so before.

"Captain," said Cinthio, "what has happened?"

"That you shall learn," replied he; "call Altaverde to me."

With him and Cinthio, Rinaldo now communed; and when evening approached, Altaverde, at the head of twenty men, descended into the valley. Cinthio went toward the left with sixteen, and ten accompanied Rinaldo. Rosalia remained in the tent, which was safely guarded by Nicolo.

These corps were in motion about the time it grew dark: but they had scarcely left their former post, when Sebastiano followed them with five and twenty men, and stationed himself near the Benedictine Monastery above mentioned. Cinthio crossed the river, took possession of the bridge, and posted himself by the garden wall of Baron Rovezzo. Altaverde occupied the high road, and that leading to the village, and placed his men round the castle as far as the post of Cinthio; and Rinaldo with his party went up to the castle gate, which was shut. On sounding the horn a servant unbolted it, and inquired who was there? but he was

seized by the throat, dragged out and delivered to Altaverde's party; three men took possession of the gate, and the rest followed Rinaldo across the court yard, and made themselves masters of the house door. Two others entered the servants' hall with cocked pistols, and commanded silence, which the servants, who were terrified and trembling with fear, obeyed.

Rinaldo cut the string of the alarm bell with his stiletto, and with three men went up stairs to an apartment where the Baron was sitting at a table with his companions and mistresses.

The door being half open, Rinaldo listened, and heard that he himself, under the name of Count Dalbroggo, was the subject of their railery. They called him a blustering coward; and Aurelia, who was obliged to sit at table, was forced to hear the disgusting language of her husband in silence, to avoid his ill-treatment.

The Baron's mistresses rallied her relative to her former lover; and her husband said aloud,

"Suppose I had not let the rascal go?"

"We would have cut off his nose," said one of the Frenchmen.

"If he does but return—" said the Baron.

"Here he is!" said Rinaldo, and immediately entered the room.

Meanwhile Altaverde's people had taken possession of the castle gate, and Sebastiano had approached nearer. Three more of Rinaldo's men now joined the other three who

stood at the door of the apartment, and six of Altaverde's followed them.

These twelve men waited for a signal from Rinaldo, who had alone entered in the apartment, where his sudden appearance not a little surprised the company.

"I am come," continued he, to keep my promise. You now perceive that I am punctual. Here I stand and demand satisfaction of you. From the Baron to the man who proposed to cut off my nose, I will call every one of you to account."

The Baron now began to laugh aloud, and called to one of his servants,

"Let my people come and give this Quixotte the account he asks for!"

The servant scarce began to move, when Rinaldo seized and threw him down. Then taking his pistol, pointing it to the table, and said,

"The first who dares to stir from his seat is a dead man! Miserable, worthless miscreants! you that threaten me so freely, tremble and kneel down before me! Know you who I am? Down upon you knees! I am Rinaldini!"

Upon this they all knelt down as if thunder-struck. Aurelia screamed aloud, and sank in a swoon. Rinaldo obliged the women to assist her and having given the signal agreed on, his twelve followers entered the room.

The whole company were still upon their knees when Rinaldo approached Aurelia, who

was beginning to recover. He threw himself upon his knees, and kissed her hand.

"Is it you, rash man," said she, in a broken voice, "that has rescued me? Oh, be as generous as you are courageous! Be as kind as you are terrible! Deal with me honourably, and conduct me to my mother! Abuse not your power, nor make my yet unspotted name the jest of mankind!"

"Oh," said Rinaldini, sighing, "now I feel what I am!"

Then suddenly turning round, he beheld Sebastiano entering the room with some of his party, and said,

"As yet this rat-catching expedition has cost no blood, and it shall end in the same manner. Flog this villain, who is the husband of this unfortunate lady, till not one white spot is left. Drive these Frenchmen and Sicilians two or three times up and down with rods. The girls I give you as prizes. But this worthy French counsellor, who advised cutting off my nose shall be served in like manner himself."

The Frenchman dreadfully lamented his hard case but Rinaldini was deaf to his intreaties. He persisted in his orders, and his comrades took the delinquents from the apartment.

Rinaldo again approached Aurelia, desired her to collect together her apparel and jewels, and ordered a carriage to be prepared; in which he placed her, together with her waiting woman. Then mounting his horse, he called out to his companions,

"Plunder the castle, but do not burn it!"

Rinaldo followed the carriage, which he ordered to stop about a mile from St. Clair's convent at Montamara. Then riding up to the coach door, asked for Aurelia's hand, upon a finger of which he put a ring; and kissing her hand, said, with emotion,

"Aurelia, may you be happier than I!"

Having thus spoken, he clapped spurs to his horse, and arrived at break of day, at his tent; where he was soon joined by his people, who returned loaded with booty.

Rinaldo was sitting before his tent, and reflecting on the consequence that might ensue from this enterprise, when Rosalia approached him, seated herself near him, and taking her guitar, though unrequested, sang the following air:

Hear me, lov'd Almanzor, hear,
Grant thy Laura's fond request:
Still to thee is Laura dear?
Reigns her image in thy breast?
Wilt thou Laura fondly love?
When her infant climbs thy knee,
Wilt thou to that infant prove
Source of endless infamy?
Sooner would thy Laura fly
Where thou ne'er shalt know thy child;
Rather, ah! far rather die
Graveless in some desert wild,
Than to thee an offspring bear,
Stamped as shame's dishonoured heir.

"Ah, Rosalia!" interrupted Rinaldo, I guess—yes, I know who this Laura is! Almanzor will never desert her."

Rosalia embraced him tenderly, and thus continued:

“What peace can a mother enjoy, when contemplating the image of her beloved upon her lap! when our offspring will be but a source of misery to us if we do not leave this course of life. But, by heavens! it shall and must be; nor will I bring up my son to the gallows.”

The appearance of Sebastiano interrupted this conversation. He brought intelligence that two of their people were taken up at St. Leo, and thrown into prison; and that a third had escaped. He also brought news, that from information of the Baron, proclamation had been made against him.

Toward evening Rinaldo ordered his tent to be struck; and giving the signal for departure, stationed himself, after a journey of three days, in the valley of the Albano mountains.

Two days after his arrival he gave orders to Sebastiano to go with sixteen resolute fellows, in various disguises, to Cagli, in the neighbourhood of Montamara. Altaverde also received a commission to endeavour to liberate the two prisoners by address or by force; and Rinaldo himself as a traveller on horseback, attended by Nicolo and Alphonso as his servants, rode about the country upon the scout. Cinthio remained as captain of the band; and Rinaldo commended to his care Rosalia, who took leave of him with tears.

"I feel," said she with emotion, "as though we should never meet again!"

Rinaldo endeavoured to console her without success, and left her extremely agitated.

He soon reached Fossombrona: where, having put up at the principal inn, he rested a couple of days, desirous of giving Sebastiano's party time to collect in the neighbourhood of Montamara.

The day after his arrival he visited a tavern, where he found several of the inhabitants; among whom were two advocates and some notaries, engaged in apparently interesting conversation over a bottle. Rinaldo called also for wine; and seating himself near them listened to their discourse.

A Townsman. 'Tis a very bad business.

Advocate. Ah, very bad indeed!

Notary. A very shocking affair!

Advocate. The Baroness has twice been heard. She persists that she previously knew the person of the aforesaid Count Dalbrago, but took him for a man of good character, and neither knew, nor in the least suspected that he was the celebrated Rinaldini: and that she first learnt this with terror and affright when he avowed himself on the night of these events. On the other hand, the Baron, who was dreadfully maltreated, maintains that his wife has lived in an understanding with this terrible robber; and that her father is one of his acquaintance, who has long, contrary to law, been in treaty to make discovery to the magistracy,

to which he is bound. The prince is in custody at Urbino, and will be closely examined.

Townsmen. One hardly knows as yet what to think of it.

Notary. The Baron estimates his loss at the castle at three thousand ducats. He and his friends were maltreated, and one of the Frenchmen was mutilated by the robbers. It is true he still lives, but he is very ill and miserable.

Townsmen. These robbers are very devils.

Notary. I pity the poor prince. He is a brave man—but, in confidence, gentlemen, who among us would dare to seize Rinaldini were he even now present among us.

Townsmen. Not I, for one.

Advocate. Yes, yes, a man ought to proceed cautiously, and first make sure of having assistance.

Townsmen. Suppose he got loose and I were to lose my life, who would compensate me for my zeal? He certainly would not sell his life cheaply.

Notary. I should like to have seen him once.

Rinaldo. Pardon me, gentlemen, but I have seen him.

Notary. How?

Townsmen. What?

Advocate. And have you really—?

Rinaldo. I am the Marquis Soligno. My estates lie in Savoy, and I am on a journey. Six days ago I fell into the hands of his people, and

mine were overpowered. I was expecting every moment to be plundered, when Rinaldini himself appeared.

Townsman. And what sort of a man is he ?

Rinaldo. A little fat dark complexioned man, with blue eyes, brown hair, Roman nose, and whiskers.

Advocate. Well, I know not what to think of it.

Rinaldo. How so ?

Advocate. I have been told by others that he is tall and thin, with a smooth chin, black eyes and hair, and a Grecian nose. However, I must confess that a Roman nose is better suited to his way of life than a Grecian.

Rinaldo. I have myself seen and spoken to him, and he is exactly the man I describe. He searched me very narrowly, and I was obliged to give him all my ready money and every thing I had of value. He demanded a hundred sequins, which I gave him, and in return I had this letter of protection. See, gentlemen, here it is.

Advocate. (*reading,*) Ah, the rascal !

Viaggio Seguro.*

Signed, "Rinaldini."

A man of few words ! he is as saving of them as a minister of state.

Rinaldo. I thank God that I came off so well.

Townsman. That you may, indeed, Marquis.

* In lieu of Sicuro, for so Rinaldo wrote, (though not pure Italian) I have seen some of these letters.

RINALDO RINALDINI.

Rinaldo. But it is unpardonable that the magistracy do not exert themselves more.

Advocate. Only have patience—I have it from good authority that five hundred Tuscans and eight hundred men of the ecclesiastic troops are going out against him. They are to surround, and will certainly take him.

Townsmen. How strong may his band be?

Rinaldo. No one can tell. Some talk of two hundred men; others say he is much stronger; they are all desperate fellows. Thank heaven I have got out of their clutches.

Toward evening Rinaldo quitted the place, and sent out Sebastiano and his people with orders to take Baron Rovezzo alive or dead, and if alive, to deliver him to Cinthio. His people he left in the neighbourhood of Montamara, and went himself, in the dress of a pilgrim to Urbino.

Here he learnt that Prince Rocella was indeed at large, but had been obliged to give securities to a large amount, and was soon to be examined. He inquired his address, and had the boldness one night to enter his chamber.

Prince. Who are you?

Rinaldo. A pilgrim.

Prince. So I perceive, but what would you with me?

Rinaldo. I am sent to you on a message from Rinaldo.

Prince. Heavens! What do I hear? You are himself: now I know you.

Rinaldo. Yes, I am he. I know into what

embarrassment I have brought you, and am come to offer you my services.

Prince. What would you do?

Rinaldo. With you! Nothing.

Prince. I am lost if it be discovered.

Rinaldo. Fear not; only say how I can serve you.

Prince. Man! What have you done?

Rinaldo. If I can serve Aurelia and you with my life, I will.

Prince. Your death cannot extricate us from this embarrassment. We are accused of an understanding with you. My child's honour is lost, and the public opinion is against me. Will you do me one favour, and then leave me, and quit the town?

Rinaldo. If you would justify yourself from the suspicion of an understanding with me, deliver me up to justice. I will stay here.

Prince. What advantage would thence arise to me? Treachery is unworthy a true knight of Malta.

Rinaldo. Then I will myself surrender to the magistrates.

Prince. Can that better my condition?

Rinaldo. What shall I do?

Prince. I know not.

Rinaldo. I must and will assist you on this occasion.

Prince. My uncle the cardinal has taken the business in hand, and I hope the charge against me will soon be at an end.

Rinaldo. So much the better for your prosecutors.

Prince. Rinaldini, would you stop the course of justice?

Rinaldo. Not of justice but of injustice. Prince, if I cannot serve *you*, let me at least do something for Aurelia—here are bills for ten thousand sequins, which I give as her portion in her new marriage.

Prince. A new marriage!

Rinaldo. The Baron must by this time be in the hands of my party. If he is taken alive he will be shot, and Aurelia again be free.

Prince. Free or not free, she will remain forever in the convent. Give your money to the poor, we are none of us in need of it.

Rinaldo. Adieu.

Prince. Oh stay.

Rinaldo. What would you?

Prince. To what end will you come?

Rinaldo. God knows; but I hope a good one.

Prince. That you can scarcely expect?

Rinaldo. As God pleases; good night.

Prince. Have you really loved Aurelia?

Rinaldo. I love her still.

Prince. She can never be yours; return to your proper station—forsake the course of life you now pursue—and apply your money to good works:—in that dangerous course which you now—

Rinaldo. Prince you know I am not easily frightened; yet my situation is wretched; for,

though justice has no torture for me, I have much within my own bosom. Farewell.

Rinaldo now left the town and returned to the neighbourhood of Montamara, where his companions were.

On the following day he received by the hands of Nero, whom Sebastiano sent to him, the following written intelligence :

"The cursed Baron is gone to Rome, and the nest is empty. Our good Altaverde, with three of his companions, has been trapped at St. Leo and thrown into prison with our other unfortunate friends. Cinthio must have had an engagement with the Tuscan troops. We are moving toward him. Come to us soon."

Rinaldo despatched Alphonso to Cinthio with instructions to liberate Altaverde, even though force were necessary. He also wrote to Rosalia to join Donato at his hermitage. He then gave orders to Nicolo and Nero to go to Rome to watch the motions of the Baron, and continued a couple of days deliberating what he should do himself.

BOOK III.

Rinaldo at length arrived in a pilgrim's dress at the convent of Montamara, where Aurelia was, and desired to speak to the Abbess

• “She is engaged,” said the portress, in “an audience before some commissaries, who are come from Urbino.”

“Has any accident then happened to the good mother,” said Rinaldo with a pious sigh.

“She is innocently implicated in a bad affair with that notorious robber Rinaldini. Besides, orders are given that till her examination is over, no stranger be admitted;” thus, saying, the portress, with a pious courtesy, shut the door.

Rinaldo now walked round the convent, and found the walls very high and strong. At length he laid himself down near a chapel dedicated to Saint Clair, which stood between three high poplars; and reflecting on his situation, deliberated what he should do, till at length he fell asleep.

When he awoke he saw another pilgrim sitting opposite to him, and apparently engaged in deep thought.

On Rinaldo giving signs of having awoke, the other pilgrim turned round and said :

“And can you sleep here thus peaceful and unconcerned?” At this Rinaldo was alarmed; but endeavouring to recover himself, asked, “Is this then so dangerous a place?”

“Do you imagine it otherwise?”

“What can a poor pilgrim fear?”

“A poor pilgrim has nothing to fear, nor indeed he who covers his misdeeds with a pilgrim’s dress.”

Upon this Rinaldo sprang up, fixed his eyes on the other pilgrim, and cried out, "Cinthio!"

Cinthio. Ha! do you know me at last.

Rinaldo. How came you here?

Cinthio. Not of my own free will.

Rinaldo. What has happened?

Cinthio. We are entirely cut to pieces

Rinaldo. Is it possible?

Cinthio. It is a fact. Surrounded on three sides we fought like desperadoes, and cut down many a brave fellow, but were so hemmed in, that scarcely half a dozen of us escaped.

Rinaldo. For heaven's sake where is Rosalia?

Cinthio. I know not.

Rinaldo. Is Altaverde rescued?

Cinthio. I know not where he is.

Rinaldo. Did you not receive my letter by Alphonso?

Cinthio. I have not seen him.

Rinaldo. I sent him to you three days ago?

Cinthio. At that time we were already dispersed.

Rinaldo. Altaverde with several of our friends are in prison at St. Leo.

Cinthio. Then he must seriously think of his last hour, for we cannot save him.

Rinaldo. Cinthio, what is to be done?

Cinthio. Fly as far as possible. Are more of our party near?

Rinaldo. Nero and Nicolo are gone to Rome.

Cinthio. Have they any fixed place appointed for them?

Rinaldo. Yes.

Cinthio. Are you going to Rome yourself?

Rinaldo. Perhaps I am.

Cinthio. Then tell me where I can find you.
We will go to Calabria.

Rinaldo. What would you do there?

Cinthio. I will collect a new company. Here there is nothing more for us to do; and in the woods and mountains of Calabria we shall be safer.

Rinaldo. And if you are again driven from thence?

Cinthio. Then we will go to Sicily

Rinaldo. Oh, Cinthio! were it not better to forsake this course of life?

Cinthio. Not till it pleases Fortune to put an end to it. You yourself will only continue till the police catches you, and then adieu to Rinaldini's head; Cinthio will stand in your shoes, keep whole countries in alarm, and throw their police into confusion.

Rinaldo. A most enviable lot.

Cinthio. Do you know a better? To us an impassable bar shuts up every other course. That we are now pursuing—

Rinaldo. Is the worst of all.

Cinthio. Then we ought not to have entered upon it.

Rinaldo. Ah, Rosalia!

Cinthio. Your amours have done us no good. They have already brought us into many difficulties, and will at length cost you your head. If any one saw you wandering about among

chapels and cloisters, he would rather take you for a beggar than a man of courage. Tell me where I can find our friends; for I will go to Rome; and if you should wish to travel through Calabria, I will give you a letter of protection.

Rinaldo. Go to Rome if you please; I shall continue a while in this neighbourhood. If I meet with any of our friends, I will send them to you. I will soon follow you into Calabria.

Cinthio now left him, and Rinaldo went to Corinaldo. Here he unexpectedly fell in with three of his company, whom he immediately send forward after Cinthio. One of them was of opinion Rosalia had taken flight among the mountains, and would soon appear, but he could give him no certain information.

He himself hesitated some time, totally unresolved what to do.

Seeing a crowd of people, he inquired what was the matter, and learnt that a suspicious person was about to be whipt out of the town with rods. This information he listened to with indifference, and was going to the pilgrim's inn, but soon perceived all the streets to be full: and as he attempted to crowd through a small square, which was full of people, he met the executioner's procession.

He involuntarily turned his eyes toward the unfortunate victim, and beheld the amazon Florilla, who had once belonged to his band.

She cast her eyes toward him, recognized him, and with a voice of grief cried aloud, "Oh, Rinaldini!"

On this involuntary exclamation, a confused outcry arose of "Rinaldini! where is he? hold him fast."

All was now in commotion; every one was crying out or asking questions, or calling for the guards. The police officers broke through the crowd with drawn sabres, and pressed toward the place where Rinaldini actually stood, who perceiving he was in the greatest danger of being instantly taken up as an unknown stranger, and that he could only save himself by some sudden expedient, seized a fellow who stood near him, and thrusting him toward the police officers, cried, "Hold him fast! 'tis he! 'tis he!"

The officers of justice instantly surrounded their prisoner, and the people crowded about them, exclaiming with triumph, "Rinaldini! Rinaldini!"

Thus they halloed and screamed, so that the poor fellow could not say a word: till at length observing him more narrowly, they perceived he was a butcher well known throughout the town.

"Are you in your senses?" asked he in a trembling voice; "do you not know me? am I Rinaldini, or am I not?"

They now burst into a loud laugh; and beginning to be very riotous, cried out, "'Tis Giacomo the butcher!"

The police-officers were enraged, and cried out, "Here is some deception: search the whole town: Rinaldini is somewhere among us."

"Search the town," was now the universal cry, while the crowd broke the executioner's procession into disorder.

Meanwhile Rinaldini had entered a church, and having left his pilgrim's dress near a confessional and put on a false nose, quitted the place in the dress of a peasant, which he wore underneath.

He proceeded without stopping through Paterno; and, notwithstanding his hunger and fatigue, pursued his way to Torette, near which, seeing a small house and two girls knitting at the door, he approached them, saying:

"Can I take up my lodgings with you till early to-morrow morning?"

"With us!" repeated the girls with surprise

"Aye with you, if you have no objection."

"Surely you know not that you are come to a Jew's house."

"Well! what signifies that?"

"People of your religion always shun our dwellings."

"In that they do ill. I am very tired; do not oblige me to travel farther, but receive me into your house."

The girls seemed confused, and looked at each other; but at length one of them replied, "We are alone at present; our father is gone to Ancona."

"Are you afraid of me?" said Rinaldini.

"Ah, no," replied she, "but"—

"As to propriety be not uneasy; who should know that I am here? beside it gives me a

particular pleasure to be received into such a house as yours."

"How so?"

"I will buy of you if you have any thing to sell that I want. I am not what I appear, and have plenty of money."

"Well, we will venture upon it; come in and take us as you find us."

Thus saying, they conducted him into a small room, where they set before him bread and cheese, wine, figs and other fruit. Rinaldo pressed the young women to drink with him and having emptied a couple of bottles he thus addressed them:

"You seem to be two kind and worthy girls, and I am concerned to perceive that you are poor. I will make you a present and better your circumstances. I am a noble Venitian who have had an affair of honour with a rival, whom I had the misfortune to kill in a duel, and fled in this disguise in hopes of avoiding pursuit."

As he said this he pulled off his false nose, which made the girls laugh; he then asked them if they had any clothes to sell.

"We have a couple of suits in the house," said Rachel, who was the elder of the two sisters.

"The rest," added Silpa, "my father has taken with him."

"Show me what you have," replied Rinaldo.

Upon this they brought out their stock of clothes, among which was a uniform tolerably

handsome. This Rinaldo chose, and then they sat down again to table and emptied another bottle of wine.

When the day began to dawn, Rinaldo, having taken a light breakfast, dressed himself in his uniform.

Rachel. Truly now we can easily perceive you are a Cavalier.

Silpa. It fits you exactly.

Rachel. Indeed you look much better than you did yesterday.

Silpa. Quite grand.

Rachel. And by heavens you have a couple of very pretty watches.

Silpa. And very handsome rings.

Rachel. You must be a very rich man.

Silpa. Who gave you these treasures?

Rinaldo. These peasant's clothes I give to you. Here is a bill of one hundred sequins, payable at Ancona, for my night's lodging; and for your entertainment and the uniform, take these five and twenty sequins in ready money: are you satisfied?

Rachel. Oh, you are too generous, we shall not spend so much in a twelve month.

Rinaldo. Adieu my good girls! think of me when I am gone.

Rachel. That we will.

Silpa. We shall never forget your kindness.

Rinaldo. Heaven protect you!

Upon this he left his quarters, and shunning Ancona, went to Poggia, where he bought a horse and immediately hastened to the frontiers

of the ecclesiastical states. Teramo, a place in the dominion of the king of Naples, was the first where he stopped and took up his abode.

Having provided himself with clothes at Aquila, he there hired a brisk lad named Antonio : and pursuing his travels as Count Mandochini, arrived at Naples.

In this magnificent city he took handsome apartments, where he was lodged with worthy people, and had a prospect of the harbour.

Here he lived very quietly, read a great deal, thought more, wrote verses, composed songs, and sang them to the guitar.

After a time, however, he began to be surprised at this uniform mode of life, which induced him to spend more of his time abroad, and to visit taverns and coffee-houses, where he heard the talk of the day. Sometimes he himself was the subject of conversation, and upon these occasions he joined in it with perfect confidence. Once a stranger brought news that Rinaldini was taken up at Ferrara and thrown into prison. Thus he heard them talk of him with more pleasure, and felt more secure in his present abode.

Among the various persons he daily saw at public places, he one day observed a man who wore a Corsican uniform and was called Captain. This man often sat a whole morning taking a dish of chocolate without speaking a word, except thanking those who saluted him, but never took the smallest part in any conversation except by a nod and whoever he met,

always looked straight forward, being apparently lost in the profoundest reflection. He was remarked by every one, but seemed to observe no one.

Rinaldo one day approached him with as much caution as possible, but could not succeed in inducing him to speak. One day, however, he sat closer to him than usual.

"Sir," said he, "excuse me making one remark."

Captain. Upon me?

Rinaldo. Upon you: every one observes you.

Captain. That is possible.

Rinaldo. Perhaps you wish it?

Captain. It never occurred to my thoughts.

Rinaldo. Perhaps some secret cause of affliction preys upon your mind?

Captain. If so I know nothing of it.

Rinaldo. Or, perhaps, some embarrassment makes you silent?

Captain. I am not embarrassed.

Rinaldo. Cares, perhaps, oppress you?

Captain. I have no cares.

Rinaldo. You go into company and—

Captain. I am always alone, even in the largest company.

Rinaldo. That is very bad.

Captain. What can be better?

Rinaldo. Communication renders men happy.

Captain. Not always.

Rinaldo. Conversation secures us against ~~enemies~~.

Captain. With that I am unacquainted.

Rinaldo. Then you are very enviable, and must be a great philosopher.

Captain. Any one that will, may be philosopher; and happy he, who is!

Rinaldo. Your last assertion I believe, but not the first.

Captain. That depends on you. In matters of belief men are not so very accurate, and the more they deceive themselves the happier they are.

Rinaldo. Self-deception is a dream.

Captain. It is well for those who dream happily.

Rinaldo. And when they awake——?

Captain. They wish even for their dream's sake to dream again.

Rinaldo. And thus the disappointment of their wish renders them unhappy.

Captain. It depends on every man to be happy or otherwise. Every man is happy who seriously resolves to be so.

Rinaldo. Are you so?

Captain. I am.

Rinaldo. Then you are a most enviable mortal.

Captain. So I think.

Rinaldo. But as every man has his own ideas of happiness, so—

Captain. So you wish to know what are mine! they are somewhat out of the circle of this world.

Rinaldo. I understand you not.

Captain. I am convinced of it—in general men understand one another very ill, and these misunderstandings help to make out conversation in society, which would otherwise be as uniform and tedious as a choir of Carthusian monks. The best communication is between souls and spirits.

Rinaldo. Are you acquainted then with the world of spirits?

Captain. Yes.

Rinaldo. How?

Captain. As well as I know you.

Rinaldo. Know me? I do not even know myself.

Captain. Oh, yes, in one respect, at least, certainly.

Rinaldo. Do you know then who I am?

Captain. Yes, I say I do know you.

Rinaldo. Yet I never saw you till I came to Naples.

Captain. I know it; I also first saw you here; nevertheless I know you.

Rinaldo. Then you are a sorcerer; who told you who I am?

Captain. My wisdom.

Rinaldo. Then you can see what is secret.

Captain. And why not?

Rinaldo. You converse then with spirits?

Captain. I am now conversing with a man who, I hope, has reformed himself.

As he said this he arose, paid his small account, and went; but Rinaldo had not the courage to follow him.

It may easily be imagined Rinaldo was not a little embarrassed, and though he had so long wished to become acquainted with this singular character, he now regretted he had ever spoken to him. Thus do men continually pant for the accomplishment of objects which often make more painful discoveries than they conceived were possible.

This man, said Rinaldo to himself, knows who I am: the discovery of my name is in the power of this singular being. Who can this strange mortal be, who does not consider human society as having any thing in common with him? Ah, he shall come to an explanation with me, or I will annihilate this enemy to my repose.

Rinaldo frequented the Corso and other public places for several days in search of this dreadful sage, and often returned to the coffee-house where he had daily seen him, but without success, which gave him no small uneasiness.

He was already deliberating whether he should quit Naples, when one morning he met with his redoubted Corsican at the promenade on the harbour. He was sitting on a seat placed before a statue, against the pedestal of which he leaned, with his eyes turned toward heaven, and his hands lying folded together as though he was pouring forth his whole soul in a prayer to the Almighty.

Rinaldo placed himself opposite to him, but ventured not to disturb the celestial ecstasy. After a while he began from time to time to

cough, and at last to hum the air of a melody then much admired. The captain, however, did not stir, but appeared wholly lost in a divine reverie.

At length, tired of waiting, Rinaldo, with trembling steps, walked up to him, placed himself at his side, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said with a half sigh of suppressed emotion :

"Captain, I rejoice to see you again."

The captain cast his eyes downward, turned his head, beheld the person who saluted him, and asked :

"What do you see above you?"

Rinaldo. A pure blue ether.

Captain. The picture of an unspotted soul. The emblem of a pure spirit. This ethereal essence pours through the eyes into the heart. This is the centre of every true enjoyment that exists within us, or without us. There we make them our own ; it is a present to us from heaven. What are the gaudiest flowers to this azure sea of brilliant purity ? He that casts his anchor there is moored in the safest of harbours.

Rinaldo. Your reflections are both grand and beautiful, and I ought to reproach myself for having interrupted you in such elevated thoughts. But pardon the impatience I felt to speak with you.

Captain. Your confusion is greater than your impatience ; confess only that you fear me. You have nothing to fear, I am no inquisitor, no cus-

tom-house inspector, nor criminal judge, yet those are the people you have to fear.

Rinaldo. Have you not mistaken me for some other person?

Captain. No.

Rinaldo. Then tell me my name.

Captain. It costs money.

Rinaldo. Where?

Captain. To every police. It might be sold like a jewel were a man in want.

Rinaldo. Captain, language there is which becomes an insult when meant seriously.

Captain. I know it.

Rinaldo. In one word then, who am I?

Captain. In one word, you are Rinaldini.

Rinaldo. Who told you so?

Captain. I know it.

Rinaldo. Are you certain?

Captain. As certain as of my own existence.

Rinaldo. Adieu!

Captain. Where are you going?

Rinaldo. To the harbour, to see if any ship is ready to sail and will take me on board.

Captain. Why would you leave Naples, and fly from the tranquillity that here surrounds you?

Rinaldo. Because I fear you.

Captain. When a man like you fears, there must be some cause for fear. Your fate interests me, and I will give you a proof of it, which will make you perfectly secure. But let me not find you again in your old career, or your friend will be changed to an enemy.

The sound of trumpets now sounded the approach of the troops who were on guard at the castle and in the port, which broke off their conversation. The whole company of officers appeared and gathered round Rinaldo and the Captain, having met them in public company before; the officers saluted them and entered into conversation, in which Rinaldo joined with a beating heart. They asked the Captain various questions, and at length an inquisitive young lieutenant said to him.

"Do you know, Captain, that in all companies every one is puzzling his wits about you; you are the chief talk of the day."

"Oh," replied the Captain, "I will tell you a much more important piece of intelligence. You are puzzling yourselves in vain about me. Do you know that the famous Rinaldini is among you here in Naples."

Rinaldo was thunderstruck; the officers looked at each other with astonishment, and a general silence prevailed throughout the company.

The Captain took out his snuff box, offered every one a pinch, and turning round as he put it in his pocket, walked toward the port; no one, however, detained him, but they all kept their eyes upon him, and asked one another, "Who can this man be?"

Rinaldo now recovered breath, and as soon as the Captain was out of sight, said:

"What do you think of it, gentlemen? Has

not this singular man, whom no one knows, clearly given us to understand who he is?"

"By Heaven!" they all exclaimed, "He himself is Rinaldini."

"That too is my opinion," replied Rinaldini, with perfect indifference.

"He is gone," said one, and another proposed to pursue him; but an old Colonel addressed them thus:

"We are no sbirri.* It is the business of the magistrates to secure the person of Rinaldini; and even if this unknown stranger is really he, he must know how far he can venture to discover himself without sacrificing his security! meanwhile we will keep a watchful eye upon him. Yet I must frankly confess, that his conduct, as far as I have hitherto observed, appears to me not altogether to agree with that of a man in his perfect senses; and perhaps it is an effect of his madness, to imagine himself to be the dreaded robber; are there not similar instances of disturbed imagination? We must also be cautious, and I recommend to you, gentlemen, to keep silence on this affair. We will first observe this stranger more narrowly, and then determine how we will act toward him."

This speech met with general approbation, and the company adjourned to a coffee-house to take ices.

Rinaldo was now in a state of great uneasiness, and knew not what to do, nor could

* Police officers.

he form any opinion as to this man, who seemed so ready to sacrifice him, whose conduct was so unaccountable, and whose warning still echoed in his ears.

He sought for him, however, every where in vain, for he had totally vanished from Naples. His discovery now was the general topic of conversation, and came to be more particularly investigated. The officers gave a deposition of what they had seen and heard, and the police sent out runners in search of him. Yet all these exertions were in vain. The report was now converted into a certainty, that this singular man was Rinaldini; every one told anecdotes of him, or rejoiced that he had seen him; while the true Rinaldini escaped all suspicion. Such is indeed the common course of human affairs. We talk of that as at a distance which is close to us, run after phantoms, and neglect what really exists.

At length the public attention was directed to other objects, which put an end to the reports of the appearance of Rinaldini, who was now thought of no more.

One evening, about a month after this incident, as Rinaldo was sitting in his chamber, playing on his guitar, and composing a new song, the door opened and a beautiful girl entered, saying:

"Do I find Count Mandochini here?"

Rinaldo. I am he.

Girl. I have a letter to deliver to you; it comes from the hands of a beautiful woman.

Rinaldo. Most surely; for I receive it from yours.

It was as follows:

"As little as you seem to have observed one in whom you have excited a lively interest, so much has she observed you. If you are not indifferent to seeing her, inform the bearer of these lines where you can meet her."

Rinaldo. Do you know the lady?

Girl. I am in her service.

Rinaldo. Who is she?

Girl. A lady of quality.

Rinaldo. Are you very serious?

Girl. Most certainly; her name cannot interest you until she interests you herself. She will then tell it you, and it will sound more pleasing in your ear than if I were to name her.

Rinaldo. And yet you have a very pleasing voice.

Girl. My parents have brought me up to be a singer.

Rinaldo. Aha! but your mistress, am I to call her mistress or miss?

Girl. As you please. I am not to tell you whether she is married or unmarried.

Rinaldo. She is pretty you say?

Girl. It depends on your taste whether you think her pretty or not.

Rinaldo. She is a woman of quality?

Girl. If you married her you would not degrade yourself.

Rinaldo. Is she rich?

Girl. You are doubtless rich yourself, since you make that inquiry. But why all these ceremonies. Will you see her or not?

Rinaldo. Where can I see her?

Girl. To-morrow morning at mass, at San Lorenzo. She will be dressed in a green gown and black veil, with a gold chain round her waist, and a nosegay of orange flowers at her bosom. Will you come?

Rinaldo. I will.

The girl now departed; but Rinaldo was not long left to his reflections before the door again opened, and a man wrapt up in a red cloak entered.

"Rinaldo," said he, "the message you have received is of no avail. You must not go to-morrow to San Lorenzo to meet the lady who is so desirous of seeing you."

"Let me know," said Rinaldo, "who you are, if you mean I should follow your advice."

Upon this the stranger took off a mask, and opening his cloak, Rinaldo recognized the Corsican Captain. He started back with surprise, and was about to speak, when the captain thus addressed him.

"May you not safely follow the advice of a man who has sacrificed himself for you, and procured you the security and repose you enjoy at Naples?"

Having thus spoken he left the room.

Rinaldo lay awake half the night, and awoke earlier than usual, but did not keep his appointment at San Lorenzo.

At the approach of evening the girl returned and said,

"You have broken your word. Why did you not come?"

Rinaldo. I am mistrustful.

Girl. Your mistrust is very ill-placed.

Rinaldo. I will not come till I know the name of the lady I am to meet.

Girl. Do not give yourself cause to regret that which others would so eagerly pant for. You have only to see her. If she pleases you, she will herself tell you her name. To-morrow she will herself be at mass. Good night.

Soon after the girl was gone, the Captain again appeared.

"You must not go to San Lorenzo," said he.

Rinaldo. My worthy friend, I am not a child to follow you blindfold. If you would influence my conduct you must assign reasons.

Captain. For that I cannot blame you, but you must rely upon my word, and not form with a stranger an acquaintance which will be of no avail.

Rinaldo. As yet you are yourself unknown to me.

Captain. But you shall know me.

Rinaldo. Where?

Captain. At Portici. But to San Lorenzo you must not go.

Thus saying the Captain departed. Rinaldo remained in profound reflection. When morning came he was still unresolved. At length,

though sometimes inclined to keep his appointment, he determined to break it.

In the evening the beautiful messenger again returned, and silently courtesying, delivered him a letter to the following effect:

"For the last time I ask a favour of you which you cannot refuse me, if you are a Cavalier and possess the least principle of politeness.

"AURELIA."

When Rinaldo observed this signature, he gave the girl three sequins, and half beside himself exclaimed:

"Tell the lady that I will come as surely as I exist. No envious fury shall prevent my keeping this appointment, even should I—"

"Enough," cried the Captain, "none of these oaths, which you will never perform!"

"I will perform them."

"Be tranquil."

"No power in the world—"

"The police are not without runners."

Rinaldo was now alarmed, and looked for the girl but perceived she had quitted the room. He then threw himself into a chair.

Captain. You are always proud and irrefragable, but remember that you no longer command, and must therefore obey.

Rinaldo. Who gave you power to command me?

Captain. Who obliges me to save you at my own peril?

Rinaldo. That obligation is imposed on you by yourself.

Captain. Ungrateful man! will you quarrel with your friend for so precarious a possession as a woman, and offend him to embrace a shadow? Besides, what can you expect from her? be it ever so exquisite 'tis but love. In us women but love themselves; we are their looking-glass, in which they admire their own reflection.

Rinaldo. You are a woman hater.

Captain. But I am your friend.

Rinaldo. Then you would not keep me from speaking to them.

Captain. You are your own master, but I absolutely forbid it.

Rinaldo. If you wish for my compliance, assign some reason.

Captain. I am no prophet; but the consequences will justify me. I see farther than you. My power—

Rinaldo. Your power! Give me a proof of it.

Captain. That you shall have; rise and follow me to Portici.

Rinaldo. Give me the proof here..

Captain. Art thou, the once courageous hero of the night, become a timid boy? Go break your sabre and take a wooden sword. I see through you. Now I permit you to see this woman. Learn to know her, and then also to know me. Adieu.

Rinaldo passed a very uneasy night, and hastened in the morning, at the appointed hour, to San Lorenzo; but did not meet Aurelia. At

length, however, he perceived her messenger, who giving him a wink, he followed her, and having quitted the church, she said, "My mistress desired me to make her excuses. It was impossible for her to keep her appointment to-day; but she requests you will follow me. I will conduct you to her."

Rinaldo, without farther reflection followed her out of town, to a charming spot, where an elegant house stood in the middle of a garden. On entering she conducted him through a beautiful hall, on the ground floor, to a chamber, where all the jalousies were down. Through this pleasing obscurity she conducted him to a smaller apartment, which was still more obscure. "Here," said the girl, as she showed him in, "you will find the lady." He immediately perceived a female figure on a sofa, whom he approached, and throwing himself on his knees, seized her hand, which he covered with kisses, and exclaimed,

"Oh, Aurelia, what a happy moment!"

"Happy?—truly happy," replied a soft female voice.

Rinaldo. Happier than I ever hoped to be.

Aurelia. And yet you were so irresolute.

Rinaldo. I knew not that it was Aurelia.

Aurelia. How!

Rinaldo. She whose image I shall eternally bear in my heart.

Aurelia. Count, you—

Rinaldo. Thus are the most ambitious of my hopes unexpectedly realized.

Aurelia. And have you—?

Rinaldo. Oh Aurelia, my life!

Aurelia. I fear—

Rinaldo. What can she fear whom I adore.

Aurelia. That which I have reason to fear.

Rinaldo. And what is that?

Aurelia. That some misunderstanding has deceived you.

Rinaldo. How!

Aurelia. You speak to me as though we were old acquaintance, and to my knowledge—

Rinaldo. That voice—By Heavens—no, you are not Aurelia.

Aurelia. I am Aurelia, but cannot be the Aurelia you mean.

Rinaldo. Yes, my imagination has indeed deceived me. You are not Aurelia Rovezzo.

Aurelia. Alas! I am not. Ah! good Count, how much I wish I were. I have seen you and observed you. Alas! with too much pleasure; and now I fear my admiration is turned to love. Now I am compelled to wish I had never beheld you. O leave me to the torment you have caused, and pay your homage to your beloved Aurelia?

Rinaldo. And shall this obscurity which surrounds us, never give place to day-light?

Aurelia. Of what importance can it be to you to see the face of a woman to whom you are so indifferent? continue for my sake to be a friend to a stranger who now desires to be so for ever. Your Aurelia—

Rinaldo. Ah! I shall never see her more.

Aurelia. No !

Rinaldo. How could my imagination so widely deceive me ? My Aurelia languished in a convent, and I have no claim upon her affections.

Aurelia. I compassionate you—but let us put an end to this interview. We have both enjoyed a pleasing dream : at the moment of our separation we shall awake : the remembrance, however, will be left us.

Rinaldo. If the dream is past, let us change it to reality. Permit me to behold the face from which such charming words proceed. The sound of your harmonious voice—

Aurelia. If it be really so, it may compensate your stay. None but a lover shall see my face. Spare me the shame which the step I have taken causes, and now enough of our adventure. Adieu, Count.

Rinaldo. You are very cruel.

Aurelia. Of that you at least have no right to complain.

Rinaldo. Permit me for once to behold your beauteous eyes.

Aurelia. You have no claim to see them.

Rinaldo. Oh, charming stranger ! The celestial harmony of your voice roots me to the ground. Do as you please, but I cannot quit this spot.

Aurelia. Be not indiscreet.

Rinaldo. I cannot go—I know not what thus overpowers me.

Aurelia. Curiosity.

Rinaldo. No no.

Aurelia. Caprice.

Rinaldo. No, 'tis more powerful than either; I cannot but pay my homage to this beauteous stranger.

Aurelia. With a divided heart.

Rinaldo. I love Aurelia Rovezzo as my sister, but shall never possess her!

Aurelia. And do you, therefore, reckon on possessing me?

Rinaldo. Now I am able to go.

Aurelia. Then go.

Rinaldo. You have formed a bad opinion of me.

Aurelia. That I will not say: but how will your continuing here benefit either of us?

Rinaldo. What harm can arise from my paying you my homage?

Aurelia. Oh, Count, I am not so vain as you perhaps imagine. This imprudent step—but I have already confessed to you my motives.

Rinaldo. Are you entirely free?

Aurelia. As yet I am.

Rinaldo. So am I.

Here a pause ensued: after which Rinaldo kissed the hand of his fair incognita, and gently pressed it, felt hers gently pressing his. Aurelia sighed; and her sigh was repeated by Rinaldo.

Rinaldo. How happy might we be, both equally free and unrestrained:

Aurelia. Count, I beg of you to leave me. You have brought me into a situation in which I ought not to be.

At length, however, the door opened. The lovers started, and looking up beheld the Corsican Captain.

"I can have no doubt," said he, "of what has passed, and I wish it may only give two persons cause of repentance."

The lady covered her face with her hands, when the Captain turning toward her, quietly took them away, and said, "You have torn yourself from me and given yourself up to this man; may he feel all the good and evil of being beloved by you! I renounce you, and demand nothing back but the ring I gave you as a pledge of my fidelity.

Upon this she silently took the ring from her finger and returned it. As the Captain received it, he added, "This house and garden you will this day leave;" then quitting the apartment, he shut the door.

"How shall I understand all this?" said Rinaldo with embarrassment.

"I will explain it," said she, "when we meet again." "When and where will that be?"

"My maid will come for you as soon as I can see you."

Rinaldo now arose to depart, when Aurelia fell upon his neck, kissed him with ardour, and taking her ring from her finger, which she put on his,

"I call this ring," said she, "as I now may you, mine."

Rinaldo. Oh you know not, nor can you ima-

gine, how dear this happy moment may perhaps cost me !

Aurelia. It has no price. I have given it you. The Corsican will not fight you.

Rinaldo. That is not what I fear.

Aurelia. What then can you fear ?

Rinaldo. He is master of my most important secret.

Aurelia. Fear nothing, he is no traitor. I have been false to him, and yet fear nothing from him. Had he acted to me as I have to him, I would infallibly have plunged a dagger in his heart. I love without bounds, but if I am betrayed, blood must flow as sure as I exist.

Rinaldo. You are a most dangerous person.

Aurelia. Not to you, if you love me. To him who is the object of my choice I shall ever be faithful. The Captain I never chose or loved. Fortune alone united me to him, and I have at length found an opportunity of breaking my chains. But you I love, and give myself up to you entirely. Oh, love me as I love you, so shall we both be extremely happy.

Rinaldo at length departed and returned home like one in a dream. He now feared a visit from the Captain, but received none. Three days passed, yet he neither saw the Captain nor heard from his beloved inamorata.

On the fourth day, as he walked with pensive step beside the harbour, some cannon announced the arrival of a ship, whose boat presently put off and landed passengers. Rinaldo walked toward the strangers and the sailors

and porters who accompanied them, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and on turning round, Rosalia, in man's clothes, threw herself into his arms.

Surprise and terror made Rinaldo silent; but Rosalia burst into tears and exclaimed, "God be thanked! I have at last found you!"

To avoid observation Rinaldo returned home, whither the two boxes Rosalia had brought were carried also.

Rinaldo sent his servant out, shut the door, and when Rosalia had recovered herself, she related to him the following incidents:

"On that dreadful day when we were surrounded on all sides, I had the good fortune to escape. I fled to the mountains and came at length to Avezzo, where a worthy old woman received me. Grief and fear now affected me so deeply, that I was taken ill and miscarried. The strength of my constitution, however, overcame my illness; and as soon as I recovered I went to Leghorn, where I took ship for Naples, where I had a strong hope I should find you. Thanks to the Holy Virgin, I have succeeded. In these boxes I have brought as much of your buried treasures as I could find in the Appenine mountains, and I rejoice heartily that I am enabled to restore them to their owner."

Rinaldo tenderly embraced her, thanked her for her fidelity, and instantly resolved to quit Naples as soon as possible.

"Now my dear girl, I am both rich and hap-

py," exclaimed he aloud;" "and so shall you be also."

Fatigued with her voyage, Rosalia had lain down to repose, when the beautiful girl from Rinaldo's fair inamorata entered with the following letter:

"She who sincerely loves you—she whom you must no longer call Aurelia, but your own tender Olympia, wishes to enjoy the happiness of seeing you at her house; the girl will conduct you to her."

Rinaldo reflected a moment, and at length resolved to accompany the girl in order to avoid giving his tender signora, whose revengeful spirit he well knew, the smallest suspicion.

As I am about to quit Naples so soon, said he to himself, I may at least see her once more, as it will probably be the last time.

Thus he accompanied the messenger of love to a beautiful house scarcely a hundred paces from his own residence: she received him in the most ardent manner, but Rinaldo assumed a considerable degree of coldness.

Olympia. Is it thus you return my passion?

Rinaldo. It is four days since I have had the pleasure of seeing the beautiful Olympia.

Olympia. To me they have seemed an eternity.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Olympia. Oh, speak not thus; I might never have seen you more.

Rinaldo. And why not?

Olympia. You shall hear—from this time

there is not an hour of my life but I devote to you. Ungrateful man, if you did but know what I have done!

Rinaldo. May I know it?

Olympia. What do you imagine?

Rinaldo. Nothing; and therefore I would know what it is I have done which you estimate so high. My Olympia will also pardon me if—

Olympia. Not a word more. This coldness is misplaced, where love and happiness expect you. I can bear a man's ill-humour if I love him as I love you; but this coldness I cannot bear; I know not what claims I have on you, and I must confess the manner in which you now speak to me offends me. Now defend yourself.

Rinaldo. I wait first for Olympia's defence.

Olympia. Indeed!

Rinaldo. Mine shall immediately follow hers.

Olympia. How artful!

Rinaldo. Four whole days!

Olympia. Speak not of days, when love is our only concern, nor tax my feelings by the striking of the clock. That which endures for ever cannot be counted by measures of time—I insist on hearing your defence.

Rinaldo. And I on yours; for my right and the offence I have received are of longer date.

Olympia. Are you really offended?

Rinaldo. If I were not I must be indifferent to you.

Olympia. Will you not permit me to conceal my secret?

Rinaldo. No.

Olympia. Have you no secrets from me ?

Rinaldo. That question shall be answered at a future time.

Olympia. Just so shall my question be resolved.

Rinaldo. This concealment increases my suspicion.

Olympia. What suspicion can you harbour ?

Rinaldo. Those which a lover harbours from whose sight his beloved has hid herself for some moments—I talk not of four whole days.

Olympia. 'Tis connected with another history and must be concealed.

Rinaldo. Now then I am satisfied.

Olympia. Oh ! why that bitter laugh ? Alas, I understand you too well !

Rinaldo. I am glad of it.

Olympia. Do not provoke me to extremes.

Rinaldo. What would you do ?

Olympia. For you I have—

Rinaldo. Was all you have done of your own free will or not ?

Olympia. Alas ! it was. But you know what I have sacrificed to this passion.

Rinaldo. If it can be compensated by gold—

Olympia. Ah, wretch that I am ! I love you, and you would pay me with gold ! Take from me all I have, make me as poor as a beggar, I will follow you barefoot : and were you yourself to become poor, I would steal for you. Yes, for you I would be carried to the scaffold, and rejoice that I and not you were to be the

victim ! If you talk thus you must measure my passion by your own sordid standard.

As she said this she threw herself with vehement emotion upon a sofa ; and Rinaldo silently paced to and fro across the chamber.

Olympia's maid now came in, and having set out the table with a cold collation and some fruit and wine left the room.

After a long pause Olympia asked, " Will your lordship please to eat ? "

" With all my heart," replied Rinaldo. Upon this, without speaking another word, chairs were placed, and they sat down and ate. Olympia then filled a glass, and taking it in her hand said in a tender tone, " To our reconciliation ? "

Rinaldo. If Olympia will confess herself in the wrong, and that she has unjustly offended me by what she last said ?

Olympia. I will do every thing you wish—I love you so very dearly—Be it so. Now not a word further on that subject.

Rinaldo. But the four days must be first explained.

Olympia. I could not till to-day receive you decently. On the very day when I parted from you so happy, I quitted the house which the Captain had taken from me, spent my time in a miserable habitation, and was not settled in this apartment till to-day.

Rinaldo. The place where thou wast present would have been the temple of love ; why was I not admitted there.

Olympia. I was ashamed to receive you in an apartment and part of the town—

Rinaldo. Where you were yourself? if you were in want of any thing, why did you not—?

Olympia. Of that not a word.

Rinaldo. Did you live at the expense of the Captain or not?

Olympia. In some measure.

Rinaldo. You are not a Neapolitan?

Olympia. I am a Genoese of a noble birth?

Rinaldo. And yet live here?

Olympia. Had you heard my history you would know the cause.

Rinaldo. I will hear it now.

Olympia. As soon as you have rendered yourself worthy of my confidence.

Rinaldo. What do you know of the Captain?

Olympia. That he is a singular mysterious man, full of secrets, and priding himself on his great wisdom.

Rinaldo. And have you no proofs that he really possesses it?

Olympia. Some.

Rinaldo. What are they?

Olympia. I am afraid to discover them to you.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when a man who was muffled up came without ceremony into the room, walked up to him, and delivered him a letter. Olympia beheld this silent personage with an eye of suspense, while he took from the

table a glass of wine, which he drank and then silently quitted the room.

Rinaldini opened the letter, which contained these words.

"Rinaldini is in danger."

Then tore the paper in small pieces, and sprang up from the table.

"In God's name, Count," said Olympia, in the utmost anxiety, "what is the matter?"

Rinaldo took his sword, kissed her hand, and said, "To-morrow, my dear Olympia, you shall see me again;" and then hurried to the door.

Upon which Olympia sprang up, embraced him, and begged him to stay; but he kissed her with ardour, and said in a tender voice, "be calm, we shall meet again to-morrow." He then tore himself away, quitted the room, ran down stairs and hastened home, where he had scarcely arrived before the same person who had just delivered him the letter entered. They looked at each other a considerable time without speaking, till at length Rinaldo broke silence and said,

"Captain, I understand your hint."

"What the devil!" said the other, "I never have been captain yet. But we have known each other when you were captain." Thus saying he took off a mask, and discovered himself to be his old companion Ludovico.

Rinaldo pressed his hand and said,

"Whence came you, my brave youth?"

"That I will tell you," replied the other,

"but first give me something to drink, for I am extremely thirsty."

Rinaldo now brought out some bottles of wine, and Ludovico related the following incidents :

"The last time we were attacked, when you were not with us, the artillery played upon us more heavily than it ever had before ; and a terrible slaughter was the consequence. I came by circuitous paths from one town to another as secretly as possible, till I arrived here, when I found a relation, whom justice has in like manner driven from place to place, and who has introduced me to a set of fellows, that would steal the devil's nose from his face if he had one. They are mutually bound to each other, and I was received into the gang. Thus I earn my living by various ways and means. I saw you a few weeks ago, and beheld you with great surprise, but was perfectly sure you were the same person as had been our brave captain. Thunder and lightning ! thought I, how comes he here ? I would have asked you yourself, but it was open day light, and we are not fond of showing ourselves by day ; for the sbirri have hawk's eyes. You were gone immediately ; but I knew not where you lived, and since then I never could meet with you. I began to think you were over the hills and far away, when I unexpectedly met you one night with a girl of my acquaintance."

Rinaldo. How ? Do you know the girl ?

Ludovico. Know her ? Yes, by Heavens !

Rinaldo. Who is she?

Ludovico. Oh, you must know that well enough, since you were in her company.

Rinaldo. I know her but slightly.

Ludovico. She is now in the service of the lady at whose house I found you.

Rinaldo. I know that, and if you know nothing more, you are no no wiser than myself.

Ludovico. Enough. But I know she is very good natured.

Rinaldo. That I know not.

Ludovico. Then I know more of her than you. She is exactly like her mistress.

Rinaldo. How? Signora Olympe was—

Ludovico. Oh heavens! You are neither the first nor last of her friends, but now it is dangerous. Seeing this I thought it my duty to warn you, and wrote the letter which I brought to you myself. I am glad you attended to it, for let me be shivered if prince della Torre will put up with a joke or an insult. He has given many a man his quietus when he least expected it.

Rinaldo. But how comes the prince in question?

Ludovico. In the most natural way in the world. He is the friend of the lady you were visiting, and is most cursedly jealous.

Rinaldo. Ludovico, I can scarcely believe this.

Ludovico. Never again call me comrade if I tell you a lie. I must know something of him, as I have received his pay for a whole month

and might perhaps have had his orders to give you your dose. That, however, I would never have done, devil take me if I would, had I been reduced to beggary or even burnt upon the rack.

Rinaldo. The lady, however, cannot long have been acquainted with the prince?

Ludovico. These four days.

Rinaldo. That is possible.

Ludovico. 'Tis a fact. That is not her own apartment where you saw her to-day. But perhaps you keep her?

Rinaldo. By no means. I have only known her these five days.

Ludovico. Then you do not know her yet. Nor do I think you would in five times five years. She is a cursed artful woman. She has served a certain Captain too a pretty trick.

Rinaldo. Do you know this Captain?

Ludovico. Yes.

Rinaldo. And who is he?

Ludovico. That is known only to the devil.

Rinaldo. Then you do not know him?

Ludovico. Oh, yes! I know a good deal of him.

Rinaldo. As for example?

Ludovico. He is privately the good friend of every fellow like me in Naples. They all hang upon him like links of a chain. He is now in the monastery of the Benedictines with a great apparatus. I know not what scheme he is upon.

Rinaldo. What apparatus?

Ludovico. He calls up spirits.

Rinaldo. Real spirits?

Ludovico. That is best known to him and the devil. I have not been there.

Rinaldo. Ludovico, we are still good friends?

Ludovico. Thunder and lightning! do you doubt me?

Rinaldo. Then in confidence, I am not without my company.

Ludovico. That may be. But the rogues are certainly not here.

Rinaldo. In Calabria.

Ludovico. That may be. There is something to do there.

Rinaldo. A fine country for us! Cinthio commands in my absence.

Ludovico. Thunder and lightning! I must go there.

Rinaldo. I will give you money.

Ludovico. Bravo! And I will take half a dozen good fellows with me who will never give in. Curse me! this is a bad life we lead here. Little money and little to eat; and then a noise and parade about every trifle, as if it were of the greatest consequence; the sbirri always at our heels, and the gallows before our eyes. 'Tis a wretched life! here is my hand. I will go to Calabria.

Rinaldo. Very good! I will give you money for your travelling expenses.

Ludovico. But tell me what you do here?

Rinaldo. I am recruiting.

Ludovico. Leave that business to me. I am

better acquainted with the kind of people here that will answer our purpose.

Rinaldo. Well get every one you can. Cinthio is waiting for recruits.

Ludovico. He shall have them.

Rinaldo. And now a word in confidence. Would not the Captain—

Ludovico. He shall know it.

Rinaldo. I do not mean that.

Ludovico. What then?

Rinaldo. I am thinking whether he may not perhaps, by fair words be removed to Calabria.

Ludovico. That can hardly be. He lives here among connexions of too high rank.

Rinaldo. But think of it.

Rosalia now awoke; which Rinaldo perceiving opened the door of the cabinet where she was, and called her out. Ludovico was astonished at beholding her, but told her he rejoiced to see her again in good health, and whispered in Rinaldo's ear, "Signora Olympia is prettier."

Rinaldo smiled, gave him some money, and put an end to the visit. Ludovico, however, asked Rosalia several questions relative to her escape; and having emptied his glass and promised to come again soon, went away half drunk.

The next morning, as Rosalia was assisting her beloved Rinaldo to dress, she said in a soft voice:

"My dear Rinaldo, if you really love me, if you love me but half as much as I love you,

oh! grant my ardent request. Associate no longer with people of Ludovico's stamp, and let us quit Naples as soon as possible. Let us go to some other country, where we shall no longer fall in with old acquaintance of this kind! and if you abandon me, leave me not in a country where, perhaps I may come to some disgraceful end. Ah! all I have ever done is to love you. That is my only crime, if crime it be. Oh, let me bury it in an honourable grave."

Tears now burst from her eyes, and Rinaldo, who was much affected, embraced her, saying,

"I know how to value your sincere and honest heart; and I feel all that your love for me deserves. What you desire I have already resolved to perform; and before three days are past will sail, provided I can find a ship ready to take her departure for Spain. But should no such opportunity offer, we will go in the meanwhile to Sicily. Naples we will leave as soon as possible. 'Tis more important to me than you imagine. Ludovico's associates are no longer mine. And as long as I am in the same place with him, I am in his power, and I must flatter him more than I like."

Having said this, he took his sword and went out to the apartments of Olympia.

BOOK IV.

Rinaldo found Olympia's apartments shut up, which reminded him of what Ludovico had told him. He was desirous to convict her of the double residence spoken of by him. But how was this to be accomplished? On this he reflected as he went to the promenade.

"Well!" thought he at length, "she may live where she will for me! Of what importance is it? Why should I trouble myself with any of her concerns? I will leave Naples; for now I know who she is."

As these reflections passed, he approached the church of San Lorenzo, which he involuntarily entered, perhaps through some faint presentiment or suspicion.

The first object he beheld as he entered was Olympia, who having said her prayers, shut her book, and then rising took the arm of a cavalier, who gave her some holy water, and accompanied her out of church.

Rinaldo followed her at a distance, and at length entered the house to which her companion conducted her. Here he met on the stairs Olympia's maid, who screamed aloud.

"Do you also live here" said Rinaldo, bitterly; then passing her, without waiting her answer, opened the first door he came to, and walked through an antichamber into the room where Olympia was sitting on a sofa with her cavalier.

On seeing this unexpected visiter Olympia blushed, while the Cavalier looked alternately at her and at the bold stranger with the utmost surprise. Rinaldo was the first man who came to himself, and now perceived how imprudently he had acted: but as it was too late to reflect on steps already taken, he endeavoured to recover himself, and making a silent bow to both of them, gave Olympia a significant look, fixed his eyes somewhat firmly on her companion, and with another silent bow retired. But he had scarcely reached the door of the antichamber when he heard that of the inner room open, and the cavalier call after him: "a few words, sir, if you please."

Rinaldo now turned round, and with perfect tranquillity asked, "To what effect?"

"What do you want here?"

"That which I have found."

"But what was the object of your visit?"

"A conviction, which, as I said before, I have found."

"I demand a clear explanation."

"Make one for yourself."

"Sir, I demand it at the point of the sword."

"At the point of the sword you shall have it."

"Prince," cried Olympia, "I beg of you, suffer *me* to explain:" for this was the prince della Torre, of whom Ludovico had spoken.

Prince. Here is some secret, of which I must have the key.

Rinaldo. The signora will give it you.

Olympia. This gentleman—

Prince. Who is he?

Olympia. He is an acquaintance of the Captain, and probably wished—

Prince. What does he wish?

Olympia. Probably he had something to communicate to me?

The Prince now cast a very expressive look at her, upon which she seemed confused, turned pale, and threw herself into a chair.

“Are you not in danger of fainting,” said the Prince in a tone of raillery: and imitating her, threw himself in like manner into another chair.

Rinaldo, with the utmost indifference, inquired, “May I go, or shall I stay?”

“Do as you please,” replied the Prince with precisely the same indifference: upon which Rinaldo seated himself on a third chair opposite to them, and contributed to form a silent group, till Olympia’s maid came in: but she stood in mute astonishment, and forgot what she was about to say. At length she suddenly turned round and hurried out.

The Prince now sprang up—pressed his hat down upon his face, and left the room without saying a word.

Olympia. What have you done?

Rinaldo. You know what you have done. You have imposed on me, cheated me, deceived me, and betrayed me; and I know, perhaps, more than you suspect. Signora, remember the scene when the Captain found us together

—remember what he then said. Now, like him, I demand my ring again.

Olympia. The Captain found us in a very different situation from that in which you now saw me.

Rinaldo. It depended but on me to have found you so. I need only to have waited a little longer. I beg to have my ring. I will purchase it of you.

Olympia. Wretch that you are! I want not your gold as long as others will give something for yourself; which is of more value, your ring or your head?

Rinaldo. How?

Olympia. Both are in my power, most noble Count! I shall expect from you, within four-and-twenty hours, one thousand ducats, for I must leave Naples. If you will not give it me, another will give as much for you. Do you understand me? My maid will receive the money. Here is your ring. Once more—do you understand me? Good bye!

Rinaldo. If you imagine—

Olympia. No excuse, Count, or I will call you by another name.

Rinaldo. By the Captain's perhaps?

Olympia. I know who is now before me, and persist in my demand. If you do not choose to pay me, another will pay for you.

Rinaldo. You shall have the money—only confess you have deceived me.

Olympia. Why should I confess, when you believe it already? It can neither tranquillize

you, nor make you more unhappy than you appear to be already. I leave you to pay the money, and you may wish me a happy journey. Thus we shall be quit; and if you are wise, you will also leave Naples, or the prince may destroy us both. Besides, you have much to fear from the Captain. For if he cannot save himself any other way, he will seize upon you as a dernier ressource, and turn you into money. On this speculation of the Captain alone rests your present security. You are his corps de reserve. But now I anticipate him, and seize the treasure in his stead: for I know no other way of saving myself. When may I send my maid?

Rinaldo. Whenever you please. I wish you a good journey.

Olympia. The same to you—most terrible ruler of the Appenines—ha, ha, ha! Rinaldini! 'Tis very hard truly that such a terrible fellow as you would be afraid of a poor foolish woman, who is as rich in love as she is poor in pocket; and who for a couple of paltry ducats could send you in chains to Tuscany. But to what extremes will not the want of money drive the best of men! Me it might compel to betray, and you to steal.

Rinaldo. I think, signora, that neither of us has any need to read lectures on morality.

Olympia. But one word more as to myself and the conduct I have held—when I learnt from the Captain who you were, I perceived his intentions—and as I loved you—and love

you still—I thought it my duty to protect my lover against him.

Rinaldo. I am obliged to you.

Olympia. This was the cause of my acquaintance with the Prince. I would have taken an opportunity to have brought you acquainted with each other, but you have marred all my plans. It was chance, however, that brought it about, and therefore we must not reproach each other.

Rinaldo. Thus, then, I am indebted to your kindness.

Olympia. 'Twill be requited by the sum I mention.

Rinaldo. If it can be requited it shall. Have we done?

Olympia. I hope so. But do you know any thing yet, that——?

Rinaldo. I have nothing more to say, except that I have now gained a new piece of knowledge of mankind.

Olympia. Indeed! Then turn it to advantage.

Rinaldo. That I certainly shall. When we are alone it will be an amusement to think of each other. This permission I at least purchase.

Olympia. Surely—and should we meet any where at a future time—

Rinaldo. We will be utter strangers.

Olympia. Agreed.

Rinaldo now took his leave and hastened to the harbour, but in his way very unexpectedly

fell in with the Captain, who gave him a wink; in consequence of which he very unwillingly followed him to a retired place.

"Let us not," said the Captain, "talk of old affairs: for what has happened has happened; and what is past is past. We have only to do with the present. I am in want of money, and on this occasion I apply to you, because I know you have what I want. Lend me two thousand ducats, for which I will give you my silence as security? And if you know how to make use of Signora Olympia, as Prince della Torre apparently does, I borrow on a still better fund."

"I know," said Rinaldo, "how much I am indebted to you, and what I have to thank you for. I know the part you have taken in my fortune, and am much indebted to you. Therefore, when I present you with two thousand ducats, I beg you to accept it merely as a small mark of my heartfelt gratitude. I am not, however, provided with so much ready cash as you may imagine; but I will turn some valuables into money, and you shall have what you want within two days."

"Friend," said the Captain, "my necessities are pressing. I had rather have the money to-day than to-morrow or next day."

"Well," replied Rinaldo, "I will procure it by to-morrow evening, when I shall hope to see you at my apartments."

He now with a silent bow took leave of the Captain, who looked after him as he went to the harbour, where lay a Genoese ship that

was about to weigh anchor in an hour and sail for Malta.

Rinaldo spoke with the Captain, and told him he wished to take his passage with him; to which the Captain replied, "I will receive you on board with pleasure, but I must inform you of what you do not perhaps know, and which I have this moment learnt. About an hour ago an order has been published to receive no passengers on board any ship without a passport from the police, under pain of confiscating the ship's cargo. I know not the motive of this order, but in all probability there is some suspicious person in the city, and this is the method taken to catch him."

"Most probably," returned Rinaldo with perfect indifference, but palpitating heart. "However, I will procure such a passport."

Meanwhile Rinaldo returned home with the utmost anxiety, and like one in a dream. "If I am so well known here," thought he, "I had better go back and hide myself in my woods and caves."

He found Ludovico in his room talking with Rosalia. To them he related what had happened at the harbour, at which Rosalia trembled, and Ludovico was confounded. They looked at each other and were silent.

At length Rinaldo seemed to recover from his alarm:

"Ludovico," said he, "you are a very honest fellow; to you I will entrust this girl and this trunk. Conduct her to some place of safety

and I will quit Naples as secretly as possible. You will follow me to Cosenza, where we will in all events meet, for neither of us must quit it till the other arrives. I know that I am certainly betrayed, and must save my person. You will travel as privately as possible."

He now put on his pilgrim's dress, took with him as many jewels as he could conveniently pack up and conceal about him, and set off without delay. Ludovico swore fidelity to him, and Rosalia burst into tears.

Rinaldo found no impediment to quitting the city, and took the road to Salerno, whence, without venturing to stay there long, he pursued his way to Clarimonte, where, being extremely fatigued, he was obliged to take up his quarters for some time, and in a miserable inn, struggled with the pains of his body and the anguish of his soul. His feet were very sore, much blistered, and swelled. He wished himself dead, yet dared not to put an end to his life.

A very worthy physician attended him, assuaged his corporeal pains, and endeavoured, though with little success, to cheer his mind with friendly conversation.

At length Rinaldo again set forward, and hastened to the mountains of Mormando, over which he travelled toward Cosenza, passing many a hermitage that reminded him of his friend Donato, as every monastery did of Aurelia, and every wild mountain scene of the life he had led among the Appenines.

Once being oppressed by the heat of the day he threw himself down beneath some poplars, and abandoned himself to peaceful contemplations, till at length he was suddenly alarmed by a noise near him. On looking up he beheld two men standing by him, whose appearance resembled that of his former comrades.

"Who are you?" said one of them.

"A pilgrim, as you see," replied Rinaldo.

"Where are you going?"

"To the miraculous image of the holy virgin at Cosenza."

"Can you do nothing better?"

"I am ill and weak, and hope to find relief there."

"We will lighten your burden at least. Take out your purse and give it us."

"Who are you?"

"We are men who live by our wits."

"I have no money."

"We don't believe you."

"Then you are mistaken."

"No expostulations! We have no time to lose in disputing."

"Have you ever heard of the celebrated Rinaldini?"

"O yes."

"He suffered no pilgrim to be plundered. His friend Cinthio once met—"

"Cinthio?"

"Why do you take so much notice of that brave fellow's name?"

"Why should we not? 'Tis the name of our captain."

"Your captain? Where is he? Lead me to him. He knows me. I once rendered him a service which he promised to return. Now is the time for him to keep his word."

The two thieves looked at each other with surprise, and Rinaldo got up, took his pilgrim-staff, and was about to set off when one of them tried, "Not a step from this spot!" and held a pistol to him.

"I would be carried to your captain," said Rinaldo firmly. "He would not suffer me to be robbed."

"Not so bold, fellow!"

"Perhaps you fear I should inform against you? I give you my word I will not. You are silent? I will keep my word. I honour you highly when I request you to conduct me to Cinthio."

"O ho! upon honour!"

"I swear to you that Cinthio will reward you handsomely for conducting me to him. I am a man."

"That we perceive, but will not carry you to our captain. Your purse or a ball through your brains. Choose."

"Fire if you dare—I am Rinaldini."

Upon this they dropped their arms, and fell at his feet.

"I will keep my word," said Rinaldo, "Lead me to your captain, and I will beside give each of you ten ducats."

They now sprang up greatly rejoiced, waved their hats in the air, kissed his hands and showed him the way—but when they perceived how tired he was, they joined hands and carried him to Cinthio's abode, which was a vast cavern. Cinthio was now encamped in front of it, in a tent, where he had thrown himself on a field-bed, and was thinking of Rinaldini at the very time when this singular group approached.

His people now set down their pretended pilgrim before the field-bed, and one of them said,

"Captain, this is a valuable load. The sbirri would not have brought him in so easy a manner. Here he is. Look at him yourself, and tell us who he is?"

Cinthio cast his eyes upon Rinaldini, but could not utter a word: for a sudden sensation ran through his soul, and an unaccountable trepidation robbed him of his speech.

"Do you no longer know me?" said Rinaldo in a faint voice.

Cinthio now rushed toward him, and pressed him to his bosom, while tears trembled in his eyes, and bedewed his darksome cheeks. Silent and confused stood his companions around him while he cried aloud,

"Do I then see you again, Rinaldini my friend? Do I again hear you speak! And is it not a dream?"

Upon this every one exclaimed as from one mouth,

"Long live the great Rinaldini, and Cinthio his friend, our brave captain!"

Rinaldo now related his story to his friend, who heard him without interruption, but when he had concluded, said,

"See, Rinaldini, will you believe me now, when I tell you we never can resume our places, or be thought of any value in society?"

Rinaldo. I am now convinced. Experience has proved it.

Cinthio. Let us live in woods and mountains, and avoid the high towered cities. In Calabria our business will thrive. Nature seems to have formed that country expressly for us. The farther we penetrate into it the better we shall be, nor shall we ever want for a living. I am at the head of eighty men and can have more whenever I please. But now I resign my place of captain.—

Rinaldo. Keep what is your own, and let me inhabit one of the most retired corners of Calabria as a hermit.

Cinthio. Are you in your senses? May you not be discovered, and, thus defenceless, be thrown into the power of the law? From the story you have told I learn that you have an enemy whom you ought to fear. If any one tracks you out it must be the captain, who has resolved to live at your expense. But if you were at the head of my eighty men, he would not hurt a hair of your head. As a defenceless hermit you may soon be taken and compelled to yield to superior force. Mankind pursue

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you, the police have set a price upon your head, and your own name follows you every where like a crime. At the head of your comrades alone you will find esteem and safety. Can you not choose?

Rinaldo. Let me but recover my strength, and then I will think of it. Here is money; divide it among your people, and set me at rest, that I may be again Rinaldini; for my spirit is gone from me, and my strength is no more.

Cinthio now set off with his company, and removed to a ruined castle where he had arranged some rooms, in which he lodged his friend, who after much care and attention, by degrees recovered his strength.

He now informed Cinthio that he must go to Cosenza, and for what reason, Ludovico and Rosalia having directions to wait his arrival there. But Cinthio would not admit of it, and desired him to write a letter to Rosalia, which he resolved to carry himself. Rinaldo, unable to oppose his arguments, at length permitted his friend to go to Cosenza, and in the meanwhile took command of his company, anxiously waiting his return.

A week after his departure some of the band brought Rosalia, together with Rinaldo's trunks and packages, safely to him. Ludovico also accompanied them, but in chains. Cinthio was not with them, and some of his people delivered to Rinaldo a letter from him to the following effect.

"Rinaldo, I resign to you the command of my company. When I see you again I will tell you where I now am, and what I have done. I have taken one hundred ducats out of your stock, which I may perhaps employ in executing my present plans: if not, they shall be returned. Ludovico will himself tell you the reason of my sending him to you in chains. You will then best know what you ought to do with him. Adieu.

CINTHIO."

Rinaldo now called Ludovico forth, and Rosalinda lined upon his bosom.

Rinaldo. Why do you bear these chains?

Ludovico. In consequence of my treachery!

Rinaldo. Treachery!

Ludovico. I am a villain! and have discovered myself to Cinthio. From you I wait my sentence; for 'twas you my treachery concerned.

Rinaldo. Me!

Ludovico. Hear my confession, and judge me according to my deserts. 'Twas I betrayed you at Naples! Through me the accursed Captain knew who you were!

Rinaldo. Is it possible!

Ludovico. 'Tis the truth. Doubt it not. But when I came to my senses I repented of what I had done, and set about repairing my fault. You know how I have since then served you. With Rosalia I quitted Naples in the greatest danger, and have brought her to Cosenza.

Your property I have respected ; and with repentance for my accursed discovery I have martyred myself, like a repentant sinner with flagellation. But at length I was compelled to let all come out, and I confessed. Cinthio chained me ; and I deserved it. Yet it was of no use ; for I should, at all events, have come to you to hear my sentence from your mouth. Pronounce it and punish me.

Rinaldo. I forgive you.

Ludovico. Captain !

Rinaldo. I forgive you all.

Ludovico. Let me be flogged ! let me be hanged ! forgive me not so easily.

Rinaldo. I am in safety. Rosalia and my treasure are secure, what more can I wish ? You have acted honourably with regard to my property ; these services you have rendered me, and I forgive you. If you wish it you may stay with me ; for I am satisfied you will not again betray me.

Ludovico. Indeed I will not. See, Captain, I cannot help these tears, though 'tis a shame. Do punish me, however, in some way, or I can never look you in the face again. I cannot rest if you let me off so easy.

Rinaldo. Well then, you shall be punished ; remind me of it four weeks hence, in which time, perhaps I may find a proper punishment for you..

Ludovico. I will not fail to remind you.

Rinaldo. Now go free and acquitted to my

people to whom you belong. I rely upon you in case of danger.

Ludovico. My poor life shall be at your command.

Rinaldo. I will call as many of my people as are here in the neighbourhood, and take off your chains, that they may know I hold you to be innocent.

Ludovico. Captain if I forget that kindness, I will suffer my head to be cut off.

Rosalia's joy at meeting with Rinaldo exceeded the power of description: for her whole soul seemed to exist but in his, and for him alone she lived; while he speedily recovered under the care and attention of his beloved. His mind also daily regained its cheerfulness, and he enjoyed the beauteous scenes of nature with increasing sensibility.

This peaceful tranquillity, however, was less pleasing to his companions than to himself, and one of them thus addressed him in the name of the rest:

"Is it really the great Rinaldini that lies here thus inactive, and only toying with this girl? Do not at least encourage us to follow this example. If you would be our captain, find us employment."

"I am not inclined," replied Rinaldo, "to send you on the road to tear from the poor traveller the last penny which is to support him on his journey. I would rather give you so much myself without force. But if you can

point out any enterprize that is worthy of me, I will presently show you that I am Rinaldini."

"To judge of this," replied Albonicorno, for that was the name of the orator, "Is not our part; 'tis enough that we are not here, to sit with our hands in our bosoms like useless idlers. Thunder and lightning! shall we have the famous Rinaldini for our leader that we may bury ourselves in the mountains. This we might do without your assistance. Our wine bottles are as empty as our pockets.

Rinaldo. Well! get some wine from the best of the monasteries.

Albonicorno. How is that to be done?

Rinaldo. That is your affair.

Albonicorno. If we had a captain—

Rinaldo. If a battle be necessary, your captain will be there.

Albonicorno. Who would fight with such fellows; men that would throw their breviary at the head of the devil himself?

Rinaldo. Does that frighten you? It may be done with perfect ease and quiet. Take the abbot, and you will have plenty of wine.

Albonicorno. That is easily said. But do not these gentlemen always sit at home, like a hen upon her chickens? Give us something better to do.

Rinaldo. To morrow I will look about in the valley: perhaps something will fall out, or something occur to my mind that may help you to some work. Leave it to me: I am in fortune's good graces.

The next morning Rinaldo, according to his promise, went into the valley, and approached the town of Fiscaldo, at the time when the inhabitants were celebrating the feast of their patroness with dancing and singing. Booths were erected and filled with various goods, and stages from which monks were selling amulets, consecrated chaplets of roses, and other reliques. The poor Calabrians crowded round their stages, and brought thither their little savings, which were all swallowed up by the great box of the spiritual empirics, whose stock, though large, was insufficient to satisfy the continual demand of the crowd that continually flowed toward his stage.

"These impostors," thought Rinaldo, "shall not carry all this treasure home." He therefore sent Ludovico back, and gave him directions to Albonicorno and some others, to be on the watch, pointing out what they were to do in order to take their box of treasure from the monks. This plan was executed toward evening.

In a corner where stood the image of the holy virgin, some poor Calabrians, who had nothing else to give, showed their piety and devotion by performing a concert to the holy virgin.* Rinaldo joined the party, expressed his approbation to the pious musicians, and gave the poor people some money: "because," as he said, "the holy virgin had revealed to him that she

* See voyage Pittoresque en Naples et Sicile, vol. I. p 240.

did not desire to have any thing gratis, and that he should pay for her."

The musicians thanked him very gratefully, took the money, and brought it to the spiritual shop, where it was all thrown into the great box, and thus found its way back into the hands of Rinaldini.

Two ladies in masks, who were walking with a cavalier in the market place, now attracted Rinaldo's attention ; and he had scarcely begun to approach them, when one of them appeared also to remark him, and evidently endeavoured to get near him, till at length she whispered without being noticed,

"Welcome, Count Mandochini!"

Rinaldo started, and asked, "Who speaks?"

"An acquaintance," answered she, and rejoined her company.

Rinaldo paused and fixed his eyes on her as she went, till she was lost in the crowd, then stepped aside, and while examining his pistols some one clapped him on the shoulder. He turned round with affright, and perceived it was Cinthio.

"Cinthio! are you here?"

"Not only I but some of your acquaintance."

Rinaldo. That I have already heard?

Cinthio. Indeed!

Rinaldo. A lady in a mask called me by the name I used at Naples—Count Mandochini.

Cinthio. Well! and do you not guess?—

Rinaldo. What should I guess?

Cinthio. In Cosenza I have been watching your acquaintance, and have followed them every where. They are both here, and I think they will soon be in our power.

Rinaldo. Who?

Cinthio. Who? How can you ask that question? Who but the artful Captain and the beautiful Signora Olympia.

Rinaldo. Is it possible?

Cinthio. 'Tis certain. They seem to live with a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they will probably join their heads to plunder. But we will in our turns plunder these cut-purses so completely that they shall never forget us.

Meanwhile came Bramante, one of his company, hastily toward him, saying:

"Captain, yonder is a gentleman in company with some other gentlemen and ladies, who speaks out clearly the name of Rinaldini! One of them called to two sbirri, and another was talking with an officer of militia! I hastened hither to inform you of these circumstances!"

"You now perceive," said Cinthio, that I said no more than the truth. I know the roads about this place. Bramante, watch for them. We shall go to the hermitage of San Sepolcro. If you meet with any of our band, let them join you. You will wait for us near the poplar grove under the hermitage."

Bramante immediately sat off, and Cinthio led Rinaldo through some ruined aqueducts out of the town of Fiscaldo.

Meanwhile Bramante met three of his companions at the Poplar Grove. They were upon the heights of San Sepolcro when they heard the drums beat, and immediately after a confused noise of bells, upon which the whole valley was in an uproar. Perceiving this, they passed the ridge of the mountain, and near their quarters, fell in with a joyous party of their people who had taken away two boxes full of money, apparently very heavy, from the spiritual shops.

Soon after their arrival they packed up their baggage and departed; and passing the mountain, left a guard of three men by San Paola; and further on, a guard of six men. They then went to the heights of San Lucito, the avenues to which they strongly manned. Here, amid dreadful rocks and precipices, they pitched their tents.

It was midnight ere Rinaldo, who was extremely fatigued, threw himself upon his bed. Rosalia trimmed the lamp and laid down beside him. But Rinaldo had scarcely closed his eyes before a loud scream from Rosalia awakened him. He started up and would have inquired what was the matter, when a tall white figure appeared standing at the entrance of his tent, and having twice beckoned with its finger, disappeared.

Rinaldo sprang up, went out of the tent, found the guards awake, and those who were nearest to the tent knew not what to answer, when he inquired if nothing had happened.

He returned to the tent and found Rosalia much dejected; for she remembered a similar appearance in the Appenines. Rinaldo also became very pensive. At length he fell asleep, and was waked by Cinthio at break of day.

"I will take twenty men with me," said the latter, "and reconnoitre in the valleys."

When he was gone, Rinaldo called Ludovico, and said, "Now Ludovico, is the time for your punishment. The Captain and Signora Olympia are somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fiscaldo; go, and do not return till you bring me intelligence where they are, so that we may drive them out."

"That shall soon be done," said Ludovico, and immediately set off.

Rinaldo now looked out for a couple of secret places, and accompanied, by Rosalia, buried his most precious jewels in the earth. This done, he gave the signal of departure, mustered his corps, found it to be fifty-six strong, and well armed, gave the word and descended into the valley.

He had not marched far when he perceived the beating of drums in the distance. Upon this he halted, to secure a retreat; but soon heard firing in the distance, and therefore sent spies to the heights.

The firing approached, and at length intelligence arrived from his spies that Cinthio and his people were fighting with the militia and the sbirri in the valley of San Lucito. Upon this

he sent twelve men to reinforce him, and followed them himself with the remainder.

The firing became more rapid as he approached nearer to the scene of action. But now some men came flying toward him, which gave him hopes. He was still advancing, however, without suspecting the enemy to be near, when his corps was fired on from the heights. On looking up, he perceived that they were occupied by militia, upon which he quickened his march, and at length arrived just in good time in the field of battle.

Cinthio's corps had been very roughly handled, and scarcely twelve men were now fighting, like desperadoes, against a force ten times their strength; and had they not been a band of Robbers, their achievements would have procured them the name of heroes.

Rinaldo and his men now rushed upon the soldiers and sbirri with such fury that being surprised at this sudden onset, they were obliged to give back, and Rinaldo followed them step for step. Meanwhile Cinthio collected his little troop, brought those who were dispersed, together with the men at various posts, and thus again was thirty men strong.

With them he hastened to reinforce Rinaldo, whom he rejoined, reaching him as he was retreating. But the militia having brought their cannon with them, had made such good use of them that Rinaldo had scarcely twenty men to oppose them.

When Cinthio arrived, both corps united and

returned the charge. Suddenly about thirty dragoons attacked them in the flank, and in a moment Rinaldo with two of his men were cut off and surrounded. Rinaldo broke his sabre, his pistols were discharged, his comrades fell by his side with musket shot, and he was obliged to surrender. This capture cost sixteen of the soldiers their lives.

Enraged at the death of their companions, the troops vehemently beat Rinaldo, who received their blows without giving any sign who he was. At length two of them bound him between their horses, and took him to a castle where he was thrown into a dark dungeon, and after an interval of some hours, obtained some straw to lie on, and some bread and water for his supper.

Being extremely fatigued, he sunk upon his wretched bed, overpowered with grief and sorrow; but neither wept nor complained. At length, being quite exhausted, he fell asleep. He had not however been long in this situation before he dreamed that Rosalia was standing by his side. He awoke, started up, perceived a light in the prison, and saw a lady in a veil standing by him.

"Who art thou?" cried Rinaldo.

"Be not afraid," said she "and answer me truly and frankly. You may repent should you refuse."

"What would you know of me?"

"Are you Count Mandochini?"

"I am."

"Then you are Rinaldini," said she, and left the dungeon.

Rinaldo now began to reflect what this might signify, when the gate of his prison opened, and an old man entered with bread and water, which he left and went out.

Day was now succeeded by night, and Rinaldo lay in silent obscurity on his straw bed, when the door was again opened and the lady in a veil entered with a light.

Rinaldo. Who is there?

Lady. The object we have once loved we cannot easily hate. We have seen each other once, and were happy. How is it possible I should forget it?

Rinaldo. Heavens! I should know that voice.

Lady. At Naples you cheated me of the money for my journey, but I am now better off than you.

Rinaldo. Olympia! . .

Olympia. Do you know me now?

Rinaldo. What am I to expect of you?

Olympia. Magnanimity.

Rinaldo. Olympia!

Olympia. I saw you as you were brought hither, and knew you. In the castle they know not what a precious bird they have caught, otherwise you would certainly not be left unchained. It depends on me to procure you fetters.

Rinaldo. Then let me have them.

Olympia. Obstinate man.

Rinaldo. What would you here?

Olympia. Guess.

Rinaldo. Torment me! That I can bear.
Pity me! That I desire not. Let me die!
That is my wish.

Olympia. Proud man! I will save you.

Rinaldo. You!

Olympia. Yes, I.

Rinaldo. Olympia!

Olympia. I, who loved you, and love you still.
But I am not disinterested.

Rinaldo. That I believe. But I have nothing
by me to give you, except this purse.

Olympia. Money I want not, I have purses
now for you. I only wish for a written acknow-
ledgment that you are indebted to me for your
life.

Rinaldo. Has that yet happened?

Olympia. It shall and will happen.

Rinaldo. How?

Olympia. As I please. As I have planned it.

Rinaldo. Well?

Olympia. Oh my dear betrayer! What
would I not do for you? I will even now take
you out of this dungeon. At the castle gate a
servant is in waiting for you with a horse loaded
with clothes for your accommodation. In the
port is a Genoese galley ready to sail for Sicily,
on board of which you will go to Messina as the
Knight Della Cintra, under which name I have
procured you this passport. In Palermo you
will go to the house of Marchese Romano, and
give him this letter, which will procure you a

kind reception—and here is a purse of one hundred ducats. •

Rinaldo. Money I want not—I have some with me, and also some jewels.

Olympia. Well, then I will take the money again. But the writing I have asked for I must have. Here is a pencil and paper, with which you must contrive to write it as well as you can.

Rinaldo. Here is the writing; but how shall I—

Olympia. No delay! We will talk of that another time.

Rinaldo. But if I—

Olympia. Lose no time! You are in the castle of the Prince della Torre, whom you know. If we are discovered we are both lost. Give me a kiss and then follow me.

Rinaldo now quitted the dungeon, and passed through the court to an open gate, where having again kissed his innamorata he left the castle.

A few paces from it he found the horse and servant waiting for him, and having instantly mounted, set off in a hard trot. They soon reached the harbour, where he gave his attendant some money, who having loosed the portmanteau from the horse, instantly returned. Rinaldo dressed himself behind a hedge in a travelling dress, which he found in the portmanteau, where he packed up the clothes he had taken off.

The sun was now down; and Rinaldo taking his portmanteau under his arm, approached the port, where he showed his passport to the

officer on duty, and was allowed without further impediment to pursue his way.

He immediately went on board the promised galley, which having weighed anchor set sail, while Rinaldo cast a lingering look toward the shore, and sighed out, "Rosalia! Rosalia!"

Having arrived at Messina, Rinaldo had scarcely taken up his quarters and dressed himself before he hastened to the Marchese Romano to deliver Olympia's letter.

He found the marquis surrounded by company, who were on a visit at his house, and to whom he introduced him. The marquis having read the letter, received him very kindly, and presented him to his company, which consisted of princes, counts, countesses, and baronesses, who were delighted with their new acquaintance, but had not the remotest idea they had so notorious a captain of banditti in their illustrious circle.

The Cavalier della Cintra was now asked innumerable questions, his answers to which gave general satisfaction, and even attracted the regards of some of the most beautiful of the women. Every one confessed the chevalier was a very handsome man; and the men considered him as an accomplished travelled gentleman. They offered him all kinds of attentions and services: and the marquis Romano would not be satisfied till his guest promised to take up his abode in his house.

Thus in a few days was the scene of our new made knight's adventures changed from a den

of robbers and murderers amid the crags of inhospitable rocks, first to a loathsome dungeon, and then to the best society Sicily could afford, in the gorgeous saloons of a magnificent palace.

Before the company parted Rinaldo received various invitations; after which his host requested his company to a *tele-a-tete*.

They now adjourned to a pavilion in a beautiful garden, where having seated themselves, the Marquis, pouring out some wine, drank "To our better acquaintance!" After a few more glasses and toasts, they began to converse as follows:

Marquis. Our friend Olympia has recommended you to me so strongly, that I scruple not immediately to call you by the honourable title of friend.

Rinaldo. You do me uncommon honour.

Marquis. A man of such talents, and of so much science as you, has doubtless the best possible claim to it, and the more nearly society are acquainted with you, the more it must redound to your honour and to their advantage. All my other guests, who are men of good heads and hearts, certainly expect to find in you an associate abounding in wit and courage.

Rinaldo. I beg of you to explain yourself.

Marquis. That I will readily do: There exists a certain grand association in the world, which, however convenience sometimes breaks, is ever re-established by men of sense and talents, through whom it will become universal. In the state of the church, in the dominions of

Naples and Sicily, a great number of men are known to each other through the means of this establishment, and for the promotion of its objects.

Rinaldo. I am convinced that from you I shall hear the truth.

Marquis. You do hear it. Reciprocal wants generate reciprocal aid and reciprocal participation. 'Tis enough to say they know each other, and can reckon upon finding friends every where.

Rinaldo. A very comfortable assurance.

Marquis. You think so?

Rinaldo. I feel it so.

Marquis. Then you are one of us.

Rinaldo. As to the universal alliance of friendship, I am. But I seem to be the only gainer by it.

Marquis. By no means. We gain with and through you.

Rinaldo. My worthy friend you know not—

Marquis. I know what I am permitted to know. You pass as yet with this society for the knight della Cintra till we learn more of you.

Rinaldo. Marquis! You know also—

Marquis. I salute you as a man who is feared.

Rinaldo. Has Olympia then?

Marquis. The secret of your true name remains as safely locked up in my breast as in your own.

Rinaldo. But what can induce you to intro

duce me, whose name and actions are so much decried, into a society, whose members are so noble, so illustrious, and free from every spot of plebeianism?

Marquis. What can hinder us from calling you friend? Especially if we find out for you a new sphere of action, the consequences of which will be quite sufficient for the completion of our plan? A little interest, however, must prevail even in the best of the society. All this time will explain to you.

Rinaldo. I have the advantage of you in this game: for I can but gain by it.

Marquis. Through you we also win. Profit and gain are obedient to our call. Upon that rest at ease. Shall we call one another brothers?

Rinaldo. If I may.

Marquis. I give you the brother's kiss.

Thus ended their conference for the present; and the Marquis's family assembled to supper.

Rinaldo was now full of thought, hoping for the development of a riddle, the explanation of which he could not discover.

"Thus he lived in a continual round of company and visiting, amid the gayest entertainments and the most splendid balls, hurried on from one amusement to another, so that he had scarcely time to reflect for a moment upon his present situation.

Among the ladies with whom he became acquainted were two who particularly attracted his attention; a very beautiful young lady,

whose name was Laura, only daughter of Baron Denongo, one of the best families and richest fortunes in the island, and the countess of Montagno, a very accomplished woman, of most agreeable manners, and though less beautiful than Laura, uncommonly interesting. She was a widow in her twenty-second year, and possessed of a considerable jointure.

These two ladies not only interested our cavalier, but they were said to have been by no means indifferent to him.

At a fete given by the countess, the ladies having collected together to hear some music, Laura taking a guitar, performed a song, which was much praised and admired. The countess then took the instrument and sang with universal applause, except from Laura, whose silence, however, was only observed by Rinaldo.

The countess looked for his approbation in his countenance, and then turned her eyes toward Laura, who cast her's on the ground. This circumstance struck the countess, but she sprang up, and gave the signal for the dance.

The first lady to whom Rinaldo offered his hand was Laura, who appeared very happy, and whose eyes often interchanged glances with Rinaldo's. Of this the countess was not unobservant. She saw more than pleased her, and more than she wished to see.

The dance being finished, she came forward and said, she wished to find a good partner in a fandango. She soon found one, and performed that fascinating dance with the utmost grace,

never taking her eyes from Rinaldo, who stood among the spectators near Laura, by whom he was asked how he liked the dance.

"So well," replied he, "that I would not on any consideration in the world, that my beloved should dance it with any other man than me."

"'Tis well," replied Laura, smiling, "that sentiment concerns neither you nor the countess."

"Certainly," replied the cavalier, composed.

The dance being concluded, the countess threw herself into a chair, fanned herself with her handkerchief, beckoned Rinaldo to her, and said, "How do you think I dance the fandango?"

"So well," replied he, "that I envy the man who was your partner."

"Then you shall dance it with me next," said the countess, smiling.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when the countess's partner came up to her, and reproached her with having pressed him too hard.

"What harm can that do you?" said the countess, evidently disconcerted.

Rinaldo waited not his answer, but turning round, entered into conversation with the Marquis Romano.

Presently after the countess came up to him, and asked him to follow her, took him into a small room, not unobserved by Laura, who drew near the door, where she threw herself on a sofa, with an air of indifference, though with the most eager attention and curiosity.

"Knight," said the countess, "some letters for you have been confided to my care. I deliver them to you, and you may read them here alone, if you would avoid being disturbed.

Rinaldo. How so?

Countess. By thinking of this or that affair, or perhaps of this or that lady.

Rinaldo. How do you mean?

Countess. I mean nothing, only I think so.

Rinaldo. But I know not what—

Countess. What the lady's name may be, certainly not Montagno. She must have a very tender name. Something romantic and heroic, as Laura, or the like. I am, alas! only Dianora, which is not a poetical, still less a sentimental name. But do not suffer yourself to be disturbed.

Having said this she left the room, and Rinaldo opened the letter, which was from Olympia, inclosing others for the marquis Romano and baron Malvento. That to himself was as follows:

"Dear Knight,

"I hope this finds you well; for you are at least in the best hands in the world. In virtue of your written promise I desire you to show your gratitude to me by obeying the Marquis Romano in all things. He will tell you that it is time to introduce you to the old man of Fronteja, which you must by no means neglect. Perhaps we shall soon see each other.

"I must inform you of the news; namely,

that the band of the notorious robber Rinaldini is completely exterminated. Nine of them who had been taken alive, were yesterday shot at San Lucito. They all declared that Rinaldini himself had been cut to pieces, and fallen by their side. Every one rejoices that this dangerous man has been thus destroyed, as indeed he must necessarily have been, since his little troop was surrounded by one thousand four hundred men. One Cinthio indeed cut his way through together with a few of his party; but people are gone in pursuit of him.

"Another piece of news, that a certain captain of your acquaintance has been almost killed by one Ludovico, who stabbed him in twelve places. He now lies dangerously ill; but the assassin has escaped.

"Adieu. Remember who still loves you.

OLYMPIA."

Rinaldo had read the letter, and folded it up, when Laura entered the room in search, as she said, of a friend whom she did not find, notwithstanding which she staid there.

A conversation on different subjects now arose between them, during which they unexpectedly came into the gallery leading to the saloon. Here they walked on still talking and at length came into a brilliant apartment, where the table was set out.

Laura. It must be confessed the countess lives well here. Her house is certainly one of the best in Messina.

Rinaldo. On that subject I cannot judge.

Laura. You may take it on my word. Besides she is a lady of uncommon wit and taste, and very amiable. 'Tis said she is to be married to the gentleman with whom she danced the fandango.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Laura. Such at least is the common report.

Rinaldo. I hope she will be happy.

Laura. Why are you still unmarried?

Rinaldo. I have enough to live decently myself, but not to maintain a wife.

Laura. Then you will marry a woman who has a fortune of her own.

Rinaldo. Provided she loves me.

Laura. That is presupposed. How long do you intend to stay at Messina?

Rinaldo. As long as I like the place.

Laura. Well, and how do you like it?

Rinaldo. Very much.

They had now returned along the gallery into the drawing room, which Laura presently left unobserved. Meanwhile Rinaldo delivered the inclosed letters from Olympia, and returning back into the small room in thoughtful mood, threw himself upon a sofa.

Here he continued unobserved till the sound of trumpets called him to table. Both Laura and the countess had missed him, and each anxiously sought him every where but in the right place.

At table, Rinaldo being a stranger, was placed next to the lady of the house, while Laura

sat on the opposite side. His reflections made him absent, and he behaved very unceremoniously toward his neighbour and the marchioness, which secretly gave Laura the greatest pleasure.

Baron Malvento now entertained the company with the fate of Rinaldini in Calabria, and the conversation becoming general, every one delivered his sentiments.

Laura said this highwayman had died too honourably, and that he ought to have been broken on the wheel; which gave Rinaldo a sensation by which this merciless girl lost a part of her influence upon his heart. The countess said, "Rinaldini was a great man, and had he but commanded an army would have obtained everlasting fame;" and this generous sentiment gave the countess that place in his heart which Laura had just unconsciously abandoned.

The marquis Romano told the company his friend the cavalier had assured him he had known Rinaldini; and upon this every one overwhelmed him with questions.

Laura asked him, "What he thought of this king of thieves?"

"As for me," said Rinaldo, "he treated me very well. I was in his power, and he did not abuse it."

"How did he look?" said the countess.

"More noble than his course of life should seem to permit," replied Rinaldo.

Meanwhile Laura continued to abuse Rinal-

dini, till the conversation, much to his satisfaction, turned upon another subject.

The remainder of the night passed away in dancing ; and day now beginning to dawn, Rinaldo did not return home but took a walk among the country houses and gardens in the neighbourhood of the city, to enjoy the beauties of the morning, which now with dewy wings shed its beaming lustre over the flowery vales. His feet brushed away the dew, forming a line across the meadows, and he looked for an eminence, from which to command the view of the surrounding country. The golden rays of the sun played over the pearly herbage with innumerable brilliant colours. Heaven and earth appeared newly roused from refreshing sleep ; and Aurora from her roseate gate seemed to lead on a new train of ideas and sensations in Rinaldo's mind. He leaned against a lofty pine, and cast his eyes over the brilliant vale, and was affected even to tears with the beauties he beheld. Even in those tears the rays of the sun were beauteously refracted, and his cheeks glowed with the purple hue of the heavens.

Meanwhile the harmonious murmur of a distant waterfall soothed his ear, and upon the hills, which were covered with cattle, the rural pipes of the merry shepherds gave life to the enchanting scene.

" Ah ! " said Rinaldo, sighing, " that I were still among the shepherds, as once in my father's farm ! Oh, that I could, in gay and happy

innocence, like these peasants, mingle the sound of my pipe with the enchanting breath of the zephyrs! What if I were to go to some distant country, and, resuming my shepherd's crook, conceal myself in the solitudes of a Spanish sheepwalk? Oh, that I could again partake of this happiness! What still detains me in the vortex of the world, where, surrounded by dangers, I shall certainly one day become a public sacrifice to justice? Yes, I will leave these Sicilian vales, and exchange them for the steepy mountains of Spain." (Here he burst into a flood of tears.) "Alas! unhappy that I am:" continued he, with a deep sigh, and again paused; but a hermit, who was then ascending the hill, accosted him in a friendly manner saying: "You are unhappy, you say! whence is your unhappiness? Does it arise from your own fault or that of others?"

"From both," replied Rinaldo, with a half suppressed sigh.

"Learn then to suffer," continued he, "for that is the lot of humanity. Heaven has various ways, and can point out to you a smooth and pleasant road, except when it is better for you to walk in rugged paths. Remember all that happens is for the best."

"Do you receive alms?" said Rinaldo suddenly.

"To give away," replied the hermit. "For myself I have enough, as I want but little. But some men there are who have not even that little."

"There are," said Rinaldo, putting a purse into his hand. He then immediately descended a hill, and returned home.

Here the marquis informed him he was about to take a journey of two days, and recommended him in the meanwhile to the care and attentions of his wife and daughter.

Rinaldo also received two invitations, which, however, he refused, that he might be able to pursue his own reflections.

The day after the marquis's departure he went out into the fields to his favourite spot. Night now began to throw her mantle over the valley, and the rays of the setting sun painted the mountain tops with purple, till they disappeared in twilight, while the evening breeze wafted balsamic odours across the plains. The flies buzzed and swarmed around, and the distant shepherds' pipes mingled with the tinkling bells of the lowing herd, while the languishing tones of the love-warbling nightingale filled the air with melody, and every branch became vocal to the breeze.

Rinaldo stopped at the garden door of a beautiful villa, and finding it open, went in. Here the sweets of the orange grove were wafted toward him, and a chorus of feathered songsters greeted him from branches crowded with blossoms, as he approached the house, which stood in the middle of the garden. Here he met a girl lightly clothed, and inquired of her

"To whom does this beautiful villa belong?"

"To the countess Martagno," replied she.

He was struck with this intelligence but remained silent. The girl however, still looked at him, expecting a second question, which Rinaldo observing, asked,

"Is the countess here?"

"She came this morning," replied the girl; who then went down the avenue.

Rinaldo had not yet determined whether to go or stay, when he perceived a female figure moving in an orange grove; nor had he resolved whether to proceed or return, when the lady came out of the grove and called to him:

"Chevalier, can I believe my eyes? Is it yourself or your apparition?"

It was the countess who thus addressed him and it was now too late to recede. Rinaldo advanced toward her with a silent bow.

"For heaven's sake!" continued the countess, how did you find my villa?"

Rinaldo. As men often find many other things—by chance.

Countess. You might, however, have been more gallant than to tell me I am indebted only to fortune for this pleasure.

Rinaldo. The debt would be but small.

Countess. At least equal to the chance you mention.

Rinaldo. Then we are quits.

Countess. If you wish it, we are; but, when I reflect, we are not; for the same chance had only to conduct you a few steps farther to have transferred the debt to Laura, whose villa is near mine, and she is now there; or, perhaps

you have mistaken the house, and are too gallant to acknowledge it? I will send a servant to show it you.

Rinaldo. If you wish to send me away—

Countess. I would willingly keep what Fortune has thrown in my way, but not at another's cost.

Rinaldo. Yet you must do that if you would receive me from the hands of chance.

Countess. If chance and Laura are not the same, let it be called by any other name, and you are welcome.

As she said this, she gave him her hand, and conducted him into an arbour, where a guitar and a book lay upon a table. Here they seated themselves, and after a long pause the countess said, with the utmost simplicity,

“What were we speaking of?”

“Of the beauties of the evening,” said Rinaldo, smiling; upon which the countess burst into a laugh.

The conversation, however, still halted, and they arose, took a turn in the garden, talked of indifferent subjects, and at length approached a pavilion, which became the scene of a very interesting interview.

Countess. I rejoice much to see you here so unexpectedly, especially as you are the only person who could chase away the low spirits with which I am oppressed.

Rinaldo. I thank you for this compliment.

Countess. 'Tis the truth.

Rinaldo. Then I am infinitely obliged to the truth. But may I ask what causes you these low spirits?

Countess. I will tell you. One man I cannot bear wants to force himself upon me, while my family want to force upon me another.

Rinaldo. And you would not marry again?

Countess. At least neither of these men.

Rinaldo. Then choose a third who neither forces himself upon you or is forced upon you by your family, provided you do not dislike him.

Countess. I would either have a man who gives himself to me or none.

Rinaldo. That depends on you.

Countess. The accepting him may, but not the giving.

As she said this she stretched out her hand, which sank upon Rinaldo's; upon which she suddenly withdrew it; but Rinaldo instantly seized it, and softly pressing it, felt his own pressed in return by that of the countess.

A loud conversation in the avenue leading to the pavilion at length awakened the lovers from the dream of bliss, and starting up they perceived Laura and some other ladies enter the pavilion.

The countess received her friends with evident marks of embarrassment; nor did any conversation take place till the ladies inquired for their carriage and took their leave.

As Rinaldo handed them in, Laura whistled to him, I congratulate you; and the countess said aloud, "I shall see you again to-morrow, chevalier." To which he assented with a compliment. The carriage drove off, and Rinaldo returned home, musing on what had passed.

END OF VOL. I.



RINALDO RINALDINI,



THE GREAT BANDIT.

THE
HISTORY
OF
RINALDO RINALDINI.
CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF VULVIUS.

BY I. HINKLEY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II

PHILADELPHIA:
-PUBLISHED BY JOHN B. PERRY,
No 198 MARKET STREET.
NEW YORK:
N. C. NAFIS, No. 278 PEARL STREET.
1848.



HISTORY
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RINALDO RINALDINI,
CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI



BOOK V.

RINALDO repeated his visits to the countess so frequently both in town and country, that Laura had no longer a place in his heart. Meanwhile the marquis returned from his excursion, and spoke much of the old man of Fronteja, to whom he promised to introduce him.

Upon Rinaldo's inquiring who this old man was, the marquis replied, "He is, perhaps, the wisest man of the age: a philosopher who is deeply versed in the most secret of the mysteries called *krata repoa*, and has unfolded things of which nothing certain has yet been known."

"But I do not perceive," said Rinaldo, "of what use his acquaintance can be to me, as I have no desire to be initiated into the mysteries of *krata repoa*, for which I have neither genius nor inclination."

"The grand object for which we have united," replied the marquis, "requires a knowledge of it."

Rinaldo was silent, and the marquis pursued the subject no farther.

The whole family were invited to pass the evening at the countess's villa ; but Rinaldo was the first who arrived there. The company were regaled in the pavilion, where every one was very gay and happy, after which they adjourned to some benches on a grass-plot in front of it, where they were about to amuse themselves with games, when two servants with flambeaux introduced a stranger, who, they said, wished to speak with the marquis.

The marquis arose, and the stranger approached ; but the instant he perceived Rinaldo he put his hand to his sword and exclaimed,

"Ha, assassin ! have I found you ?"

"Who dares insult me ?" said Rinaldo ; and, drawing his sword, perceived his antagonist was the captain.

"I dare !" said the latter, gnashing his teeth.

They now instantly engaged ; but a shot from the grove wounded the captain, and he fell.

The confusion was now general, every one was in motion, some screaming and lamenting and some running to and fro, while the servants came in armed, and increased the uproar.

The countess, however, had the presence of mind to pull the chevalier into the pavilion, which was now vacant, and shutting the door upon him, locked him in.

Rinaldo, who knew not how all this had come to pass continued alone there during two

hours. in anxious expectation. and greatly wondered how the affair would end.

At length the door opened and the countess entered.

"Is the captain dead?" said Rinaldo.

"He lies dangerously wounded in the house," replied the countess. "But without inquiring," continued she, "any further into these strange events, my only care at present is to save you. Far in the mountain of Ramata I have a castle, where no one will find, or even look for you. Thither you must instantly fly. Here is a letter to the warder, in which I have described you as baron Tegnano, and a relation of mine. A horse is ready saddled for you at the garden gate. Adieu! You shall hear from me shortly, and as soon as possible I will come myself."

Having said this she embraced him, and moistened his cheeks with tears. At length she tore herself from his arms, and conducted him to the garden gate, where Rinaldo mounted and took his uncertain way, according to her directions, toward the country.

The night was beautiful, the full moon illuminated all the hills, and a solemn stillness reigned throughout the air; but upon an eminence he beheld a human figure, which seemed to be in motion. Rinaldo stopped his horse and observing the figure, perceived that it approached him.

"Who's there?" said Rinaldo.

"One who knew you" replied a voice from

the eminence, "when you were count Mandochini. I know another name for you, however, which I would not entrust even to the silence of the night."

"If you know me," said Rinaldo, "tell me your name."

"Do you not know my voice? I am your servant Ludovico."

Rinaldo. Ludovico! Yes, now I know you. How came you here?

Ludovico. Why not here as well as elsewhere? I had almost done for the captain in Calabria. But he that is born to be hanged will never be drowned, and the rascal got well of his wounds. I took ship in Calabria as a travelling gun-smith and came to Messina, where I saw you twice, but in such great company that I could not speak to you. What name you went by I did not know, and could not ask you. My money, however, began to fail, and I knew not what to do. But as I was walking, much dejected; on the port, I again beheld this accursed captain. I should as soon have expected to see the devil. Thunder and lightning, thought I, is the rascal yet alive? Could I but find my captain! So I kept lurking about, but could not find you any where. At length I saw you going to the villa, followed you, got acquainted with the servants, pretended to be a travelling fencing master, learnt on whose premises I was, reflected a little, and observing that an entertainment was to be given at the villa, I thought it would furnish me with

an opportunity of speaking to my captain. Thus I slipped into the garden, and stationed myself in a grove, where I soon perceived that villain the Corsican. I listened to what passed, heard every word, and saw you draw, and instantly I laid the rascal upon the ground. Yes, I have done for him I hope. If he is not dead by this time 'tis not my fault. When I quitted the garden I concealed myself behind an aloe, and after a while saw a horse brought there ready saddled. The thought immediately struck me, that it was for my captain, and so it turned out. I saw you mount, followed you, and here I am ready to attend you wherever you go, if you will permit me. If not, give me a couple of ducats, and send me to the devil.

Rinaldo. Come with me my brave fellow, and in the next village you shall be mounted.

Ludovico. Many thanks. Oh that it were daylight. I am as hungry as a wolf. But now there are two of us we shall travel better. I have a couple of pocket pistols, and before the enemy kill you they must dispatch me.

Thus Ludovico accompanied his captain, and at break of day they entered a village where they stopped, and having breakfasted, Rinaldo bought a mule for Ludovico and again set off.

On the sixth day they arrived, without further adventures and perils, at the place of their destination.

The castle stood on the mountain, under an eminence surrounded by walls and fosses, provided with drawbridges, and strongly fortified.

The warder was an old man, somewhat petulant, but of a good heart, and formerly steward to the countess's father. When he had read the letter he said dryly, "According to the directions of the countess the whole castle is at your command."

Ludovico now lead the beasts to the stable, and Rinaldo took possession of a couple of neat rooms, in which was some very antique furniture.

The family consisted of the warder, his wife, his daughter, a maid servant, and an old invalid, who had formerly served under the countess's father in Spain, and who here subsisted as a pensioner of the countess.

As to the provisions the castle afforded, appearances were but very moderate, and Rinaldo began to make preparations for some addition in this respect. Ludovico, Giorgio the invalid, and the maid were sent out, and soon brought an ass loaded with provisions, which stocked the kitchen and store room. The court-yard was also filled with fowl, and the wine cellar with wine, of which the warder delivered the keys to Rinaldo.

Thus in a short time the castle became more gay and lively, and the once dull and stupid inhabitants now grew active, cheerful, and happy.

Rinaldo amused himself sometimes with sitting on the old fortifications and viewing the surrounding country, sometimes with walking over the mountains, sometimes with reading a couple of old chronicles, and sometimes with

hearing the warder relate the adventures of the place, and Giorgio give an account of his campaigns.

Once they were sitting together, and had lost themselves amid adventures and marvellous stories, when the warder exclaimed, "Ah, my dear Baron! there are many such stories current of this neighbourhood, and not only of the neighbourhood, but also of our castle itself."

Rinaldo. Of the castle where we are now?

Warder. Of this very castle.

Giorgio. Yes, yes, of this very castle.

Rinaldo. Indeed! but what, for instance? Spectres?

Giorgio. Yes, and the like.

Warder. The great hall where the large padlocks hang on the door, is haunted.

Giorgio. Yes, that is the place.

• *Ludovico.* What for, rats and mice?

Giorgio. Hush! hush! 'Tis no trifle I assure you. Quite other things than rats and mice.

Ludovico. Have you seen any thing?

Giorgio. Not I; I have heard enough. But there is Lisberta, the warder's daughter, who has seen a great deal.

Rinaldo. Lisberta!

Lisberta. Yes, I myself.

Rinaldo. What did you see?

Lisberta. Last year the countess intended to come here, but did not come. However, we cleaned the castle, and prepared for her reception. I was to sweep out the great hall, from which a stair case that is shut up goes I know

not whither, and the lower door is constantly fastened from within, but how, my father knows not.

Warder. Yes, constantly. Since I have been here, however, no one has taken the trouble to look farther into it, for no one comes near us, except that the countess once staid here three days.

Rinaldo. Well, Lisberta?

Lisberta. Well, and so when I had swept the hall, and was standing quite still, cleaning the lustres in the window, I heard footsteps, and thinking it was my father, I took no particular notice. But as it came nearer, I turned round, and saw in the door, going up stairs, a great, long, haggard figure, with a beard. I know nothing more, for I sank senseless upon the floor, and when I recovered myself, it had disappeared. But it is certainly true, and I can take my sacrament oath of it.

Rinaldo. By heavens 'tis wonderful!

Giorgio. Is it not strange?

Rinaldo. As we have plenty of time on our hands, we will examine the place to-morrow.

Warder. Well, don't take me with you, for I shall be of no service.

Rinaldo. Ludovico and I will do it, and Giorgio will no doubt be willing to accompany us, for he is an old soldier.

Giorgio. With all my heart. I will soon finish the campaign.

Lisberta. Oh, sir, do not attempt to look into it! It can never be found out how it is.

Rinaldo. Be not uneasy. I know a little of exorcism.

Lisberta. If you are but sure of what you are about, and that it will not turn out as with brother Boniface, the capuchin, who thought he understood exorcism too, but the ghost thrashed him within an inch of his life.

Ludovico. It must have been a vigorous ghost.

Lisberta. Yes, certainly; the good friar has been bedridden these four years; but he is still alive and you may ask him about it.

Ludovico. Well, we are not afraid of being thrashed: we have fists too, and can hit as hard a blow as a ghost.

Lisberta. Heaven grant it may not come to that!

Rinaldo. You will attend me, however, if I come back with a good beating?

Lisberta. O yes, with all my heart. But you and Ludovico may perhaps catch a pistol ball. And how will Giorgio look when his bones are all broken?

Giorgio. Don't be wondrous wise, miss; my bones are as good as ever. Were it not for the wound I received in my hip at Barcelona, I would run a race with you. Yes, I have a constitution as hard as iron; but the wound at Barcelona and that in my right shoulder at Bellegarde—of that I was badly cured, and when the weather changes I feel it most cursedly. But as to the ghost hunting expedition I am your man. I will take my sabre.

Lisberta. Of what use can it be? I will give

you a church candle, and that will do much better. I got it at the last pilgrimage.

After this conversation Rinaldo undertook to perform the search, which he did on the following day, when the great padlocks on the hall-door were unlocked, the bolts drawn, and the door opened, upon which a couple of rats flew at the warder's head, who instantly fell down in a swoon. The rats were killed and the windows opened; but the warder left the party to themselves. Lisberta lighted three candles and recommended the adventurers to the Holy Virgin, St. Anthony, and St. Marciana, and went away, assuring them at the same time she would pray most devoutly for them all.

The hall was a large square apartment hung with old tapestry, and a couple of family pictures, but contained no other furniture.

They opened the door leading to the stairs, and descended thirty-six steps till they came to a door which, as has been said, was fastened from within. This door appeared very old and rotten, and was easily broken with an iron crow, but the bolts from within did not move. The vaulted roof gave back the sound, and our adventurers creeping through the fracture, entered an arched way somewhat higher than a man, and about half as broad.

They had proceeded about twenty paces, when they came to some steps, which they descended, and a little further found more steps, beyond which the road was somewhat shelving downward, and led to an arched circular room,

and the door out of which was likewise bolted from without.

"This," said Rinaldo, "is a subterraneous passage, intended for an escape in time of war; but what surprises me is, that all the doors are bolted from without."

They were about to break the door open, when they clearly and distinctly heard a cry of "wo! wo! wo!" at which Giorgio was so alarmed that he trembled all over, and his teeth chattered. Rinaldo therefore ordered Ludovico to take the coward back to day-light, where, on their arrival in the great hall, Giorgio was seized with convulsions. Ludovico therefore alarmed the castle, and Giorgio was carried to bed, where Ludovico bled him. The warder's wife also administered some stomachic drops to her patient, who seemed in the agonies of death.

The warder, who had not yet recovered from the fright he had himself experienced, crawled to him, and began sometimes to curse and sometimes to pray, while Lisberta and her mother with a trembling voice sang a hymn, and Ludovico emptied half a bottle of wine.

Meanwhile Rinaldo did not stay long at the door where he heard the cry, but knocking at it, called out—

"Who is there? open the door, or I will force it."

A voice replied, by asking, "Who thus disturbs the inhabitants of the bowels of the earth?"

"One who would be acquainted with them," said Rinaldo.

"We desire not to see him," replied the voice.

Rinaldo repeated his threat, "Open, or I will force the door."

"If you can bear," said the voice, to "behold that which is buried beneath the earth, procure the keys of this door from the Count Martagno."

"The count of Martagno," said Rinaldo, "can give me no keys. He is no more."

"Is he dead?" asked the voice hastily.

"He died two years ago," replied Rinaldo.

Here followed a pause, which continued till Rinaldo applied the crow and forced the door.

He now entered a dark vault, whence a tall figure suddenly glided away; Rinaldo hastened after it, but it shut an iron door behind it with a loud noise. Rinaldo threw himself on a bench, his candle went out, and he heard from the corner of the room a female voice saying with a melancholy tone, "Just heaven terminate my days!"

This deeply affected Rinaldo, who started up and asked with trembling voice, "who speaks?"

"If I may call you my deliverer," replied the voice, "know that the most wretched of human beings implores your pity. Ah! even were you the cruel Count Martagno himself, could you behold my misery, you would release me from this dungeon, and restore me to the

light of day, of which I have so long been deprived."

"Count Martagno is dead——"

"Dead! God be praised! Then are my sorrows past."

"And I will save you."

Rinaldo heard footsteps, and some one calling him by name from a distance. He answered, and found it was Ludovico, who came very opportunely with a lighted candle. Rinaldo searched for his candle, lighted it, ordered Ludovico to be silent, and asked—

"Thou that just now conversed with me, where art thou?"

"Here," said the voice from a round hole in the wall about four feet from the ground: "here am I, immersed in a narrow dungeon, and have no opening but this hole, through which I receive my miserable subsistence."

Rinaldo held the light and saw a pale haggard countenance with hollow eyes before the opening. This sight pierced him to the heart, and almost paralyzed Ludovico himself.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prisoner with a deep sigh, and hurried back, "these eyes could never bear the sight of day-light."

Rinaldo now reflected for a moment, and to secure himself a retreat, examined the iron door which the figure had shut behind her, and sent Ludovico back for some tools and large padlocks, for he found a number of bars and fastenings hanging beside the door. Mean-

while he strictly enjoined Ludovico to keep silence relative to what he had seen.

When Ludovico was gone, Rinaldo asked the prisoner, "Have you seen no light here?"

Prisoner. Sometimes a dim burning lamp when my straw or my bread and water were brought me—but no other light.

Rinaldo. Then accustom your eyes from time to time to this candle, and by degrees you will be enabled to bear the day light.

Prisoner. Will you release me?

Rinaldo. I will.

Prisoner. Almighty God! I thank thee. Oh reward my deliverer for his benevolence!

Rinaldo leaned against the wall, and sighing, exclaimed, "Oh God! teach me to pray devoutly, as once I prayed in the days of my youthful innocence!"

When Ludovico returned he brought not only the padlock and tools, but a bottle of wine, some fruit, and some pastry for the unhappy, unknown, and pale faced stranger, as he expressed himself.

"You have done extremely well, Ludovico," said Rinaldo, and gave the prisoner what was brought for her. She received it with the warmest gratitude, and while she was eating, her deliverer barred the iron door and padlocked it: he then set to work with a pick-axe and crow, and widened the hole so that the prisoner might pass, who had no sooner quitted her dungeon than she fell down on her knees and prayed.

Heavens! what a sight! Haggard, pale, and meagre, almost reduced to a skeleton, with scarcely clothes to cover her, she tottered forth, leaning on Rinaldo, along the subterraneous passage, and as she reached the hall, covered her face with her hand. Unaccustomed to the air, she sank upon the earth. Rinaldo led her to a room, where he laid her upon a bed. She fell into a deep sleep, and Rinaldo locked the door.

When it was done he sent Ludovico to the nearest town to buy some women's clothes, and, meanwhile, with the assistance of the warder, fixed another door to the stairs, which having fastened up, he took him to the chamber where the liberated prisoner lay, held his hand to his mouth, led him out again, and locked the door.

Warder. Heavens! What have I seen?

Rinaldo. The secrets of the bowels of the earth. You are a man of understanding, warder. What you have seen you must conceal until I find a proper opportunity to publish the whole. This perhaps concerns the honour of the countess and her family.

Warder. Baron, I am a man, and can keep silence.

Rinaldo. If you do not I will set something at you far worse than rats.

Warder. Silence about the rats. I am quite ashamed of that story. However, I am a little consoled by seeing that Giorgio is not so great a hero as he pretends.

Rinaldo. How is he?

Warder. Better. He says he heard and saw dreadful things.

Rinaldo. The fool! He saw nothing. 'Twas but an owl that screamed, and he fell down in a swoon.

Warder. An owl! Oh, heavens! what a coward!

Rinaldo. Hush! hush! Remember the rats.

Warder. Well, well, we are neither of us any great matters in point of courage. But, what I was going to ask, Oh! Who is this skeleton of a woman?

Rinaldo. Silence; Not a word on that subject. We will talk of it to-morrow.

Ludovico now brought clothes, which were given to the stranger, who was also supplied with food, and shut up in a chamber, where she slept a day and a half almost without intermission, which very much contributed to her recovery. Giorgio and the warder were much rallied by Ludovico for their cowardice, and the latter was besides tormented with curiosity on account of the secret of which he knew nothing more than came out by Ludovico's raillery.

Meanwhile Rinaldo and Ludovico went in search of further discoveries in the subterraneous passages. They had loosened the padlocks and bars from the iron door, and after endeavouring in vain to open it, were resting for a short time from their labours, when they heard footsteps from without. Presently the bolt was drawn back, the door creaked upon

its hinges, and a figure came half in sight, when Rinaldo sprang up and thundered out, "Halt!"

The figure instantly disappeared, knowing the ground better than Rinaldo and Ludovico, who pursued it. They now stumbled through a small arched way till they came to a flight of stone steps leading upward and ending at an iron trap door. They ascended them and entered a tower with a winding stair-case. Having also ascended these, they came out on the battlements of the tower, and perceived that it stood entirely alone on the farthest peak of the mountain, where the castle was situated.

The tower had no entrance, and they could not comprehend whither the figure had gone, unless a rope ladder had been prepared for his escape.

As they could make no further discoveries, they turned back, examined the trap door, found it very thick and strong, and well furnished with bolts from within, which they bolted and padlocked strongly. In like manner they locked the iron door from within, and returned through the hall into the castle.

Meanwhile the lady having rested two days, had considerably recovered; and Rinaldo, who was anxious to know whom he had thus rescued from her subterraneous dungeon, now began to make inquiries of her, to which she replied as follows:

"I feel it my duty," said she, "to give my deliverer a true account of my misfortunes, and this I will perform to the utmost of my power."

My name is Violanta, daughter of one Brotezza di Noli, formerly a vassal of Count Martagno, who had recently lost his first wife when I had the misfortune to become acquainted with him. He declared he loved me, but I believed him not. He swore however his views were honourable, and solicited my hand in marriage. I referred him to my father, for I had lost my mother in my infancy. My father was then fighting in Spain under the banners of his lord, and fell at the siege of Barcelona. Poor and destitute I sought refuge with an old woman, who assisted me in making up a dower with which I might be received into a convent. Having at length succeeded in this, I set off to put my plan in execution, but was surprised on the road, bound, and carried off, I know not whither. 'Twas into the hands of Count Martagno's people that I fell, and they brought me to this castle, where the count again repeated his profession of love. I rejected every dishonourable proposal with firmness and disdain, and declared I would rather die than resign my virtue. The count endeavoured to obtain what I refused, by art and force, but all was in vain. To misuse me was in his power, but not to make me yield to his wicked passion; and I told him nothing but marriage should ever procure him what he asked. Thus finding it impossible to undermine my virtue, he resolved to obtain me by that means, and the priest united us in the bonds of wedlock."

"What!" interrupted Rinaldo, "were you then married to Count Martagno?"

"I was," continued Violanta, "to my misfortune. He lived here with me somewhat more than a quarter of a year, and then he set off on a journey, from which he never returned, but (God knows why!) had me conveyed to yonder prison, where you found me. To my complaints, I received no answer, and the world heard not of my sorrows. An old knave gave me bread and water, and daily grumbled, saying, will you live for ever?"

"Just heaven!" exclaimed Rinaldo, "while you lay in a dungeon the count was again married at Messina. His widow is still living, and certainly has not the slightest suspicion of this villanous transaction."

Their conversation was now interrupted by a noise in the castle, and Rinaldo springing up and going to the window, saw a carriage drive up, in which was the countess.

Rinaldo hastened to meet her, and when they were alone she told him the Marquis Romano had received the captain into his house, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. "As to you, chevalier," continued she, "'tis believed you have embarked and left Sicily. Meanwhile I have taken the opportunity of the nobility leaving Messina and going to their estates, to come and see you."

Rinaldo thanked her warmly for her kindness, and for her care of his safety, and waited

a proper time for declaring the discoveries he had made, and the story of Violanta.

The countess was extremely shocked at the tale, and desired to see Violanta, from whose mouth she again heard the story, promised her protection and assistance, and told her she would consider her as a sister.

The castle now became more lively, and the inquisitive warder, after certain hints and partial explanations, made no further inquiries. Violanta passed for a companion of the countess, and no one knew how she had come to the castle.

One fine summer evening, as Rinaldo and the countess were sitting in a balcony of the castle, hand in hand, both partly lost in thought, and without much conversation, the countess at length said:

Countess. Sooner or later, my dear friend, we must come to an explanation. Why should we postpone it, and cause ourselves so many melancholy and tedious hours? Let it then be now? Tell me, sincerely, what are your future plans?

Rinaldo. To do that which I must do; to leave Sicily.

Countess. Alone?

Rinaldo. Who should accompany me except my Ludovico?

Countess. And no one else?

Rinaldo. No one. He will never desert me.

Countess. No one else? Chevalier, will you really travel alone?

Rinaldo. Ah, countess ! it must be so.

Countess. It must be so ? Have you then connexions elsewhere that—?

Rinaldo. Unfortunate connexions.

Countess. Have you a wife ?

Rinaldo. No, neither wife nor child, neither father nor mother, nor a country that owns me.

Countess. Have you then been banished and proscribed ? *

Rinaldo. Every where.

Countess. Every where ? How is that possible ? Explain yourself. Are you not the cavalier della Cintra ?

Rinaldo. I am not.

Countess. What then is your name ?

Rinaldo. That you must permit me to conceal. When I am gone you shall know whom you have honoured with your friendship and your love.

Countess. You make me melancholy. The Marquis Romano gave it out that he knew you.

Rinaldo. Trust not the marquis or his friends. They would have done me a dreadful injury. Now I see through it all. I have escaped this time—but who knows—

Countess. Mysterious man ! speak out.

Rinaldo. I dare not.

Countess. How ? I have give you my heart, given myself up to you, given you all that was dear to me, and can you keep secrets from me ? I will declare still more to you than you already know. I am ready to go with you wherever you would go yourself.

Rinaldo. 'Tis impossible! you cannot go with me.

Countess. I offer you my hand.

Rinaldo. Unfortunate woman! Your hand belongs to some more honourable man.

Countess. It belongs to the father of my child, which I—

Rinaldo. Almighty God! what sayest thou? Then be a mother, and give your own name to your child. Mine he cannot bear with honour.

Countess. Great heavens! Who art thou?

Rinaldo. I am—Oh heavens, I must not tell you.

Countess. Be you who you may, I must know.

Rinaldo. When you lay in my arms you were in the arms of the abomination of all Italy.

Countess. Oh, heavens!

Rinaldo. I am—I am Rinaldini.

Countess. Jesu Maria!

The countess fell from her seat and swooned. Rinaldo carried her into her chamber. Early the next day he asked to speak with her, but she was still asleep. Soon after a note from her was brought to him, sealed up, to the following effect:

“Unfortunate man! you have rendered me inexpressibly miserable. I cannot see you more; leave me to my fate, and pursue yours.”

Rinaldo ordered his horse and mule to be saddled, and setting off with Ludovico, took leave of the castle.

They conversed very little on the road, and travelled two days without entering into any connected discourse. Ludovico, indeed, endeavoured to turn the attention of Rinaldo to various subjects, but Rinaldo was wholly averse to talk of them, and continued pensive and silent.

On the third day they set off from a miserable little inn at day break, in order before night to get beyond a pass over a chain of mountains, which had been described to them as extremely dangerous; and here Rinaldo himself experienced that anxiety so often felt by travellers when exposed to the attacks of such robbers as he had once commanded.

They reached the pass by noon, and had scarcely advanced a hundred paces before they heard a distant noise and outcry, together with the report of fire arms.

"Come on," said Rinaldo to Ludovico, "here is danger. Let us hasten thither. Perhaps we shall be obliged to become enemies to some of our old companions."

"Well," said Ludovico, "with all my heart! I will fight my man."

Thus saying they set forward and soon discovered a carriage stopped by six or eight robbers, who were taking off the mules.

"Halt!" cried Rinaldo, while yet at some distance, and at the same time drew out his pistol. Immediately a shot fell near him, but missed. Ludovico stood up in his stirrups and fired his musket. One of the robbers fell; and

a second fired at Rinaldo ; but the latter rushing among them with his sabre, the rest fled to the woods.

"These cannot be any of our comrades," said Ludovico.

Rinaldo now advanced to the carriage, while Ludovico helped the coachman, who lay wounded by some of his party who were killed, to get upon his legs, and looking in perceived the Baron Denongo and his daughter, the beautiful Laura.

"Chevalier!"—exclaimed she, the instant she saw him—and the baron said, "Sir, I am under the greatest obligations to you. Were it not for your courageous assistance, we had been robbed, and perhaps maltreated in the most dreadful manner."

"No compliments!" replied Rinaldo, "a man of honour, like you, would doubtless, in the like case, have equally served me. I will, however, do more, I and my servant will escort you; for I perceive some of your attendants are killed, and others wounded."

"Chevalier," replied the baron, "your generosity has anticipated a request I was about to make. I have about six leagues to go to my castle, and, as you have observed, have lost some of my attendants. An old man like myself is glad to avail himself of the protection of a young man of honour like you, and I may venture to say, I have in some measure deserved this kindness, since in my youth I rendered

others such services as you are now conferring on me."

While these and a few more compliments were passing between the baron and Rinaldo, during which Laura continued silent, Ludovico bound up the coachman's wounds as well as he was able, and helped him on the coachbox. He also put the mules to the carriage, and every thing being in readiness they set off, Rinaldo riding by the side of the carriage.

In five hours they arrived at the baron's castle, where the baron thus addressed him: "Chevalier," said he, "it is now my turn not only to show you my politeness, but, as you have saved my life, to request the favour of your taking up your abode at my house.

To this Rinaldo scarcely knew what to reply, when Laura added, "You must not refuse us, chevalier."

Upon this he sprang off his horse, and accepted the invitation, which was also very grateful to Ludovico.

"Chevalier," said Ludovico, "we have again fallen into kind and tender hands. Here we shall be well."

"We shall not stay long," replied Rinaldo.

"Aha!" returned Ludovico, "had I money I would bet we should not go very soon."

Rinaldo. Then you would lose.

Ludovico. Lose what? Not my money. I know you better. Such a pair of eyes will not soon suffer you to depart. However, I cannot

blame you. In your place I should do the same.

Rinaldo. This time, however, you are deceived.

Ludovico. You will deceive yourself first.

Rinaldo. Not unless I am first deceived.

Ludovico. That too may come to pass, nor will I contradict you, provided it be by a woman.

Rinaldo. Indeed! Then you think—

Ludovico. That I would not trust one of them, let them appear as honourable as they may.

Rinaldo. Where did you learn this philosophy?

Ludovico. In the world where I have lived, and moved, and heard, and seen a great deal:

Rinaldo. Unload our baggage and take it to the chamber appointed for my reception.

Ludovico. Well, all is for the best. But now you must go to the old man, and, to his daughter.

The old man was a worthy, hearty old man, much advanced in years, and though tormented with many bodily pains, by no means morose. He was liberal, chatty, and good natured. Ludovico's courage he easily found means to reward, by giving him a purse of ducats; but as to his guest, whom he only knew as the chevalier della Cintra, he could not discover any mode of requiting his services without wounding his delicacy. He consulted, therefore, with his daughter: but she was equally unable to

point out a way of discharging this important obligation.

Rinaldo did not live so free from care with the baron as in the castle of the countess. Many reflections on his present situation and future prospects intruded on his mind, and others suggested many motives for shortening his stay.

Having given Laura a hint of this, she replied: "At Messina we all imagined you had left the island after that bloody affray, but now I perceive you were in no hurry to quit it. Why then should your visit to my father seem so tedious and displeasing?"

Rinaldo. That would be impossible.

Laura. Perhaps a desire to be elsewhere, in company with some one who interests you more than my father.

Rinaldo. (smiling) What a good old man!

Laura. (carelessly) That he certainly is. His great concern is, that he knows not how to compensate the man who has saved his life. As for me—

Rinaldo. You would know better?

Laura. I would give you something. But more I cannot do.

Rinaldo. And this present—?

Laura. I have not yet determined what. You must give me time to think of it. But if the loadstone that drew you hither—

Rinaldo. Do you call my unhappy fate a loadstone?

Laura. Your unhappy fate? I knew nothing of it

Rinaldo. 'Tis better it should be known to me alone. It drives me hence, and would expel me from paradise itself.

Laura. Have you quarrelled with the countess Martagno?

Rinaldo. Why do you talk of the countess?

Laura. Do not pretend ignorance. I know what I say. Perhaps you have lost your way? The countess has several estates and castles, and is now in the country.

Here they were interrupted by the baron, who entered the room with a letter in his hand, saying, "Here is a singular piece of intelligence from Messina. 'Tis there positively asserted that the celebrated Rinaldini is not dead, but actually in the island. Perhaps the robbers from whom this brave knight has rescued us were some of his people. It would be very unfortunate should this unwelcome guest take up his quarters in our valley. I will arm my people, for he sometimes attacks castles, and even fortified places.

"I cannot imagine," said Rinaldo, "that Rinaldo can be in Sicily. Were it so, we should certainly have heard something of him; for he cannot remain long inactive."

"Certainly," replied the baron, "for he lives by exciting a constant agitation and alarm."

Rinaldo. Surely, by and in constant agitation and alarm.

Baron. Even in Messina the greatest fear prevails. 'Tis said the viceroy will order out

the militia, and set a price upon the head of this king of robbers.

Rinaldo. I cannot reckon much upon the price. For when I fell into his hands he behaved very honourable to me, and made me promise not to use any artifice or stratagem against him; and in open field I would by no means contend with him.

Baron. In fact, I am alarmed for the purses of our nobility, and for my own. I myself am old and feeble, and what are only twelve men, whom I have in the castle, against such a desperado? Chevalier, you must do me the favour to stay sometime longer with us. You are a man of courage and resolution, and your Ludovico is a fine desperate fellow too. Yes, indeed, were he not in your service I could almost imagine him one of Rinaldini's band.

Rinaldo. He seems bold enough. But I don't think we have any thing to fear from him.

Meanwhile the baron's steward now returned from the neighbouring town, where he had been to transact some business, and having given an account of his various commissions, he added, that several travellers had been attacked and plundered by robbers on the road in the vicinity.

"Ay, that is what I feared," said the baron; "the storm comes nearer and nearer."

The steward now quitted the room, and the baron continued to expatiate upon his cares and fears. Rinaldo endeavoured in vain to banish them; and Laura, who feared Rinaldo would

still persist in his intentions of leaving them, said,

"The chief duty of a knight is to protect and defend the ladies. I therefore request of you, chevalier, not to forget yours, and to stay here to protect me."

Rinaldo. You know, however, that the protection of a knight is not wholly disinterested!

Baron. Right, my good chevalier, you will remind her of that, for otherwise she might desire it gratis.

Laura. I know not how such a service can be repaid.

Rinaldo. The reward depends on your own will. But paid it must be.

Laura. Then let my father pay for me.

Baron. That cannot be. Besides, I am a debtor also, and must pay for myself.

Laura. Well, then I will pay you like some heroine of romance. Take this ribband—these are my colours. Wear it, and let it inflame you to mighty deeds, and teach you to become worthy of the present. Behave like a man and a true knight, and then you shall also gain what I wear near this ribband—

Baron. How? That must be your heart!

Laura. No, my dear father, I mean my portrait.

Here the conversation ended, and Rinaldo began to struggle with himself, thus reflecting on his views and plans. "To what end should I continue in this castle? What advantage can it bring? It will but form a net in which I shall

soon be caught! Why should I delude myself with false hopes? Laura's hand I can never obtain. And even had I unfairly stolen her as a knight, should I not again be torn from her as a captain of banditti?"

With those reflections he threw himself down beneath a clump of trees on the bank of a river that meandered through flowery meadows along the plains that bounded the mountains. Here he endeavored to form some resolution, which, however, he was unable to do; and soothed by the balmy fragrance of the air, he sank into a deep sleep.

When he awoke he perceived, a few steps from him, sitting on a stone beneath a lofty pine, a man in singular clothing, reading a book. His blooming, florid countenance seemed at variance with his white head and beard, which marked him for an old man. His long and ample robe was like that of the Pythagoreans, of sky blue, and girded high up with a belt of a very fiery red. His arms were covered with the white sleeves of an under garment, and his feet had no clothing but the thongs of red leather, with which his broad sandals were bound.

This singular man strongly attracted Rinaldo's attention. He contemplated him for a time in silence, but at length he arose, approached and accosted him. Upon which the cheerful old man, first fixing his eyes on him, said, "How canst thou be so imprudent to sleep so carelessly in this place where venomous creatures abound?"

"Is there really any danger?" said Rinaldo.

"Look behind you," replied the old man with the most perfect tranquillity.

Rinaldo looked and perceived a dead serpent in the grass not far from the spot where he had slept. He started and cast an inquisitive look toward the old man, who understanding his meaning, said, that snake approached you as you slept."

Rinaldo. And is now dead!

Old Man. As you see.

Rinaldo. To what good fortune do I owe my safety.

Old Man. I passed near you as the serpent was darting toward you, and, it is dead.

Rinaldo. You killed it? But with what weapons? I perceive you have none.

Old Man. There are words which have twice the force of any weapons.

Rinaldo. Words!

Old Man. Yes words. I seated myself opposite to you, that as long as you slept no similar misfortune might attend you.

Rinaldo. Accept my best thanks, and permit me to store your name in my grateful memory.

Old Man. Names render men neither better nor more remarkable than they really are. Remember my figure, and I shall live in your memory without a name.

Rinaldo. You speak the most modern dialect of the island, and your dress is that of antiquity. How can this be reconciled?

Old Man. In the simplest manner possible

Rinaldo. Once more, who are you ?

Old Man. That which you may be also if you will, a friend to wisdom.

Rinaldo. Is wisdom then a universal friend ?

Old Man. As universal as the sun, and like him its rays warming every heart that is adapted to receive them. But to feel this celestial warmth requires an organization which all men do not possess. A bad man is not worthy to know the road to the temple of wisdom ; and that which to the good would be a blessing, to the bad would prove a curse. To him that has no smell the fragrance of these flowery vales is vain : and as each element requires a peculiar organization in the creature that inhabits it, so does the temple of wisdom require a certain organization in him that would enter its sanctuary.

Rinaldo. Here great secrets are unfolded.

Old Man. The temple of wisdom is the temple of nature, and in nature nothing is secret. What men call the secrets of nature are but the laws which are clearly written in the book of nature, and that is open to every man. Read in that book. Read with the eye of the soul, whose eye is observation. This eye, however, must be clear, and this clearness is the child of peace, and of the absence of the passions. 'Tis but the pure fountain that shows the just reflection of the all animating sun. Troubled streams are no mirror. Just so it is with wisdom. Nature resembles a beautiful woman, who sometimes carelessly exposes her secret charms and conceals the rest with the utmost care. He

who can think, feel, prove, and observe, is worthy to behold her without a veil. Nature but speaks to those who have organs fine enough to hear her voice. The refinement of the senses is an approach to the secrets of nature. The man who approaches her with a pure heart and clear eyes, she calls her high priest, and welcomes to her sanctuary. There the veil falls from his eyes, and all that was before incomprehensible becomes clear and plain. For all that is incomprehensible in this sublunary world lies in assimilation, and this is what the least of mankind may understand. The loadstone only acts on its like, and its effluvia are wonderful. This power is but a trifle; there are secret powers—powers of the soul; and their mode of action is still more wonderful than that of the loadstone.

Rinaldo. And this power lies in the soul of every man?

Old Man. Of every man. But it must be awakened and brought into action. In the best of mankind it awakens of itself.

Rinaldo. This depends on the sphere of action men adopt!

Old Man. A very just observation, my son; every man has a just relation to the whole.

Rinaldo. Many things lie beyond this sphere.

Old Man. He endeavours to collect them together within it.

Rinaldo. The time and circumstance of man's existence are so limited, that men often begin to know themselves when they are ceasing to live.

Old Man. The life of man is like the course of the sun. His entrance into life is as the morning. His noon is his chief period of activity; his evening is death. Thus the sun leaves the horizon: his light is lost in twilight, yet his rays illuminate many a cottage, and are beheld by the inhabitants of the mountains. Many things there are which do not appear, but yet not the less exist. The weak eye of man, strengthened and assisted by glasses, discovers things unknown before. Thus your soul's eye, when you have learnt how to strengthen and assist it, may make discoveries you do not now suspect.

Here the old man put his book into his bosom and arose. Rinaldo beheld him with doubtful eye, till after a short pause, he said,

Old Man. Farewell, my son! Let not your powers sleep in your mind's eye! Awaken them! It requires but a breath to fan the spare into a flame. Farewell!

Rinaldo. Whither are you going?

Old Man. Whence I came. To the mountain valley where I dwell.

Rinaldo. May I visit you there?

Old Man. I invite you to come.

Rinaldo. Where shall I find your habitation?

Old Man. Pursue the river's course. Yonder in the mountain are my scholars constantly employed in the study of nature's works. They will show you my dwelling. Meanwhile open the head of that serpent, and you will find in

his brain a small green stone. Take it, and it will defend you against poison.

The old man now left him, and Rinaldo beheld him till the mountain concealed him from his view. He then sought for the stone in the serpent's brain and having found it, went back in pensive mood to the castle.

Here it was remarked that Rinaldo appeared more thoughtful than usual, and Laura invited him to pass a few moments in her chamber after supper, which he did as soon as the baron had retired.

He found her alone, and she appeared confused, which however Rinaldo avoided noticing.

Laura. Chevalier, you have these two days grown quite thoughtful and absent, and still more to-day than before. If I knew the cause of your inquietude, perhaps I might alleviate it. I trust myself alone with you because I have something important to disclose. But I rely upon your honour to pardon the declaration I am about to make—should it wound your heart. You will forgive this expression; for, though I may be deceived, your behaviour for some days past perhaps needlessly alarms me for your pretensions.

Rinaldo. I understand you.

Laura. Indeed!

Rinaldo. Fear not.

Laura. How?

Rinaldo. Declare yourself.

Laura now fixed her eyes upon Rinaldo: a pause followed, and she first broke silence.

Laura. I will declare myself.

Rinaldo. If you think me worthy your confidence, do so.

Laura. I will—I must hazard it.

Rinaldo. You hazard nothing.

Laura. That we shall see—know then I love—

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Laura. Indeed.

Rinaldo. Is that your secret?

Laura. It is.

Rinaldo. And why did you not conceal it?

Laura. I would find a confidant who will receive it and guard it as his own.

Rinaldo. It is so guarded.

Laura. Hear me further: my father has an intention of marrying me. This I know; to whom I know not. But be it to whom it may, I am certain I cannot love him.

Rinaldo. Of that you cannot be certain.

Laura. I know it but too surely; for, to him I love, I am certain he will not give me.

Rinaldo. That is the question.

Laura. No question; but certainty. The man I love is beneath my rank. He is not noble.

Rinaldo. If you think him noble, and if he deserves the love of a noble heart, he is doubly ennobled. May I know his name?

Laura. Oh, yes: to you I am not afraid to name him. He is my father's secretary.

Rinaldo. As far as I know him, a very worthy man. I cannot disapprove your passion.

Laura. Indeed! Not disapprove it? No even though—

Rinaldo. I understand you—though I myself were the man for whom you were destined by your father.

A door now opened, and the secretary entered; then seizing Rinaldo's hand he pressed it to his bosom, and was about to speak, when the latter led him up to Laura, placed him in her arms, and left the room.

Rinaldo slept but little, and left the castle at daybreak, to visit the dwelling of the old man, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He followed the course of the river, entered the small valley between the hills, and came to a plain surrounded by steep rocks. Before him was an olive grove, through which a path way led directly to three marble statues adorned with hieroglyphics, and behind them stood an altar with a beautiful basso relievo, under which was this inscription, in Greek characters:

LIKA SARABTALAM.

Rinaldo was deeply engaged in contemplating these figures, when he descried a tall thin old man coming toward him with an olive-branch in his hair, and a hermit's serpentine staff in his hand. The man saluted Rinaldo, saying,

"Welcome, honourable stranger, who yesterday spoke with our great and beloved master!"

Rinaldo made him a bow of thanks, and he proceeded thus :

"You contemplate these figures and the inscriptions they bear with so much apparent curiosity, that I can read your wishes in your eyes. As to the words *Lika Sarabtalam*, they signify *the Creator of the world*, and the same as the Peruvians call Viracocha. He is represented by the figure you there see, of an old man, symbolical of the eternal all-creative unity. The three flames that surround his head are the symbolic number of perfection. His extended hands, in which are placed the sun and the earth, are the symbols of the first number that arises out of unity, the number of creation and the type of production. The sun and the world are links of a chain. The body of the column is the symbol of harmony, and is sculptured with the heavenly lyre. It rests on seven books, which are the seven books of the secrets of nature, and are sealed with seven seals. The four cords of the instrument are the symbol of the tetrachordon, the union of harmony the number four. This also is the symbol of the fitness of things as arising also out of the mathematical point, line, superficies and depth. These hieroglyphics express the whole of nature, namely, existence, organization, plurality, and motion."

Rinaldo beheld his informant with surprise, and was about to inquire after the old man, when he himself appeared in the same dress in which he had seen him the preceding day, and saluting him in a friendly manner waved his hand, saying, "Well, my son, you have kept

your word." He then conducted him through flowery fields and said, "This is the valley I inhabit. It still retains its most ancient name, and thence I am called in the neighbourhood the old man of Fronteja, a name which is now grown so general that I have adopted it myself."

It may easily be conceived that Rinaldo was much struck with the name mentioned in Olympia's letter, and which recalled to his mind the account given him by the Marquis Romana of this man, with whom he had become so unexpectedly acquainted, and was now conversing. At this sudden discovery, the forms of Olympia, the marquis, and the captain, seemed to stand before him, and he knew not whether to advance forward with the old man, or to hasten away from his presence and return home. He dreaded a meeting with these persons, thought himself betrayed, and considered his aged companion as his mortal enemy.

Having arrived at a small altar the old man plucked two roses, laid them on the altar, raised his eyes to heaven, and cried with a loud voice, "A sacrifice of friendship!" He then turned to Rinaldo and said, "Stranger, here you are in safety."

"What should I fear?" said Rinaldo, in a proud tone.

"Men," replied the old man, and went on without seeming particularly to notice the inquiry.

"Men there are every where," answered

Rinaldo, "and I have nothing to fear that others may not fear also."

"With us," continued the old man, "I have told you, you are among friends."

Rinaldo now proceeded with his conductor without speaking another word, and the latter showed him his dwelling, which was built in a very noble and antique style. Upon the mountains stood hermitages, which, as the old man said, younger men than himself inhabited, but who devoted themselves to various studies and contemplations.

"Is the number of your young men great?" inquired Rinaldo.

"Thrice seven," replied the old man.

They now entered the house, in the middle room of which the old man regaled his guest with an excellent breakfast, while himself ate only a few spoonfuls of honey, and some thin slices of white bread. He drank no wine, and his beverage was milk.

"Have you lived here long?" asked Rinaldo.

"Not long," answered the old man, "and yet longer than the age of man."

Rinaldo cast at him a look of doubt and surprise, and at length inquired:

"Have you really exceeded the usual bounds of the life of man?"

"Twice," was his reply.

Rinaldo now beheld him with increased surprise. But the old man seemed not to notice it, and Rinaldo was about to inquire further,

when he heard female voices singing, and saw two young women in veils pass by hand in hand.

"Who are these?" said Rinaldo.

"Two of my scholars," replied the old man.

"Do women live here also?"

"Daughters of wisdom, priestesses in the temple of Nature and of Truth."

Rinaldo was again silent, and the old man invited him to accompany him to a simple apartment, where he found a couch, on which the old man seated himself, and Rinaldo followed his example.

The old man now broke silence and said,

"From my earliest youth upward, I was a friend and eager inquirer into all mysteries, and to this day I must tell you, that I have always succeeded in developing the secrets of all ages and nations."

Rinaldo beheld him with surprise, and the old man proceeded.

"I studied the symbolical mythology of the Greeks and Egyptians, the theogony, cosmogony, and all the sacred learning of the most ancient nations; I studied the shaster of the Gentoos, the zendavesta of the Persians, the edda of the Icelanders, the chou-king and ly-king of the Chinese. I developed the nature of the kakosophia and kakodæmonia, studied the anthroposophia, and at length became what I am now, a true theosophist. This name I have now adopted. You must imagine it took a long period of time to accomplish so much and that time heaven has granted me."

Here the theosophist paused, and then said,

"Friend, why did you quit the castle without mentioning your intention? You have caused uneasiness there on account of your absence."

"To whom?" inquired Rinaldo.

The old man made no answer but pointed to a large mirror formed of a plate of polished metal. Rinaldo looked, and to his utter astonishment, beheld Laura and Ludovico as it were in person before him. The motion of their hands and features showed they were conversing on some subject very interesting to them.

"I hear them speak," said the old man.

"Speak?" said Rinaldo.

"You cannot hear them," returned the old man, "but I hear with the cast of the soul, which brings me close to them."

"What do they say?"

"The lady is uneasy at your departure, and your servant is telling her he imagines you are gone only on some little excursion; but she is not satisfied with this explanation."

Rinaldo was silent for a few moments, nor did the old man disturb his reflections. When Rinaldo again turned his eyes toward the mirror, he saw Laura in her chamber and the secretary in her arms. He turned his eyes and said,

"Friend, you are a great man."

"What I am you may be also," said the old

man; "I am not the only man of my kind in the world."

Rinaldo now with a deep sigh asked, do you know me?

"Why should I not?" replied the old man, and pointed to the mirror.

Rinaldo looked again, and beheld his own likeness in his banditti dress, upon the Appenines, in front of Donato's hermitage. He started, and said, "do you know Donato?"

"Why should I not?" inquired the old man, and again pointed to the mirror, where Donato appeared labouring in his garden.

"I will," said the old man, "show you some other persons of your acquaintance. Behold the mirror; they will pass across it."

Rinaldo now perceived the Prince della Rocella, the father of Aurelia. He seemed pacing to and fro in an apartment, and reading a book. The scene changed, and Rinaldo beheld the inside of a cell in a convent, where Aurelia lay asleep upon a bed. He sighed and cast his eyes downward. When he again raised them he saw the countess Martagno sitting in an arbour and weeping. Rinaldo now sighed with increased emotion, and the scene again changing, a female pilgrim appeared travelling in a desert country. It was Rosalia.

"Is she still alive?" cried Rinaldo.

"She is," replied the old man.

"Shall I again see her and speak to her."

The old man seemed to reflect and then

said, "Upon that I cannot answer with certainty to-day."

Rinaldo was silent, and the old man asked, "Would you see any more of your acquaintance?"

"None," replied Rinaldo.

A curtain of blue silk now fell and covered the mirror, and Rinaldo repeated, "Friend, you are indeed a great man."

The old man smiled, and said, "Mere magic. Upon you my pride does not repose." After a short pause he continued, "you shall see how deeply I am versed in the obscure mysteries. I will show you all the degrees of the celebrated Krata Repoa, which comprehend the sacred science of the Egyptians. I have unveiled it. My young men and young women shall perform that spectacle before you. It will at least serve as a subject of conversation and of reflection.

Having said this he arose, took Rinaldo by the hand, and introduced him into a beautiful hall, whose walls were painted with symbols of the gods of all nations, and many allegorical statues stood beside the windows. It was also decorated with a gallery, and a beautiful ceiling representing Œdipus answering the riddle of the Sphinx.

In an antichamber soft music was heard, accompanied with female voices. Meanwhile the old man walked in silence to and fro across the room with Rinaldo.

When the music ceased, the old man said "Man consists of body and soul. Both seek

their particular pleasure and enjoyments. I envy not each what it desires, within the limits that are permitted. Harmony is the chain that unites all beings—the universal law of all things. You know what has been said of the music of the spheres. I love music, whether vocal or instrumental. Both lie within us, and we give and receive it with pleasure. The highest expressions of delight are very pleasing music to the ear of those who understand them. Even pain has its appropriate chords, adapted to feeling and harmonious hearts.”

As he said this a table was brought in covered with a variety of food and drink, of which the old man pressed Rinaldo to partake. Himself only ate some thin slices of white bread, a couple of spoonfuls of honey, and some ananas; his drink was milk.

When the table was removed, the theosoph took his visiter by the hand and led him into another apartment, on the black marble cornice of which were inscribed in letters of gold, the words,

KRATA REPOA.

“Here,” said he, “you shall see the spectacle I promised, called the Krata Repoa,” and then he reclined on a couch. Rinaldo followed his example.

BOOK VI.

Rinaldo received from the old man some previous instruction relative to the secrets of the Egyptian mysteries, and then saw the spectacle performed, in which the initiated went through all the seven degrees of Krata Repoa. He saw him ascending the *holy ladder*, consisting of seven steps, amid thunder and lightning—heard the *language of Hierophants*—saw the *gate of man* and the *black chamber*, the *temptation scene* of the priestesses, opposite to whom the initiated stood, the *water scene*, the *serpent chamber*, the *griffin* and the *columns*. He saw the initiated pass through the *gate of death*, and refuse the *crown*; beheld him in *Orcus*, and heard the lessons given him. Here he fancied he saw the battle of the shades, the *pit of the fiend*, and the *dead virgin*. He saw the battle of *Orus and Typhon*, and the great *trial by fire*. He saw the initiated before the *gate of the gods*, the *priest's dance*, representing the course of stars, after which the initiated drank the drink of Oimelas, and his trials ended in his final reception into the great sanctuary.

This spectacle having continued a long time, Rinaldo was again regaled with refreshments, after which the old man said, "Now, my friend, return to the castle you have left, where your presence will this night be needful. Think of your friend at Fronteja, and ponder well in your heart what you have seen and heard."

Rinaldo now took his way to the castle,
VOL. II.

where he banished by his presence all the uneasiness his absence had occasioned.

At length the family retired to rest, but sleep still shunned the eyes of Rinaldo, till toward midnight there was suddenly a loud confused noise in the castle. He heard the clashing of swords, the barking of dogs, a loud cry from without, and at length the report of two muskets.

Upon this he sprang from his bed, threw on a bedgown, took a pair of pistols and his sabre, and ran to the hall, where he found Laura and her father pale and trembling. The maid servants were there with lights, and equally terrified. The noise of arms still increased, and the firing grew louder and louder.

"What is the matter?" said Rinaldo.

"The castle is attacked by robbers," cried a servant who was wounded. "We are too weak to repel them, and several of my fellow servants are killed."

Ludovico now rushed by with a drawn sabre, crying, "Let us defend the entrance of the hall."

Rinaldo flew to the hall door, while the robbers were pressing upon the marble stairs in triumph.

"Halt!" cried Rinaldo with a voice of thunder; "say who you are, what is your will?"

"Who dares to ask us?" said one of the troop.

"I do," replied Rinaldo.

"Aha! not so free with your orders. If you do not make way it will cost you your life."

"Halt! I say, and take notice with whom you have to deal."

"Back, and lose not your breath in idle words."

"Halt! and beware my name do not strike you to the earth."

Here the robbers burst into a laugh, and one of them replied, "Men who fear not your sword will laugh at your name."

"Not at mine!"

At this they laughed again, and cried "forward." But Rinaldo cried out to them in a dreadful voice, halt, 'tis the command of Rinaldini!"

At this the robbers were struck, and at length one of them inquired, "where is Rinaldini?"

"I am he," replied Rinaldo.

"Profane not that celebrated name. I have served under Rinaldini, and know him."

"If you know him, come hither, and order your comrades to halt."

Rinaldo now quitted the door way, and walking back to the middle of the hall, took a light from one of the women. Ludovico also, to whom Rinaldo had given a hint to that effect, did the same, and lighted the candles in the chandeliers. Meanwhile Rinaldo continued in his place, and the baron and Laura, in trembling expectation, waited to see what would happen.

The man who boasted that he knew Rinaldini, now bid his companions who were pressing through the door way to halt, and going up to Rinaldo with uncertain steps, paused, looked steadfastly at him, dropped the point of his sabre, and said,

"Great Captain! I bend my knee to you, Yes you are Rinaldini, my most renowned captain!"

Upon this the whole troop instantly exclaimed, "Viva Rinaldini!"

"I cannot," said Rinaldo, "return, or even accept your salutation, till I find you obedient to my commands."

"Pronounce them," cried they all as if with one mouth.

"Pronounce them" repeated one of the troop—"Pronounce them most renowned captain. That which we are bound to give you shall receive."

"Then I command you," said Rinaldo, "immediately to leave this castle."

Upon this a silence at first prevailed. Then a murmur arose, and at length one of them stepped forward and said,

"We have no money, and are destitute of the means of subsistence. For this reason we have undertaken this enterprise, in which we have succeeded. You know, captain, whither necessity will drive us. But to show you how great a respect we feel for such renowned men as you, we will leave the castle if you will promise to come to us and stay with us for a while as a

friend. If you refuse this we will not go. For however brave and famous you are, you will see that force shall not drive us hence. Count our number; we are eighty of us in the castle, all armed, and none of us afraid of death. Resolution is our constant companion, and there are thirty more without, who are by no means unworthy to be called our fellows in arms."

"Are you," said Rinaldo, "captain of these brave fellows?"

"I am."

"Your name?"

"Luigino."

"Then come forward and prepare for battle. You shall have the honour to fight with Rinaldini. If you are victorious, do what you please in the castle; all I recommend is humanity. If you are beat, depart together with your people. These are the conditions of the battle."

Luigino beheld him with astonishment, and said, "I will not fight with you."

"Then in the presence of your people," replied Rinaldo, "I call you a cowardly cut-purse."

"By heavens, captain," cried Luigino, "I am no coward, nor will I suffer myself to be called so even by you." Thus saying he drew his sabre.

Laura now started with impetuosity, and threw herself into Rinaldo's arms saying, "You shall not fight; nor shall you thus hazard your life for us. We will come to a compromise with these men and give them what they want. Is it not enough that we are indebted to you for

our lives? must we see our benefactor and preserver bleed for us?"

"Go, Luigino," said Rinaldo, "and declare that a maid has deprived you of the honour of fighting with Rinaldini. I know and acknowledge you to be a man of courage."

Luigino put his sword in the scabbard, and said, "We will go."

"Not so," said the baron, holding out a small box. "Here, take this money," continued he, "and buy what you want." Meanwhile Rinaldo took a ring from his finger and said, "Luigino, wear this ring as a token of remembrance."

Luigino took the ring, and asked in a tone of disappointment, "And will you not come to us?"

"I will," replied Rinaldo.

Upon this the troop hallooed, and a general cry arose of "Viva Rinaldini!"

"Leave this man with me," continued Rinaldo "he fought with me in the Appenines. He will show me the way."

Luigino turned toward him, and said, "Brave Nero, who fought under Rinaldo, stay with your captain, and bring him to us soon." Having said this, he took Rinaldo's hand and pressed it, saying, "This moment I shall never forget!" Then turning round, he gave his companions a sign, who rushed down stairs and out of the castle, with Luigino at their head.

Rinaldo now gave Ludovico and Nero a hint to leave him, as did the baron to his attendants. and Rinaldo remained alone with him and Laura.

"You have heard," said Rinaldo, "my most sacred and important secret, and many others have heard it also. This renders it absolutely necessary I should immediately take my leave of you. The persecuted and proscribed robber captain can never more be seen in your family, or become the object of your friendship and hospitality. Your rank and situation, as well as the laws, forbid it. Night, which conceals all things, will also hide me from you. Farewell! I must depart."

"Your generosity," said the baron, "has discovered your secret in order to save us from instant death. This night is indelibly impressed on my memory. Nor do I lament any thing so keenly as that you must leave us. Twice you have saved my life, and I am doubly your debtor. How shall I—How can I compensate you?"

Rinaldo. You can.

Baron. Indeed!

Rinaldo. You can.

Baron. Then I am richer than I imagined. That which I can, I will.

Rinaldo. Promise that you will grant my request.

Baron. I do: and rejoice that I can repay you by its fulfilment.

Rinaldo. My request then is, that you will give your daughter to the man she loves.

Baron. (*starting.*) Heavens! What have I promised?

Rinaldo. You have passed your word

Baron. (*hesitating.*) Alas! then take her.

Rinaldo. You misconceive me. I am not the man of her choice.

Baron. (*reviving.*) Did I, indeed, mistake you?

Rinaldo. Give her to the man she loves. Remember your promise.

Baron. I am your debtor, and will pay you. I will keep my word. She shall have him.

Rinaldo. Laura! I shall now depart happy; since I know you are so.

Laura first embraced her benefactor, then threw herself at her father's feet. Rinaldo left the hall, sent up the secretary, gave orders to saddle his horse, and with Ludovico and Nero left the castle.

By day-break they had proceeded a considerable way, and the castle was no longer in sight. The sun arose in all the splendour of majesty, and Rinaldo dismounting from his horse gave Ludovico the bridle, and threw himself down beneath a tree. Ludovico and Nero followed their captain's example at some distance, and the horses began to graze.

Rinaldo sighed deeply, and, as his manner was when his heart was full, thus communed with himself: "That for which men thank my courage and my name, is to me a curse. Yet, though banished, dishonoured, and persecuted, I have, it is true, already eluded innumerable evils. But I have, alas! shed blood. How many have fallen by my side? How many have I sent to the grave! Ah, what prophetic voice

could have foretold me such a life when rocking me in the cradle of infancy! Alas! what fate tore me from my peaceful vales—from the spring whose pure lymph fed both me and my goats in the solitude of pastoral innocence and virtue? Alas, alas, alas! what am I become?"

"Does the captain often thus talk to himself?" said Nero.

Ludovico gave a nod of assent, and made a sign for him to be silent. Meanwhile Rinaldo proceeded thus:

"Shall I then never find repose? The mariner rejoices, when the storm is past, in the security of the harbour, and forgets the danger of the seas; but to me no friendly port affords a welcome or a shelter."

Having paused awhile, he inquired of Nero how he came to Sicily: upon which Nero approached him, and said, "When you sent me to Rome, captain, our friend Cinthio came in search of me and Nicolo, and took us with him into Calabria. There I had a quarrel with one of my comrades, whose skull I split. As this man was a particular friend of Cinthio, I did not care to see him again, and came into Sicily. Here having no other means of living, I had recourse to my old trade."

"How long have you been with Luigino?"

"Six months."

"Do you do well?"

"Pretty well—but not so well as with you."

"Where does Luigino harbour?"

"In the mountains of Cerone."

"Is it far from here?"

"We may arrive there about dusk."

"Show me the way."

They now mounted and trotted on. They dined at a miserable village, and before sun-set arrived at the mountains of Cerone.

They had scarcely advanced a hundred paces when they heard a horn, and after that several others. This was the signal given by Luigino's out posts. They soon came to a valley, where Nero give a signal, upon which twenty of the banditti surrounded them, and raised a dreadful cry of rejoicing, after which they escorted Rinaldo to Luigino amidst cries of "*Viva valoroso Rinaldini! valorosissimo capitano del mondo!*" Upon which Luigino sprang out of his tent and helped Rinaldo to dismount.

The joy and confusion occasioned by the presence of the celebrated Rinaldini was very great, and even Luigino thought himself highly honoured by the most renowned captain of banditti of his day visiting him in his tent and sleeping on his bed.

At break of day, Luigino perceiving his guest was already up, came to him with a proposal which was the result of his nocturnal reflections. It was no less than that he would take the command of his troop, and thereby, as he expressed himself, render it, through him, immortal.

"Friend," replied Rinaldo, "I am heartily obliged to you for your disinterested offer: but

I cannot avail myself of it, since I am resolved to leave Sicily and go to some other country, where I may pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and repose."

In vain did Luigino exert his utmost eloquence: for Rinaldo persisted in his intention. He staid with him, however, the remainder of the day, and on the following took his departure with Ludovico and Nero.

Toward evening they reached an inn belonging to a village from which it lay a few hundred paces distant, and out of the great road. The landlord, however, came out, and said, his house was so full of company that he could not give the chevalier a decent bed; and that besides a gentleman and lady had just arrived, together with their attendants, who would go no further that night, and had engaged the last bed his house afforded. But Rinaldo having no inclination to lengthen his day's journey, declared he would put up with any accommodations he could have, and immediately entered the inn-yard, where, as he dismounted, he cast his eyes upon a carriage from which the horses had just been taken off, and, as he was giving some directions relative to his baggage, he descried, to his great astonishment, his long lost Signora Olympia; nor had he recovered his surprise before he saw his enemy, the Corsican captain, come round from the other side of the carriage.

The latter no sooner perceived Rinaldo than he drew a pistol from the coach pocket, and

furiously rushed on Rinaldo, at the same time exclaiming, "Ha! villain! have I found you at last?"

As he said this he fired, and the ball grazed Rinaldo's left shoulder. Meanwhile Olympia screamed, and threw herself back in the carriage.

Ludovico no sooner saw what passed than he levelled his musket and fired, by which he broke the captain's right arm, who fell, and cried with all his might, "Shut the gates! In the name of the king, seize this man! Rinaldini is here!"

Upon this a general confusion and uproar arose, and the landlord, his servants and waiters, the attendants of the captain, some muleteers, coachman, and a couple of dragoons who were stationed there as patrols, fell upon Rinaldo with horsewhips, sticks, spades, pitchforks, and sabres.

A waiter ran to the gate to fasten it, but Nero shot him through the throat, and instantly galloped out of the inn full speed.

Rinaldo attempted to take out his pistols, but was suddenly seized from behind, and thrown down before he could fire. Six men fell upon him at once, who bound his feet and tied his hands behind his back.

Ludovico cut down one of the captain's servants through the head, and cut off half the arm of another, but he received a blow on his head and fell, upon which he was treated like

his master. He gnashed his teeth, and impotent rage distorted every feature of his face.

Rinaldo beheld him with a look of reproach, and said, "For shame, Ludovico! why those unmanly gestures? Every one has his destiny, and our hour is come."

"'Tis not that that enrages me," said Ludovico, roaring with rage; "but that a handful of cowardly lubbers should thus overpower us, and that we have not fallen fighting man to man in open combat."

"Such is the will of fate," replied Rinaldo; "be peaceful and quiet—we are not yet on the scaffold. But even should we end our lives there, yet we are not at present in a situation to help ourselves."

Meanwhile the captain had strictly enjoined the landlord and the dragoons to keep the strictest guard over the prisoners, and told them the price they would receive from government for their extraordinary valour. Hence they resolved to watch them throughout the night, and the next morning to proceed with them in triumph and deliver them up to the nearest tribunal.

The prisoners were therefore brought into a room, where they were strictly guarded. The captain was carried to bed, his wounds dressed, as well as could be done, till a surgeon should arrive, and Olympia remained in the greatest embarrassment and distress.

Meanwhile, the landlord collected together all those who had taken an active part in the

struggle and in securing the prisoners, and thus addressed them: "See, upon this table I have set down, in chalk, the proportion each of us is entitled to receive of the price set by the government on the head of Rinaldini. This is the account as exact as a parish rate. Besides which, we shall also gain great fame and honour, and the thanks and respect of the whole island, and my inn will become extremely celebrated and frequented."

"But," said one of the muleteers, at the same time twisting his cap from his right to his left ear, "do you think Rinaldini's gang will leave one stone of your inn upon another?"

With this question the landlord seemed much struck, and asked with the utmost anxiety, "Has he then a gang?"

"You fool!" exclaimed the muleteer, that you may easily imagine—a band of fellows that fear not all hell, were it collected together against them. As for me, were I in your place, I would have opened every gate and door of my house that he might escape. That would certainly have turned to better account than that you will now have to settle with his gang."

"True," said the landlord, "but then I will quit the place, and with the money I receive, open an inn elsewhere."

"That is an excellent plan," cried several of the company.

The landlord was about to answer, when he was sent for by Olympia. He went out to her

immediately, and Olympia taking him aside, said,

"Landlord, you are a most fortunate man that Rinaldini has been taken prisoner at your house: but whatever you may gain by it will be doubled by him if you could find means to favour his escape."

"Most beautiful lady," replied the landlord, "that is now impossible. It might be done were not these curst dragoons here. And then my duty and allegiance as a subject—"

"Certainly," said Olympia, interrupting him, "you are a brave fellow; I frankly confess to you I only wanted to try you, for you cannot doubt that I shall be very glad to see this enemy of the captain, my brother, punished. I only wanted to know if the villain were in safe hands. I find he is, and shall also reward you. Now I shall sleep in peace, since I am under the roof of so honourable a man."

Olympia now retired, and the landlord murmured as she went, "A very good lady indeed!"

Rinaldo desired to have some wine and refreshments, which he obtained, and Ludovico, who had come to himself, was now as firm and resolute as his master was discouraged and cast down. They began to converse in their robber-jargon, of which their guards did not understand a word, and talked of their misfortunes and present situation; when Rinaldo confessed he intended to take poison. But Ludovico advised him by no means to be so rash and pre-

cipitate, and began even to hope some help might soon arrive.

Rinaldo. From whom can you expect it?

Ludovico. That I know not, but yet I have hopes. My courage has unexpectedly returned, and I am fully persuaded we shall not die this time. And in fact 'tis much the same to tear our entrails by poison, or to be burnt to death. Death is death, and pain is pain.

Rinaldo. Do you think so?

Ludovico. 'Tis certain. But three things vex me horribly.

Rinaldo. What are they?

Ludovico. First, that the ball did not go through the captain's head: secondly, that a parcel of muleteers and drivers should master us: and thirdly, that Nero has forsaken us like a coward. Had we all three stood by each other and cut our way out, the rascals would have had the worst of it, or I will acknowledge myself for a coward.

Thus they conversed till midnight, and at length fell asleep on their bed of straw.

After a time they were suddenly waked by a noise, and starting up beheld two men in the room with daggers, while their guards lay snoring on the ground.

"Who is there?" said Rinaldini.

"Hush! captain," said they; "we are come to save you."

Rinaldo thinking he knew the voice, asked,

"Are you not Nero?"

"I am," replied he; "the house is surround-

ed, and I and one of my brave comrades have found our way in. 'Tis now day-break—be quick and rise." Upon this they cut Rinaldo's cords and helped him up.

"Nero," said Ludovico, "I have been unjust to you; I accused you of being a coward; I beg your pardon, my brave comrade!"

"Aha!" replied Nero, "that I expected: but no matter; I set off and fell in with Luigino's out-posts, from which I despatched a man to the captain, informing him of what had happened. The other eight I took with me. We mounted and here we are. Luigino I am sure is not far off.

"Nero," said Rinaldo, "I will certainly reward you and your comrades handsomely for this service."

"Come" captain, down stairs. Here are arms should there be any alarm."

Thus they slipped out and all remained quiet in the house. The rest of the party waited in the court, and took as many horses and mules from the stables as they wanted, and then an alarm was given.

A rocket then appeared in the air before the inn. "Ha!" cried they all, "That is Luigino's signal." They were incapable of restraint, and six balls were fired at once into the room, where several men were lying upon straw, and thereupon a dreadful cry arose.

At the same time the gate was broke open by those without, and Luigino's party rushed

into the yard, where the alarm was given in all quarters, and the stables instantly emptied.

When Luigino found Rinaldo was saved, he embraced him, and at the same time gave the signal of departure. The robbers, however, fired off their pistols toward the above mentioned room and stable, and set off with their booty. They had scarcely advanced a hundred paces before they heard the alarm-bell rung, and looking behind them beheld the whole inn in flames.

A wild outcry prevailed throughout the premises; and Rinaldo's heart misgave him. He covered his face with his hands, and pursued his way to the mountains.

Watching and reflecting on his situation and prospects, Rinaldo lay upon his bed beneath a tent. The greater part of the band were gone upon various expeditions, and with them Ludovico and Nero. Luigino came up to Rinaldo, looked at him awhile, and said,

"Captain, you perceive that you cannot live out of our circle. The civilized world is not a fit place for you. Stay in these uninhabited vallies, and in woods and solitudes, feared and honoured at the head of your comrades. Do not abandon yourself to cares, for such is your destiny and the will of fate."

Rinaldo. I feel the truth of your observation but too strongly.

Luigino. I am glad of it. I renew my former offer. Place yourself at the head of my

troop, and I will serve under you as second in command.

Rinaldo. I will stay with you, but I cannot take the command of your band. Yet in case of need you may rely upon me as much as any one of your men.

Luigino. As you please. In any case your presence will have a great effect on them, and they will all consider themselves as serving under you.

While they were thus speaking the signal of return was heard from a party who had been out, and had taken booty, and Ludovico, almost breathless, entered the tent saying, "Captain, we have taken a great prize; one that will give you much pleasure. That cursed Corsican and the beauteous Olympia have fallen into our hands."

While he was yet speaking, they were both brought bound into the tent, upon which the whole troop exclaimed, "*Viva valorissimo capitano Rinaldini.*"

Rinaldo started and shuddered when he beheld the prisoners bound. Olympia threw herself on her knees before him and said. "I surrender myself to your mercy."

Rinaldo made a sign for her to rise, and answered, "I am not captain of the party that has taken you, but this man who stands near me. To him address your petition. I am not your judge. But since I am indebted to you, Olympia, for my life and deliverance in Cala

bria, I request my friend Luigino, for my sake, to give you your liberty."

"She is free," Luigino instantly exclaimed. Upon which her bonds were taken off, and Luigino continued thus: "But as to what concerns this captain, take him to the cavern, and imprison him till I have learnt from Ludovico all that he has done against my friend the great Rinaldini."

The captain, who had hitherto stood motionless, now raised his voice, and said; "What I have done against Rinaldini every good citizen would have done also who should see the chief of robbers among his fellow citizens."

Luigino now gave some of his men the wink, which they immediately understood, and took the captain out of the tent.

Olympia had placed herself upon a camp stool, and Rinaldo continued lying upon his bed, while Luigino went out of the tent.

Olympia. Oh, thou celebrated Rinaldini! Thou who art the fear and terror of all the states in Italy!

Rinaldo. Oh, speak not thus!

Olympia. Are you really not the leader of these men?

Rinaldo. I am not.

Olympia. Yet you live among them?

Rinaldo. That is not my fault. I must not, cannot return to the bosom of civilized society.

Olympia. If you are averse to that, remain in your vallies, and live in tranquillity among the rocks, nor restrain yourself within the

narrow bounds of society. What you would there find is easy to be forborne. O that it were my lot to live in such peaceful solitude!

Rinaldo. Then go to the old man of Fronteja!

Olympia. Do you know him?

Rinaldo. How could I say I know him? I have indeed seen and spoken to him, and he has said and shown to me a great many things, and even a representation of his Krata Repoa. But how should I venture to say I know him? Do you know him?

Olympia. I have never seen or spoken to him.

Rinaldo. This solemn, mysterious, all grasping impostor?

Olympia. He is still more. The chains he has contrived to throw over all Italy, and even across the sea, are a work that speaks the praise of the master. Since you have become so famous, you have been an important object of his wishes. You became a link of the chain for which he sought. He found you before you knew it. You were his before he saw you!

Rinaldo. What say you?

Olympia. That which I know.

As she said this, she smiled as one who spoke with conscious certainty. Rinaldo cast his eyes upon the ground. Three shot were heard at no great distance. Olympia went to the entrance of the tent, but instantly returned, and Rinaldo beheld her with an inquiring countenance

Olympia. Alas! they are bringing the corpse of the captain.

Rinaldo. Is he dead?

Olympia. Your most bitter enemy in this world.

Rinaldo. Does he also belong to the chain of the old man of Fronteja.

Olympia. He was an apostate.

Rinaldo. How did he live?

Olympia. By speculation, gaming, and with magic, but you his greatest prize, and that on which he placed his chief reliance, escaped him.

Rinaldo. How came you to return to this deceiver?

Olympia. Through want of money.

Rinaldo. Your noble attachment—

Olympia. Was formed by necessity and broken off by disgust.

Rinaldo. What do you now intend to do?

Olympia. To throw myself into your arms, and continue with you; with you to brave all dangers, even to death itself. By your side will I fight—

Rinaldo. I will fight no more. I will exchange my sword for spades and ploughshares.

Olympia. And turn hermit?

Rinaldo. The same.

Olympia. Then I will accompany you as a female. In my arms you shall repose when you return fatigued with the heats and labours of the day. As a careful housewife will I refresh you with a wholesome revast, and peace—

ful joy shall never be absent from your hermitage. Come my Rinaldo, let us go and sojourn in the tranquil asylum of happiness and peace. I shall feel no hardships. My affection for you will smoothe every path, and convert perils into security.

Rinaldo. You rave!

Olympia. Because I am with the object of my love.

They were now interrupted by a loud conversation without the tent. Luigino, who knew how to live, had ordered a sumptuous entertainment to be prepared, which was now brought in. No attendants, however, importuned the guests, who, free from restraint, abandoned themselves to the feelings of their hearts.

The cork now flew from a bottle of Champagne with a loud report, and struck the tender fair one on the forehead, at which the company laughed, and proceeded to empty the bottle.

Again they burst into a roar, when Luigino came and said, "My people have taken a pilgrim who knows Ludovico."

"'Tis Rosalia," cried Rinaldo, who instantly sprang up, rushed out of the tent, and flew to the arms of Rosalia.

After the first effusions of joy, Rosalia told Rinaldo, that having escaped on the night of the bloody affray in Calabria, she had long wandered in solitudes, and had at length come to Sicily, through whose lonely vales she had travelled in a pilgrim's dress, till at length she had

now obtained the object of her heart's desire, by again finding her dear Rinaldo.

During this interview, Olympia behaved with great prudence and discretion, but Rosalia could not conceal her jealousy. She confessed her fears and suspicions to Rinaldo, who endeavoured to pacify her to the utmost of his power.

Meanwhile Luigino observed what passed, and as soon as he was alone with Rinaldo, took the liberty thus to express his opinion :

Luigino. I perceive, captain, that report said true when it painted you as a declared admirer of women ; nor have you been caricatured in this respect by the picture that has been drawn of you.

Rinaldo. Perhaps, however, they exceeded the truth.

Luigino. That I will not decide, I only speak of what I see.

Rinaldo. And what do you see ?

Luigino. That you have two of them with you at once, both of whom you have loved and love still.

Rinaldo. And what inference do you draw ?

Luigino. I will frankly confess I do not think it becomes you to toy away your time with women.

Rinaldo. Are you a woman hater ?

Luigino. By no means. But my friendship for them only admits of giving them a few passing moments, when passion surprises me. But then it is soon over. Both of us pursue a course of life in which we can neither give our

wives a house to live in, nor a comfortable home. Our children we cannot educate; and if we could, to what could we bring them up? To what but a course like ours? And since we cannot send them forth into the world, shall we bring them up directly for the gallows? That we would neither of us do.

Rinaldo. Then let us leave this course.

Luigino. What, for the sake of the women?

Rinaldo. I have treasures which are safely buried, and may again be found. The Canary Islands are blest with the finest of climates Thither rich vallies and happy plains invite us Take a wife and follow me.

Luigino. I cannot resolve on such a step.

Rinaldo. And why not?

Luigino. I am afraid of tranquillity which may permit conscience to awaken. Are you not afraid of it also?

Rinaldo. I open my heart to the delights of peace. I hear her conciliatory voice, and obey her call.

Luigino. And what can you do? Repent, perhaps? But can you undo what is done and past?

Rinaldo. We may make resitution.

Luigino. At what price will you pay for flames, blood, and robbery?

Rinaldo. Atwhatever price the greatest penitence can require.

Luigino. And though you build churches and altars, will they procure you happy dreams?

Can a deliberate retrospect of your past life

procure your peace? You have intoxicated yourself. You will awaken, and then, alas! nothing but another intoxicating draught can sooth you.

Rinaldo. Not so, Luigino; not so.

Luigino. It is my maxim to act on some fixed plan. Mine was formed before I began to pursue this course of life.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Luigino. Holla! Marco! some wine!

Rinaldo looked with an inquiring countenance at Luigino, who drew a seat to the table, and sitting down as the wine came in, poured some out and drank.

Luigino. Wine, they say, brings out the truth. You shall hear my story. I am by birth a Corsican, and my father was governor of Bastia. But Luigino is not my true name. My father was a very worthy man, who loved his country, and hated its oppressors, the French. His sentiments were not unknown, and the French general watched him narrowly. There arose an insurrection in the valley of Ajaccioli, where a French officer had dishonoured the wife of a Corsican. The latter having killed the criminal, the general ordered the Corsican to be bound, and condemned him to death. His countrymen, however, rescued him, and took up arms.

My father was called upon to suppress this rebellion; but he was so imprudent as to reply, that he would only bear arms against the enemies of his country. On this account he

was thrown into prison where the general ordered him to be strangled as one guilty of high treason. My mother made me take an oath to revenge my father's death, and plunged a poniard in her own bosom. With the same poniard I killed the French general, took refuge among the mountains, and afterward came on board an English vessel to Sicily, and my property being confiscated, and my name publicly exposed, took to the course of life I have since pursued. This was my choice and my plan. I have now about ninety men under my command, who know how to fight, and it would be easy to increase their numbers. There are ships to be bought. You, Rinaldini, have money; employ some of it in a naval expedition, and deserve the blessings of an oppressed country.

Rinaldo. Luigino!

Luigino. Come with me to Corsica, and break the fetters of my countrymen. Thousands will join us, and your now dishonoured name will be recorded with glory in the annals of history: whereas your amours will never procure you the honour of becoming the deliverer of an injured but brave nation. At present you wander like a vagabond from one hole and corner to another, and are contemned, persecuted, and proscribed like the most abject criminal who basely murders the unwary passenger: whereas you have but to desire it, to soar upon the wings of Fame to the temple of immortality. Your robberies will be forgotten,

and the whole world will talk of your glorious deeds. The press and the mint, triumphal arches and statues will perpetually record your bravery; your bust will live in the temple of Fame, and your name be classed with the deliverers of nations. If you must change your mode of life, be this your choice, and your lot will be at once great and enviable.

Rinaldo. Luigino! some god has inspired thee with these noble thoughts!

Luigino. Rinaldini!

Rinaldo. Give me your hand. Corsica shall be emancipated!

Luigino. Corsica shall be free. The thought was mine: yours shall be the fame.

Rinaldo. O Luigino! the sound of the broken chains of your country shall silence the voice of conscience, and every self-reproach shall be hushed in the soothing harmony of revered freedom: with the regeneration of your country a new day will dawn upon our lives.

Marco now entered and whispered something to Luigino, who sprang up and went out with him.

Meanwhile Rinaldo looked for Rosalia, and Olympia also joined him.

"All is not right," said she.

"What is not right?" replied Rinaldo.

"There is a talk of soldiers—of an attack—and of a defence," replied Olympia.

Rinaldo left his tent, went in search of Luigino, and found Rosalia weeping beneath a

tree. When she saw Rinaldo approach, she endeavoured to conceal her tears, but in vain.

Rinaldo. You have been weeping, Rosalia; say for what cause?

Rosalia. I—the pleasure that—I have—in seeing you again, and—

Rinaldo. No excuses or disguises! Why have you been weeping?

Rosalia. I scarcely know myself. I was thinking—

Rinaldo. What were you thinking?

Rosalia. I was thinking—that if Rinaldo—
Ah! what a child I am!

Rinaldo. Proceed.

Rosalia. If Rinaldo should no longer love me?

Rinaldo. Why were you thinking that?

Rosalia. Because—I scarcely know why myself.

Rinaldo. I must know all.

Rosalia. The signora—

Rinaldo. Should give you no uneasiness

Rosalia. I love.

Rinaldo. So do I.

Rosalia. Me?

Rinaldo. You.

Rosalia. Alone?

Rinaldo. No jealousy: when I assure you I love you.

Rosalia. I love you alone—and—O Rinaldo! command me to leave you, or dismiss the signora: I cannot stay while she is here.

Rinaldo. Oh! you little simpleton.

Rosalia. I love you so dearly !

Rinaldo. If you go, Olympia will stay ; if you stay she will go ; and so all will be well. Besides, my requesting you to stay is the same as to command the signora you hate so bitterly to leave me : can you desire more ?

Rosalia. All I desire is your love, and that undivided.

Rinaldo. You have known me already. Did I ever act otherwise toward you than generously ?

Ludovico now came running to Rinaldo with intelligence that it was expected they would be presently surrounded by troops. Luigino therefore visited the outposts and re-enforced the guard at the entrance of the mountain valley. Rinaldo set forward, with Ludovico, in search of Luigino, who appearing somewhat dejected, Rinaldo asked him the cause.

Luigino. I have received certain intelligence that we are surrounded.

Rinaldo. And does that confound you, Corsican ?

Luigino. Not that ; because we may cut our way through : but when I reflect that this very night, perhaps, after forming so noble a plan, our power may be cut short—

Rinaldo. It will not be. But are we really surrounded ?

Luigino. About a league off, all around us, are a body of above four hundred men.

Rinaldo. What do you intend to do ?

Luigino. To wait their attack.

Rinaldo. My advice is, to strike through to the south side of the mountain, and get to the mountain of Larino, where you will have woods in the rear, and a chain of mountains on your flank.

Luigino. I am very willing, if you will but fight with us.

Rinaldo. I will. Choose me out sixteen of the boldest of your band, besides whom I will take Nero and Ludovico. We will throw the troops into an alarm, while you are cutting your way through with the women and the baggage, after which we will soon find means to join you.

Luigino immediately gave orders to strike the tents and to collect the baggage, together with the women and children, in the centre of the camp. Rinaldo was furnished with the men he desired; each of whom was armed with a double-barrelled gun and two pair of pistols, besides a sword. Ludovico and Nero joined them, and Rinaldo having taken an affectionate leave of Rosalia, and recommended her to Luigino's particular care and protection, marched to the pass, where he drew in the advanced guard, and ordered them to join the main body. He then marched slowly along the plain, and at day-break gave the signal of attack.

They turned the first piquet of the enemy they met, and the second was almost cut to pieces; after which the alarm was given through the whole front.

They now heard firing on the mountain,

which grew weaker and weaker, till at length it wholly ceased. Upon which Rinaldo concluded the main body had opened a way through the enemy, and passed. Rinaldo therefore took the right, in order to leave the mountain behind him, and forced his way through a strong body of troops. Here he had a very brisk engagement, in which six of his men were killed; but at length the troops began to give way, and being then attacked with increased vigour, fell into complete disorder. Rinaldo's party took some horses from the enemy, and of his remaining twelve men four were mounted, as was Rinaldo himself. He now marched slowly back toward the pass, whence he sent eight men up the mountain, while he himself, with Ludovico, Nero, Marco, and Mangato, all mounted, sought the plain, and wheeled to the left, to reach the mountain of Larino on the west side.

When they had advanced about half a league, they fell in with a body of about thirty men, whom there was no possibility of avoiding. They therefore attacked them, broke their line, cut their way through, and then fell in with a patrol of cavalry of eight men. These they engaged, cut down two dragoons, and the rest took to flight. Nero and Mangato were wounded.

They now heard a tumult behind them. The men Rinaldo had detached to the mountain had found the pass strongly occupied, and therefore drew off toward the plains. Here

they found three of their main body who had been cut off, and whom they joined; while Terlini, a man of shrewd mind, who had taken the command of them, vigorously attacked the troops Rinaldini had left in his rear. Rinaldo perceiving by the firing, that these men were engaged, hastened to succour them, and attacking the troops in the rear, soon routed them. Of ten men whom Terlini commanded, only two besides Terlini himself, escaped unhurt; six were killed, and the rest were left, mortally wounded, upon the field. Terlini received one of the horses taken from the enemy for his bravery; his comrades, Romato and Bellione, were taken up behind by Ludovico, and Marco; and they then pursued their way, till having proceeded some leagues, a brisk fire at a very small distance obliged them to strike into a wood opposite to them, which led them by day-break into a forest, where having penetrated a considerable way, they unsaddled their horses, and reposed themselves by a fountain.

Having rested, the following conversation arose.

Rinaldo. What ails you, Terlini? Why do you seem so uneasy?

Terlini. I am impatient at this delay

Rinaldo. Even if we had no need of it ourselves, we must necessarily rest our horses, if we wish them to carry us any further.

Terlini. But here we have no provisions.

Rinaldo. Of that indeed I feel the want

However we will set forward as soon as possible. I have already formed a plan. Meanwhile let me have your opinion relative to our proceedings: for I doubt not that every one of you has been silently reflecting upon it during this halt. Speak, Terlini, what think you?

Terlini. My opinion, in one word, is, that we should endeavour to get to the mountain of Larino, when we shall certainly fall in with Luigino.

Bellione. That is my opinion also.

Romato. And mine too. For here we are neither strong enough nor sufficiently secure to maintain our position, especially as we have neither provisions nor ammunition.

Rinaldo. These may be procured. What think the rest of you?

Marco. I have no opinion but yours.

Mangato. I am willing to do as you please. Go where you will I will accompany you. But I own I wish to rejoin our comrades.

Rinaldo. Certainly.

Nero. The only question is, whether the road to the mountain of Larino is open or not.

Rinaldo. That is the first object that must be investigated.

Ludovico. It is undoubtedly surrounded by troops.

Terlini. We are eight of us—

Ludovico. We have lost half our number.

Terlini. We have our fists and our swords, and besides are mounted.

Ludovico. Not all of us.

Terlini. We shall cut our way through.

Rinaldo. If it be possible we shall. But the greatest courage cannot perform impossibilities. Many of our men have fallen to rise no more. Shall we throw away our lives?

Nero. Without necessity it were folly.

Terlini. Well, captain, let us hear your opinion?

Rinaldo. My opinion is, that you should go out upon the scout with Bellione and Romato. Let Marco and Mangato do the same, and procure provisions. The rest of us will reconnoitre the forest. Before us we perceive the ruins of a castle, on a hill in the midst of the trees. Be that our rendezvous; there we will meet again. This is my opinion, which, if it be disapproved, every one may do as he pleases, for I have no right to demand implicit obedience. You are under the command of Luigino. Ludovico and Nero belong to me, and will continue with me.

Terlini. Then I demand the rest to go with me; our wives and children are with Luigino.

Rinaldo. You are free to do as you please. If you go, take the horses with you. Here they are but an incumbrance to us

Terlini. As you please.

Marco. I will go with Terlini. Yet I am sorry to leave the great Rinaldini here without support.

Rinaldo. I have Ludovico and Nero with me.

Marco. Should any misfortune befall you

here, by heavens Luigino will punish us severely.

Rinaldo. Fear not; we shall soon see each other again.

Here a pause ensued. At length Terlini gave Rinaldo his hand and took leave of him. Marco, Romato, Bellione, and Mangato, followed his example, taking with them the horses, while Rinaldo remained behind with Ludovico and Nero.

Rinaldo silently ascended the hill where the ruins of the castle lay, and Nero also followed him in silence.

"Here," said Rinaldo, "are footsteps in the grass. Be careful to keep upon your guard."

As they approached the ruins several birds took their flight, but they saw no human creature. They entered a large court built round, having door ways without doors, and found a winding stair case which they ascended. It led to the second story, where Rinaldo walked out upon a platform, grown over with laurel, to take a view of the country. To the left beyond the wood, he beheld a beautiful valley; to the right were mountains, and he was surprised to perceive some objects he remembered to have seen before.

"Ludovico," said he, "do you know that place to the right?"

Ludovico. Yes, I know it well.

Rinaldo. Do you see yonder castle

Ludovico. Yes, by heavens! 'tis the castle of the good countess of Martagno

Rinaldo. It is.

Ludovico. There we were well, and yet we could not stay there.

Rinaldo. We dare not stay where we are well. Persecution always follows close at our heels.

Ludovico. That is cursedly unfortunate!

Rinaldo. Ah, Dianora! Art thou still within those walls! Thinkest thou still of thy unfortunate lover? O, heavens! Ludovico; you must go.

Ludovico. Go whither?

Rinaldo. To the neighbourhood of the castle. You may reconnoitre, and—

Ludovico. I understand you, captain, you need not say another word. Leave it to me. You shall soon hear some news, at least as good as can be procured. Adieu. We shall soon meet again.

Thus saying, he hastened away, and Rinaldo remained deeply immersed in thought, till Nero awakened him from his reverie by observing, that he saw a house in the forest.

Rinaldo looked toward the place but could only see the roof. He immediately resolved to discover who inhabited the house, and left the castle, Nero following him in silence.

At length they came to an open place, and were scarcely ten paces from the house when the sound of a guitar struck their ear, and induced them to stop. Upon listening they heard a voice singing, but could only distinguish the

burden of the song, which recurred after every verse ;

If thou lov'st me,
Then I love thee.

"Ha !" said Rinaldo, "since love is the subject of the song, we have little to fear. In the asylum of love and pleasure no ambush awaits us."

Thus saying, he advanced toward the house, and Nero involuntarily followed him, but being prepared for some mischance, took his musket in his hand upon the full cock.

Before the door sat a man in a brown hermit's dress, who had no sooner perceived the unexpected visitors, than he laid down his guitar, and springing forward a few steps, stopped and called out, "Is it possible ? Do my eyes deceive me, or is it true ? Are you really he ? Do I see you again ?"

"That voice," said Rinaldo ; "Good heavens ? Are you he ? Are you my dear Cinthio ?"

"I am," cried he, and instantly embraced Rinaldo.

"Yes, by heavens, it is Cinthio," said Nero.

Rinaldo. O my friend ! My Cinthio, and do we see each other again ?

Cinthio. My wish is fulfilled, my eager wish, that if you were alive I might see you again. Now my heart rejoices to meet its old friend.

Nero. Embrace as long as you like, but give me a shake of the hand. You know me, old messmate, dont you ?

Cinthio. Ah, Nero! Welcome a thousand times!

Nero. Well, I am heartily rejoiced to see you again alive and hearty, and in a singing humour.

Cinthio. Here in my house, we will celebrate this unexpected meeting with a cheerful glass.

Nero. By heavens we want something. We have fasted like so many Carthusians. If you have any thing good, give us a little. It will taste excellently nice just now. 'Tis a pity Ludovico is not with us. For he would be glad of something also.

They now sat down to some refreshment of bread, cheese, butter, and wine. They ate with great appetite, and drank freely of the wine, during which the following conversation arose:

Rinaldo. But how came you here? And whose house is this?

Cinthio. You shall hear presently. When I made my escape from that bloody affray in Calabria, I wandered about among the mountains, with my wounds, till I met with a good old hermit, who received me at his hermitage, dressed my wounds, and attended me. To this worthy man I discovered myself, and he expatiated so much to me on the excellence of virtue, that I promised him to forsake my former course of life, and to live with piety and strictness in a monastery.

Rinaldo. Excuse my laughing.

Cinthio. Do not laugh, for though at first I

was but half serious, I had nearly complied with his suggestions.

Nero. Had you, by heavens?

Cinthio. My benefactor gave me letters to a monastery, and I set forward on the way.

Rinaldo. I could almost imagine I saw you passing your noviciate there.

Cinthio. However I did not go.

Nero. Ay, so I thought. One of Rinaldini's men and a monastery agree as little as fire and water. They would be always at variance.

Cinthio. I unfortunately fell in with six of our comrades, who also made their escape. They had taken up their quarters in a cave of the mountain, and had been joined by five other robbers, with whom they carried on their old trade.

Nero. That was very well.

Cinthio. Thus I suffered myself to be persuaded to stay with them, and did not go to the monastery, but pursued my old course of life. I went further up the country, and took up my quarters in the mountain of Giraca. Here my corps increased, and we were soon six and twenty strong, when I resolved on striking a grand blow upon a monastery, where we came off with the worst.

Nero. Heavens!

Cinthio. I know not whether our plan was betrayed, or whether fate would have it so, but the monks had a party of militia in the neighbourhood. Thus we met with a very

bad reception, and I had nearly fallen into their hands.

Nero. Thunder and lightning.

Cinthio. Fortune, however, still enabled me to make my escape on board a corn vessel bound for Malta. On board this vessel I sailed, and as we lay off Sicily left her, and went up the country. Here I fell in with some fellows of my own stamp, whom I joined, and carried on in a small way the trade we had formerly pursued in the great. Having at length collected a good heap of gold, my people insisted on a division, which being complied with, they left me, saying, they had enough to get into some creditable business. Tired of robbery and plunder, I put on a traveller's dress. But my former habits and pursuits led me to seek out every hole and corner where I expected to find people of my own stamp. I was once so fortunate as to find two bags of gold, which had certainly belonged to some rich man, for they were sealed with a very large coat of arms.

Nero. Indeed!

Cinthio. I was scarcely possessed of this treasure before I began to think of retirement.

Rinaldo. Happy thought!

Cinthio. I put on this dress and went to a village about a league from this spot, where I waited on the forester of the place, whom I informed of my intention of living as a hermit. He told me his late master, the baron, had three years before his death adopted that mode of life through inclination; that he had built

himself a house in the forest, and had lived as a hermit till his death; that his son lived in the town, was always in want of money, and would doubtless sell me the house. I bought it, and now live on my own estate.

Nero. Aha!

Rinaldo. But how came you by a sweet-heart?

Cinthio. Who told you I had one?

Rinaldo. Your song.

Cinthio. Aha! Has it betrayed me? Well, yes, I have a sweet-heart, a lovely good girl, who supplies me with milk, bread, eggs, butter, and other provisions, and visits me every three days. She is the forester's daughter.

Nero. Well, are you to be married at last?

Cinthio. Why not?

Rinaldo. Brave Cinthio! I am quite pleased with your account of yourself.

Cinthio. But my dear girl is still more so. We have already formed our plan of life. Her father, who knows of her attachment, will give up his place to me, and remove hither, where he will pass the remainder of his days witnessing the happiness of his only child.

Rinaldo. Let me embrace you. Take her, my friend, and make her happy. What is her name?

Cinthio. Eugenia.

Rinaldo. Fill your glasses. Let us drink her health, or yours and hers together, and may we enjoy all the happiness conjugal affection can confer.

Nero. I drink it with all my heart. But I can scarcely believe it.

Rinaldo. May I be happy like you, my brave fellow!

Cinthio. I have often thought of you. I have bewailed you as a friend that is dead; but I have cherished the remembrance, and even loved your ashes, as myself.

Rinaldo. Now, then, you will acknowledge I was right.

Cinthio. Yes, yes: besides you are with me, and my joy is complete.

Eugenia now unexpectedly arrived, and was astonished to find so many strangers with her lover, who introduced them to her as his friends. Eugenia, however, seemed to take no particular interest in them, and appeared much embarrassed, which Cinthio perceiving, encouraged her to speak.

Cinthio. You need not fear my visitors. I have already told you they are my friends, and you have no secrets I suppose?

Eugenia. No secrets, but, I am in great trouble.

Cinthio. So you appear. But what is the matter? On what account?

Eugenia. On your account.

Cinthio. On my account! What danger threatens me?

Eugenia. Ah! one cannot know—

Cinthio. Speak! would you make me uneasy also?

Eugenia. Ah, no. But hear me, hear the news I bring.

Cinthio. News! what?

Eugenia. You have heard of the great robber Rinaldini!

Cinthio. Oh, yes, frequently.

Eugenia. He is here in the neighbourhood.

Cinthio. Indeed!

Eugenia. Yes, in the neighbourhood.

Cinthio. Impossible!

Eugenia. No, no. It is true. He must be a very fearful man! The militia have attacked his band, and are still fighting with them. Our soldiers too are sent out, and even the horse. My father thought you would probably go out against the robbers instead of him. I know you will do it, and this it is that makes me so uneasy. God knows what may happen! Perhaps you will be brought back a corpse, and I am sure I cannot survive you.

Cinthio. Then you would rather that your father would go himself?

Eugenia. Certainly.

Cinthio. Poor old man! Suppose he were brought back a corpse—?

Eugenia. Ah, heavens! It would break my heart. Still I should have you. But were you killed—my father is old, and—

Cinthio. You can more easily get another lover than another father.

Eugenia. That is true

Cinthio. Is it not?

Eugenia. But not another Cinthio!

Cinthio. I thank you my dear Eugenia, for your kindness—but what is to be done?

Eugenia. Oh, that hateful, that accursed Rinaldini!

Cinthio. He is said to be a very handsome man.

Eugenia. Alas! as for me I should think him a thousand times handsomer were he hanging between heaven and earth.

Rinaldo. I will make you a proposal. Instead of Cinthio, let me go out against this Rinaldini, and I will bring him to your wedding as a marriage present.

Eugenia. Catch him if you can, you will get plenty of money for him. But you may take it all, I want none of it. If I can but keep my Cinthio prisoner, I have all I want.

Cinthio. Oh, my dear girl!

Rinaldo. An excellent bride!

Eugenia. Cinthio! Let your friend take your place, since he is so willing.

Cinthio. Then he will get your father's office.

Eugenia. With all my heart.

Cinthio. And then how shall we live?

Eugenia. We must do as well as we can. If we do but save both of our lives, that is all I care for.

Cinthio. And what will people think and say of me? They will call me a coward. Would you have such a wretch for your husband?

Eugenia. Truly, that would be very sad. What must be done?

Cinthio. I must go.

Eugenia. Oh, I would rather die a thousand times.

Cinthio. But what will you say if I tell you I am proof against both steel and bullets.

Eugenia. I should bid you go.

Cinthio. Ask my guests.

Eugenia. Is it true?

Rinaldo. I know nothing to the contrary. He would have been dead long ago if it were not.

Eugenia. Ah, heavens! Oh, that it were true!

Cinthio. Be at rest. You will certainly see me return as sound and hearty as I am now.

A musket was now heard in front of the house, upon which they all started. *Eugenia* cried,

"Holy Virgin! My heart whispers that *Rinaldini* is here!"

Thus saying she sunk upon a chair, and *Cinthio* and his friends seized their arms.

BOOK VII.

ALL now was silent; and *Eugenia* having recovered her wandering senses, *Cinthio* came to the door followed by the rest of the company; but they could neither hear nor see any

man, and though they went round the house, no signs of any human being any where appeared. As they were re-entering the house, however, they heard some voices at a distance; but these soon ceased, and all again was silent.

Cinthio sent Eugenia back to her father with a message that he would go out for him against Rinaldini; upon which Eugenia left him, apparently very uneasy, and Cinthio remained with his guests.

Nero was now sent out to the ruined castle, but he sought in vain for Ludovico, till at length, at the approach of night, he came back without any intelligence whatever.

After an almost sleepless night, Rinaldo himself repaired to the ruined castle, where he ascended the platform, and anxiously looked around toward the happy spot in which were centred all his thoughts and wishes.

The sun arose in all the splendid majesty of light, and began to illumine all the mountains; the pinnacles and crosses that adorned the towers of the castle already shone with the ruddy morning rays, and upon these Rinaldo fixed his eyes, till the mist cleared away; and the valley became more visible. The sun now glided through the blue ether unobscured; the woods and vales seemed awakened to greet the new-born day; and innumerable warblers poured forth their songs of joy. But Rinaldo inclined his head and fell upon his knee, overpowered with the contending sensations of hope and fear, of transport and despair.

"Whence, ah, whence," cried he, "these strange emotions? What is it I feel? What thus sinks me to the earth, and fills my heart with sadness? Thy pure rays, alas! thou light of worlds, pierce the inmost recesses of my soul. O! annihilate me, and let me here expire in the act of adoration."

After a long pause he raised his eyes toward heaven and sighed, while with tears streaming from his eyes he exclaimed, "Unhappy wretch! here I wander in wildernesses and solitudes, fearing every man I meet, and shunning the very light of day. All my dreams are past, and the dreadful hand of truth holds me in brazen fetters. Oh, Rinaldo! what will be thy end?"

He now heard footsteps in the forest, and started up. Some firing succeeded, upon which he seized his musket, and looking down perceived Terlini and his comrades, who were flying toward the ruins, pursued by several soldiers. Having reached the castle they came to close quarters, and Rinaldo's prudence forsaking him, he fired upon the soldiers, who now increased in numbers, and Terlini and his companions being cut to pieces, Rinaldo was surrounded and hemmed in by six men, to whom he was obliged to surrender.

"I am a dead man," cried one of the soldiers, "if this fellow is not Rinaldini himself."

Upon this an officer inquired, "Are you Rinaldini?" and Rinaldo, scarcely knowing what he said, sighed out, "Alas! I am."

A greater cry of joy now arose, and they bound their prisoner's hands, and put fetters on his feet. At length they began their march toward the borders of the forest, during which the soldiers were riotous and joyful; but Rinaldo scarcely once raised his eyes from the earth.

They encamped that night on an extensive plain that bounded the forest. Here the officer ordered some bread and wine to be given to Rinaldo, but he partook of neither.

"You have not the courage," said the officer, "to kill yourself. In your place I would certainly have done it; for how ignominious is the death that now awaits you!" To this Rinaldo made no reply, and the soldiers exclaimed, "the fellow is sullen." "Ah," said another, "he will soon find his tongue when he is put upon the rack."

At this word Rinaldo shuddered, and a violent emotion convulsed, his whole frame, yet not sufficiently powerful to break his bands. He asked for a cloak, which was given him, and having caused it to be thrown over him, he concealed his face, while tears streamed upon the grass.

"At length," thought he, "the hour of my dissolution is come, and the transient scenery of life is over like the passing shadow of a camera obscura. Farewell, Rinaldo! Thy dreams are dreams indeed! Thou art in bondage, and Corsica still groans in chains. Away with me

to the scaffold ; such is my triumphal arch, and the end of all my brilliant actions."

A few hours after they proceeded on their march, and Rinaldo complaining of fatigue, he was placed on a straw wagon, which was strongly escorted. Thus he arrived toward evening at Sardona, where he was to be delivered into the hands of justice, and the following day to be conveyed to Messina.

At midnight the door of his prison was opened : the light of a wax candle darted into his prison, and, to his utter astonishment, the old man of Fronteja entered.

Rinaldo. Heavens ! What do I see ?

Old Man. Your friend.

Rinaldo. Are you really the wise man of Fronteja ?

Old Man. I am.

Rinaldo. How came you here.

Old Man. By the power I possess.

Rinaldo. Have you power to break chains ?

Old Man. I have.

Rinaldo. Then break mine.

Old Man. Upon conditions—Why should I not ?

Rinaldo. Upon conditions ? What do you mean ?

Old Man. I am not wholly disinterested.

Rinaldo. Then you are like the rest of the world.

Old Man. Not so much as you may imagine ; my motives justify me.

RINALDO RINALDINI.

Rinaldo. How much do you demand for my liberation?

Old Man. Much and little—as it may be taken.

Rinaldo. Speak.

Old Man. You must give yourself up wholly to me and my commands.

Rinaldo. That is much indeed.

Old Man. I will save you from the rack and the gallows.

Rinaldo. That too is much.

Old Man. 'Tis unequalled. Without my assistance you are lost. Do you still deliberate?

Rinaldo. No—for I will rather give myself up to the crows and worms.

Old Man. You know not your own true interest.

Rinaldo. Since it becomes not a philosopher to be compassionate to an unfortunate like me, tell me for what object you require me to give myself up to you and your commands.

Old Man. I stipulate for no particular cases. We are treating generally, and in all cases. Give yourself up to me unconditionally, and I will rescue you from prison and from death.

Rinaldo. I am no machine. Good night.

Old Man. What ill-timed pride! You have been nothing but a machine ever since you began your celebrated career.

Rinaldo. What say you?

Old Man. You have—and that without knowing it.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Old Man. Yes; a machine, and my machine—you behold me with wonder: I repeat it, you were my machine, are so still, and will continue so as long as I please. On me and my plans depend your destruction or salvation. 'Tis true your misfortunes were not my work, but I always knew how to save you, however frequently you would have run yourself into destruction.

Rinaldo. I must not, cannot serve you more. What is past has happened without my knowledge or consent. Now I will be free; and, if it must be, will freely die.

Old Man. Even that you cannot do. You will be tried before a criminal tribunal, and there you cannot act from your own will.

Rinaldo. I can strangle myself, or hold my breath till I die.

Old Man. An expedient which many have tried, but has succeeded with few. Meanwhile you may try it. Good night.

Rinaldo. One question more.

Old Man. What is it?

Rinaldo. If I have been your machine, am so still, and must still continue so if you choose, why do you require of me an express devotion to your commands? Why do you need this if I am already in your power, and am the plaything of your caprice?

Old Man. Be assured that was unavoidable, otherwise it would not have been: besides, you may easily imagine I am not much more simple than yourself.

Rinaldo. I have never doubted your wisdom, though I *have* the object of your errand: nor can I deny I suspect the boasted greatness of your power.

Old Man. Of that you may think as you please; but how then do you imagine I have found my way hither through your guards, and through locks and bolts?

Rinaldo. Certainly not by witchcraft.

Old Man. That I have not said. But why so many words? You will soon be carried in a cart to Messina, where your arrival will afford sport to the people, and much pleasure to your acquaintance there. I doubt not a certain *Diana*—

Rinaldo. Silence, barbarian! You stretch me on the rack without either law or justice. Take me from this dungeon—but—

Old Man. You know the condition.

Rinaldo. No, I w'il rather die.

Thus saying, he turned toward the wall—the old man went away, and the door closed.

The next day Rinaldo was taken from his prison to be carried forward on his journey. Meanwhile an officer of militia delivered him a paper, which he requested Rinaldo, as soon as he had read it, to return. It was to the following effect:

“You have stood the test. Doubt not the assistance of your friend.”

Rinaldo returned the paper, and was placed in a carriage under a strong escort: they travelled the whole day without stopping, and

at sun-set entered into a narrow vale, of which they had scarcely reached the middle when some shot were fired on Rinaldo's escort from a small distance on the neighbouring hills, and soon after some men appeared; who fell on the militia with a wild outcry. They fought with fury; and this narrow valley seemed full of combatants. Shot followed shot, and sabres clashed against sabres, till at length the soldiers were driven off from the carriage, the mules were made to advance as fast as possible, and presently some of the party sprang up and unbound Rinaldo's bands. Two horsemen brought him a led horse, which they desired him to mount, and they instantly set off together in a hard trot.

They advanced up the side of the mountain, while the moon rose and illumined the rugged paths, but without uttering a word, till they came to a place overgrown with brambles, where the horsemen stopped, desired Rinaldo to dismount, gave him a portmanteau, took his horse by the bridle, and, without saying a word, galloped off.

In vain did Rinaldo call after them; they made no answer, and were presently out of sight. The sound of their horses' feet was soon imperceptible, and Rinaldo remained in an unknown place alone. He now began to reflect on this singular adventure, convinced he owed his preservation to the old man of Fron-teja; and, taking the portmanteau under his arm, began to travel onward.

When he had advanced some way he perceived a light, and hastening toward it, came to the lonely habitation of a hermit, who came out to him with a lantern.

"Are you there?" cried he, holding the light to him; "I was just coming to meet you."

"Do you know me then?" said Rinaldo.

"Have you forgotten the old man of Fronteja?" replied the latter. Come, and pass the night with me: then you will perceive that I know you."

Rinaldo entered the hermitage, where he found a frugal repast and a good bed. No conversation, however, passed between him and his host; and Rinaldo went to sleep somewhat fatigued.

When he awoke he beheld the theosophist of Fronteja by the side of his bed reading a book.

Old Man. You have reposed long; and, I hope, slept well—better than in your last night's lodging.

Rinaldo. Where am I?

Old Man. Among friends, with whom you will stay till you can travel further without danger.

Rinaldo. And whither?

Old Man. That must be the subject of deliberation. You have had such a proof of my power and of my friendship as your fortitude deserved. You are free and unrestrained; act as prudence and inclination may direct; and, if you wish for good counsel it shall not be wanting; but it shall not be forced on you. It may

perhaps be requisite you should stay here a fortnight, before you can pursue your route without danger, and therefore some society has been provided for you in your solitude.

As he said this he left the room, when immediately Olympia entered, and hurried toward Rinaldo with extended arms; but Rinaldo beheld her in silence.

Olympia. Will you say nothing to your Olympia? have you no pleasure in again meeting a friend who for you has voluntarily banished herself to a desert?

Rinaldo. I admire whatever you do.

Olympia. With admiration alone such a friend as I am is not satisfied. I have a right to expect more from you. You are rescued, and in a place of safety, and you have not even thanks to bestow upon your friends!

Rinaldo. I thank you with my whole heart for my rescue; but does Luigino live?

Olympia. He does.

Rinaldo. Where?

Olympia. That I do not yet know.

Rinaldo. Where is Rosalia?

Olympia. Probably with Luigino.

Rinaldo. Probably?

Olympia. I have no certain knowledge. If she is no longer with Luigino he must certainly have sent her to the old man of Fronteja.

Rinaldo. Are then Luigino and the old man acquainted?

Olympia. Why not? the old man knows us all.

Rinaldo. But do we know him?

Olympia. At least personally.

Rinaldo. Is he still here?

Olympia. No: he went as I came in. He knows you are in good hands.

Rinaldo. Whence this interest he takes in the fate of a man who is persecuted by all the rest of mankind?

Olympia. For that very reason; because they persecute him.

Rinaldo. That is not the only reason.

Olympia. Be it so or not, what is that to us? 'Tis enough that we are under his powerful protection.

Rinaldo. Is he really powerful?

Olympia. Did you not experience that yesterday? without his assistance you had been lost.

Rinaldo. Life is hateful to me!

Olympia. It will be otherwise.

Rinaldo. Condemned ever to wander in solitudes and forests—to fly mankind—to fear every human being, and to hate myself; my very existence is a burden to me!

Olympia. Is Sicily the whole world? In the fruitful vales of Corsica——

Rinaldo. What hopes dost thou recall to my mind!

Olympia. That which you must not abandon.

Rinaldo. Oh, that dream!

Olympia. Must be realized. In you I embrace the deliverer of Corsica.

Rinaldo. I am not its deliverer yet

Olympia. You must—you will be its deliverer. Luigino depends upon your promise; we all desire it; all your friends who know you, and those who are your friends without knowing you, reckon upon you as well as we.

Rinaldo. Beware lest you reckon without your host.

Olympia. Oh, no. Learn too, that your powerful protector the old man of Fronteja reckons upon you. *He* is our host: he is a Corsican.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Olympia. Yes; he is a Corsican, as well as Luigino. Your Olympia too is a Corsican.

Rinaldo. At Naples she was a Genoese.

Olympia. The times are altered; now I am what I really am, a Corsican, and your most tender friend. I do homage to you as the deliverer of my country, and as the sole possessor of my heart. But I must go and attend to our little household concerns which call for my presence, for we must not die of hunger.

Rinaldo was now alone, and began to reflect on what had past: "Thus," thought he to himself, "I have at length discovered, that amidst all my fancied independence I am but a tool of the real or pretended plans of an artful man. But patience! Even he shall learn what I really am. And yet, what can I do?—Is not the part he would make me play sufficiently honourable? Death is certain; and is it not better to fall in the field of battle than on the scaffold?"

Olympia interrupted this soliloquy, by bringing in an excellent breakfast, concerning which she seemed very busy, and appeared as though she were born to be a housewife. Rinaldo made a remark to that effect, at which she laughed, but gave no other answer than "Much good may it do you," and went out.

Rinaldo left his bed, dressed himself, and took a hearty breakfast. Olympia soon returned and kept him company: but she spoke only of household affairs, and that with so much minuteness, that Rinaldo himself was astonished at her being so well acquainted with that kind of business, of which he had imagined her to be wholly ignorant. He endeavoured, however, to turn the conversation to the subject of which she had spoken before; but she only repeated what she had already said, and observing she must prepare for dinner, was about to leave the room; Rinaldo, however, detained her, and asked whether the noble Corsican was to be nothing better than Rinaldo's cook?

Olympia. Pardon me; much more. She wishes to be every thing to the deliverer of her country, and that includes both cook and housekeeper. Princesses have set me the example, and I am not ashamed of any labour I perform from such honourable motives. When the name of Rinaldo is engraved on marble, I will write the name of his cook with charcoal underneath, and add, "She supplied him with food, that he might become to her native country that which he proved her deliverer." 'Tis

true your name will be more durable than mine in the temple of fame, but I will renew it as often as the rain obliterates it: and should my tears fall upon the earth that covers thy ashes, I will pray to heaven, "Oh, give him whom I deplore, not these tears alone with which I water his grave, but give him my whole self, as I have given myself to him when alive."

Rinaldo. Olympia, these flattering words are—

Olympia. Oh! speak it not. What I feel must be answered by feelings, and not by words.

Rinaldo. Dreams leave no feelings behind them.

Olympia. But the remembrance—

Rinaldo. Beyond the grave?

Olympia. I hope so.

Rinaldo. And are you certain mine will be in the vales of Corsica?

Olympia. Where'er it be, oh, be it as late as possible! and if it may be, near mine; for I will never leave you more, till fate shall tear me from you. My existence is connected with yours by a powerful chain. I can die, but cannot leave you.

Rinaldo. Do you think Rosalia is with the old man of Fronteja?

Olympia. In safety she certainly is, and in your heart also; nor can I ever drive her thence. All I ask is the second place there—that next hers—my request is at least as just as my affection is true and tender. She is no Cor-

sican and my heart is enfolded in my love for my country. Will you unfold it? I will not resist: no veil shall conceal it from you. Behold and find it such as it is.

As she said this she reclined her head upon his bosom, and throwing her arms around him the big drops rolled down her beauteous cheeks; they uttered not a word; she pressed Rinaldo ardently to her bosom, then tore herself away.

"Alas!" said Rinaldo with a sigh, as he communed with himself, "so it is—I am destined to be the sport of an old juggler, and of an artful woman. 'Tis all concerted between them. We shall soon see, however, how to act."

He now went out, and took a view of the wild but confined scenery that surrounded him. Meanwhile Olympia was very busy in the kitchen, and sang as she worked in broken stanzas, and with frequent pauses. This awakened Rinaldo's fondness for music, and finding a guitar, which was his favourite instrument, he seated himself before the door, and sang a mournful song he had composed on his wretched prospects and condition.

Meanwhile Olympia came out, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "Rinaldo," said she, "sing such songs no more, or I shall die: Cruel man! wherefore this self-torment?"

"'Tis my song of repentance," replied Rinaldo.

"No," rejoined she, "'tis your destruction. It robs you of your courage and your fortitude

and changes you to a coward. In a moment of danger you would lose your presence of mind, and be subdued by your sorrows ere the enemy attacked you. With such feelings you can never lead the Corsicans to victory; thus self-subdued, you will never fight the fight of heroes."

"All I wish," said Rinaldo, with a deep sigh "is an honourable death."

"Alas! my wretched country?" exclaimed Olympia, and hurried from him.

He continued for awhile lost in reflection, but at length arose, and taking his guitar, climbed a hill, where he reclined beneath an aged pine; when casting his eyes over the prospect, he perceived a man ascending the hill, and at length approaching the hermitage, which he entered, and immediately Olympia came to the door and called Rinaldo, who found on his arrival a messenger with the following letter:

"Your friends rejoice in your escape, and revere your deliverer. Our numbers daily increase, and we are already in treaty for some ships. We shall meet where fame and honor and the boldest of their countrymen await you."

Rinaldo would have spoken with the messenger but he was already gone. Immediately after, Olympia brought in dinner, which was a frugal though a good repast, and accompanied with excellent wine.

Rinaldo passed three days in this solitude.

wholly lost in thought, while Olympia was more disposed to observe than to disturb him. She therefore employed herself in writing letters; which Rinaldo had no curiosity to read, though they often lay open, perhaps not undesignedly, before his eyes. She even received other letters by a messenger to whom she delivered those she had written, yet Rinaldo did not say a single word to the bearer.

Toward evening on the fourth day, as they were sitting before the door in perfect silence, like husband and wife after a quarrel, a man came from the valley toward their dwelling. He was a handsome youth, and walking boldly up to them, addressed them in these words;

"Peace be with you in the name of the old man of Fronteja! I am one of his young people."

As he said this he delivered a letter to Olympia; and while she read it, Rinaldo inquired, "How is your master?" "As he is always," returned the stranger, "well, and anxious for the welfare of his friends."

When Olympia had read her letter, the youth complained of hunger, thirst, and fatigue; upon which Olympia brought out some refreshments, and prepared him a bed for the night.

Rinaldo was still sitting at the door, and had lost himself in contemplating the firmament, when Olympia returned, and thus addressed him:

Olympia. I have received intelligence that some friends from Corsica are arrived, and are

with our friend at Fronteja. They are burning with desire to become acquainted with you, and will visit us a few days hence. I have the more pleasure in telling you this, as my brother is among these Corsicans, and will also pay us a visit. Luigino has strengthened his party, and has taken an advantageous position. Within three weeks four large ships will be ready for us, and every thing succeeds to our wishes. The ever brave Rinaldo alone is not as he ought to be. He holds back from the great enterprise, and is lost in himself.

Rinaldo. When a proper occasion offers he will be as he ought to be again.

Olympia. Oh, that we could but hope! Rosalia is at Fronteja—

Rinaldo. Is she there?

Olympia. Shall I write that you wish to see her here?

Rinaldo. Yes.

Olympia. I will do it.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Olympia. Why should I not? Perhaps—or rather most certainly, her company will make you gayer than mine; and so we shall all be gainers. With the return of your cheerfulness, your bold enterprising spirit will be awakened, though your low spirits have laid it asleep. Yes, Rosalia's presence will awaken it, she shall stay with you here, and I will go to Fronteja.

Rinaldo. And why?

Olympia. You would not wish me to stay

when Rosalia is with you? No, Rinaldo! my heart is not so devoid of feeling as to bear the presence of a successful rival without jealousy. My absence will at least preserve your friendship, and I will strive to conquer my passion for you.

Rinaldo made no reply, and Olympia, lighting a candle, wished him good night and left him. Rinaldo now paced to and fro before the house, then entered the room, came out again into the open air, and continued till midnight almost in a waking dream. At length suddenly starting up, he took a light and hurried, unknowing what he did, to Olympia's apartment, which he softly entered, and saw her in the arms of the youth sent from the old man of Fronteja.

He returned equally unperceived; and at day-break, before the youthful paramours were up, Rinaldo took his musket on his shoulder, and with hasty step quitted his abode.

Toward noon he reached a village, where he rested awhile, and then proceeded on his journey.

The shadows now began to lengthen, the sun approached the horizon; and he doubled his pace to reach a castle that appeared in view, before night. This he accomplished, and knocking at the door, found admission.

"Who are you?" said the porter.

"I am Baron Tegnano," replied Rinaldo, "and have lost my way while I was out shooting."

The porter made no reply, but fixed his eyes

on Rinaldo, who asked "To whom does this castle belong?"

"To the countess Martagno."

"To the countess Martagno!" said Rinaldo hastily, "is she here?"

"No, she is not here," replied the porter.

"Who lives in the castle?"

"A female friend of the countess, "Madonna Violanta."

"Madonna Violanta! I know her, and she knows me."

As he said this, he hastily entered the castle, and went up stairs, where he met with a maid servant, whom he desired to announce Baron Tegnano to her mistress. But the slowness of the maid not satisfying him, he passed her and entered an antichamber.

On hearing the sound of his footsteps, some one opened a chamber door, and he was met by Signora Violanta.

Violanta. Heavens! Baron Tegnano! Am I really not mistaken?

Rinaldo. You are not, good Violanta.

Violanta. Heavens! how came you here?

Rinaldo. In consequence of wanting a night's lodging.

Violanta was silent, but fixed her eyes on him, then returned into the chamber. Rinaldo followed her. She threw herself on a sofa, and exclaimed in broken words, "Oh, let me recover my wandering senses!"

Rinaldo now cast his eyes around the room, and beheld the portrait of the countess hanging

on the wall. "Is Dianora here?" exclaimed he, "Ah no! 'tis, alas! but her resemblance."

Thus saying, he hurried to the picture, took it from the wall, and kissed it with ardour. Violanta beheld him in silence; while he, lost in the contemplation of the beloved object, remarked not the impression his conduct made on the observant Violanta. After a long pause, he approached her, seized her hand, and asked, "Where is Dianora? Is Dianora happy?"

Violanta sighed and was silent, but Rinaldo with increasing vehemence repeated, "Where is Dianora? Where is my beloved Dianora?"

Violanta cast her eyes upon the ground.

Rinaldo. Is she dead?

Violanta. She lives.

Rinaldo. She lives! she lives! And well and happy?

Violanta. Ah, baron, how can you ask?

Rinaldo. I understand you, my misfortunes are hers. And how could it be otherwise? You know already—you know who I am?

Violanta. I have often seen you, baron, and——

Rinaldo. Ah, call me by my true name, I will not blush.

Violanta. By your true name! Is it not Tegnano?

Rinaldo. What! know you not? Has not the countess told you——?

Violanta. Told me what?

Rinaldo. Declare sincerely all you know of me.

Violanta. That you are more loved than you ought to be. That you have been false and—but I am silent. If your conscience does not reproach you—

Rinaldo. Violanta! I have saved you from the dreadful shades of death, and have a right to your gratitude; may I reckon upon it?

Violanta. You may.

Rinaldo. Then, I conjure you, tell me truly how much has the countess told you?

Violanta. I know she loves you, and that you have forsaken her.

Rinaldo. Oh! heavens!

Violanta. Your departure brought her almost to death's door; she had a dreadful illness, and the name of unfortunate mother ceased ere it existed.

Rinaldo. Where is she? Where does she live?

Violanta was silent, but beheld him with a wistful eye. Rinaldo, who, from her manner, concluded that she knew where the countess was, and that the latter had concealed his true name from her, perhaps to spare herself the shame a discovery of it would have brought upon her, now became bolder, and employed all his eloquence to induce her to declare to him where the countess was, but in vain. Violanta eluded all his questions, or parried them by other questions which might lead him from the subject. In this, however, she could not succeed.

While they were yet speaking, a bell which

hung in Violanta's chamber, was vehemently pulled, on which she started up, took a key and a light, and would have left the room. Rinaldo, however, detained her.

Rinaldo. Whither are you going?

Violanta. That I must not tell you.

Rinaldo. Whither does that bell call you.

Ah! doubtless to Dianora.

Violanta. What then do you imagine?—

Rinaldo. That she is here.

Violanta. You are mistaken.

Rinaldo. No no. My heart assures me she is here. You are going to her. Oh, tell her I am here; that—no, I will go with you; I will follow you; I must see her.

Violanta. The sudden alarm would kill her.

Rinaldo. Ha! you have betrayed yourself; she is here then? Come, let us go to her.

Violanta. By all the saints of heaven! no.

Rinaldo. She is here.

Violanta. Yes, the secret is out, she is. But you must not see her. She lives in silence, and alone as a penitent. The sight of you would destroy her.

Rinaldo. Oh Violanta! If ever you loved, oh let me but see her.

Violanta. I must not, cannot hazard it. Her health is ruined, her nerves are weak and relaxed, and your presence would strike her to the earth.

Rinaldo. Can I not see her unseen myself? --I will not speak to her if it must not be. Oh

she is so dear to me! Her life is dearer to me than my own.

The bell rung again louder and quicker.

Violanta. Oh heavens! something may have happened to her. Detain me not!

Rinaldo. I must see her.

Violanta. Resistless man! follow me, but conceal yourself, and speak not a single word.

Violanta now led the way and Rinaldo followed her along a gallery into a room, where she placed him at a niche and left him.

Here Rinaldo beheld a room entirely hung with black; and a table on which were a crucifix, a death's head, and two lighted wax tapers, which but feebly illumined the darkness of the room. Pale and emaciated, a female figure clothed in black walked to and fro. Rinaldo perceived it was Dianora. Tears stole from his eyes, his lips trembled, his hand shook and his feet almost refused to support him.

Violanta entered the chamber, and approached Dianora. Meanwhile Rinaldo listened to what passed.

"Ah, where have you been staying?" said she, reclining her head on Violanta's shoulder.

"I have been slumbering, and had a dreadful dream. Methought he was here; the traitor approached me, and covered my face with his bloody hand. The blood ran from his hand upon my bosom and my clothes, and burnt like fire through all my members. The fright waked me, and I thanked the holy Virgin that it was but a dream. But this dream has taken

a strong effect upon me. Ah, that I may never see that unfortunate man again!

Violanta. Never?

Dianora. Never. Neither waking nor in my dreams.

Violanta. Did you not lately say you received certain intelligence of his death?

Dianora. 'Tis true—and I believed it—and it would be well it were so.

Violanta. If you do not wish to see him again, believe it. But that is not so.

Dianora. Oh yes! both for my sake and for his.

Violanta. And for his?

Dianora. Yes, and far more than my own. for the unfortunate man is a traitor; and traitors deserve death. And he—has long deserved it. He has betrayed me, and his name is—Ah! let us speak no more of him. It was but a dream. He is still far away—He will never return.

Violanta. But if——

Dianora. No, no, he dares nor return. Nor could I dare to hold any communication with him, for he is a—traitor.

Violanta. But should his repentance ——

Dianora. His repentance can never uncommit his crime. He is a great, a dreadful criminal.

Violanta. Oh fear him not. Perhaps he loves you still.

Dianora. But I dare not love him. Oh *Violanta!* If you did but know—But enough! no more of him.

Dianora now seated herself upon a sofa and Violanta sat down beside her. After a long pause, Dianora asked, "Have you nothing new to tell me from the great world?"

Violanta. Yes, something that has happened very near us—in the castle itself.

Dianora. What is it?

Violanta. We have a stranger here, who has begged a night's lodging.

Dianora. But he does not know I am here?

Violanta. No; we granted his request in consequence of his noble appearance.

Dianora. And know you not who he is?

Violanta. He has not yet told us his name.

Dianora. Beware what you do; you know there are robbers about.

Violanta. He has no appearance of a robber.

Dianora. Appearances are deceitful. Yes, Violanta, appearances are very deceitful. Never judge too rashly of the heart by the face. I myself once—Robbers may disguise themselves, assume names and titles, and—Be upon your guard. Even the dreadful Rinaldini—Ah! heavens! should he—

Violanta. What ails you?

Dianora. My eyes!—Ah! my head—

Violanta. My dear countess!

Dianora. Peace! 'tis past—a dizziness—but 'tis gone. Ah! the dream! the dream. Put me to bed.

Violanta went into an inner chamber, and Rinaldo returned along the gallery to that of

Violanta, where he threw himself upon a sofa and gave a loose to his tears.

The door opened, and he endeavoured to recover himself. A maid came in and said "Sir baron, permit me to show you your chamber." Rinaldo arose and followed the girl, who conducted him to a neat room, where she left him, but soon returned, and laying a cloth, set out some cold meat, fruit and wine.

"Madonna Violanta wishes you a "good night," said the girl, and left the room.

Rinaldo, however, neither felt any appetite, nor was inclined to sleep. At length midnight arrived, but he was still up and heard a gentle knock at his door. He listened for a while, and heard a louder knock. Upon this he opened the door, and beheld Violanta.

"I am very glad" said she as she entered "to find you still up."

Rinaldo. Oh! you find me in a state of restless agitation I cannot describe.

• *Violanta.* You heard our conversation.

Rinaldo. Oh yes, I heard it, and it has almost destroyed me.

Violanta. What do you intend to do?

Rinaldo. She will certainly consent to see me.

Violanta. She has already.

Rinaldo. Indeed.

Violanta. We have spoken long and much of you as I put her to bed. I have by degrees prepared her. In a couple of days, I hope you will be able to see and speak to her.

Rinaldo. Oh, Violanto!—How can I—?

Violanta. No thanks. I am indebted to you for my life and deliverance—to-morrow we will speak further of this: may the good news I bring you procure you a night of repose.

She went, and Rinaldo remained in great agitation. At length he was about to undress himself, when he heard footsteps approaching his chamber. They seemed the steps of a man, and loud. They continued to approach. The door opened, and a tall thin figure dressed in black entered the room. A black mask concealed his face, and a hood was drawn over his head. He was girded with a knotted cord and his feet and hands were naked. This awful figure placed himself over against him, and threatened him with his finger. Rinaldo stood firm, placed his right hand on a pocket pistol, and said, "Who art thou? What wilt thou?"

With a hollow voice, the figure answered, "I summon you to appear within four-and-twenty hours before the tribunal of the strong judge of truth: the judge of all crimes which are committed in secret, but which are known to him. If you come not you shall be fetched."

"What have I to do with persons unknown?" said Rinaldo; "and who gave you a right to call yourself my judge?"

"Your crimes give it us, which give right to judge all men."

"Justice does not hide herself in night and darkness."

"Tis well for you if we do not bring you out to the light, where the sword of the executioner awaits you.

"And with you?"

"Repent."

Rinaldo was silent, and pointed to the door. The man in black fixed his eyes on him and said, "You will not come to us voluntarily?"

"No," replied Rinaldo, resolutely.

"Then force shall bring you to us."

"I will expect it. What can you do?"

"Experience shall tell you."

Thus saying, the figure proudly left the room. Rinaldo took the light to follow, and entered the antichamber, where he found the door shut, and could not discover whither the figure had so swiftly gone. He examined every corner with the light, but saw nothing. He listened, but nothing was to be heard.

Returning to his chamber, he perceived the door of a closet in the antichamber to be partly open, and thinking to find the figure there, opened it suddenly, and saw a skeleton. He started back, and the light fell from his hand.

He hurried into his room, fetched another light, rushed with a pistol cocked to the closet door, and found it locked. In vain did he strive to open it, for it was shut as fast as though it were a solid wall.

Uneasy and alarmed, he took up the fallen

light, returned to his room, locked the door, and went to bed.

He had no sooner risen on the following morning, than he hurried to Violanta, who was just leaving her room, and told him she was going to Dianora.

“The countess is not well,” said she, and I must not leave her to day for a moment. Meanwhile you shall not want any thing, and I will come to you as soon as I can; though perhaps that may not be till late in the evening, or not at all. Be not uneasy however, and to-morrow, perhaps, we shall see more of each other; to-morrow, perhaps, you may even see and speak with Dianora. Let us hope all will turn out agreeably to our wishes.

Rinaldo, who was but little satisfied with this promise, returned to his chamber. When he arrived at the mysterious closet, he stopped and examined it closely, but found it still shut fast; and seeing several paintings on the walls he also examined them, and perceived they were a series of pictures representing some secret history. In two of them appeared the black judge he had seen in the night. In the one he stood threatening with a poinard two lovers who were embracing, and in the other he was in a chapel, where he siezed a young lady by the arm who was praying and kneeling before an altar.

The maid now brought in breakfast, which disturbed him in his meditations.

“Have you any monks in the neighbour

nood," said Rinaldo to the girl, "who wear black?"

"Yes," replied she, "on the steep mountain beyond the village is a monastery of Carmelites, who wear black."

"Do any of them come here?" said Rinaldo.

"Three times a year," replied the girl, "the alms gatherer comes to collect the customary alms."

"Are then the Carmelites the confessors of the castle?"

"No; the confessors of the Franciscans, whose monastery is opposite us; with the Carmelites we have no communication."

Thus saying the girl left him, and Rinaldo went to the window more particularly to observe the Carmelite monastery.

Time now began to hang heavy upon Rinaldo; the day departed, and evening came; yet Violanta did not appear. At length, however, he received a note from her by the maid, saying, "To-day we cannot meet: to-morrow you shall hear more from me."

It was now night, and Rinaldo locked his door. The black messenger of justice did not come.

Early in the morning he arose, and was going to Violanta, when the maid brought him a letter from her to the following effect. "I have told Dianora you are here. She has confided her horrid secret to my bosom, and I know who and what you are. Leave the castle speedily. We have also left it, and when you

receive this, shall be many leagues off. You will not find us; we have taken effectual measures for that purpose. Fly and save yourself. Should the strong judge of truth discover your abode, he will not grant a long day of liberty. Farewell, thou dreaded proscribed man. May God amend, convert, and protect you."

VIOLANTA.

"Am I then everywhere," exclaimed Rinaldo, "the sport of masks and disguises? Must I everywhere hide myself in darkness? Does love itself take his flight from my name as from a crime? Away then with me, wretch that I am, into the bosom of my mother earth!" Thus saying he seized a pistol, cocked it, and held it to his mouth.

His arm sank as though it had received an electrical shock, and the pistol fell from his hand. He turned suddenly round, and the black figure was behind him. He threatened with his finger, and left the room.

As soon as Rinaldo had recovered his surprise, he took his musket on his shoulder and left the castle. He entered a hollow way, and had scarcely advanced a hundred paces when the black figure met him and cried out "Appear."

"Where are you to be found?" said Rinaldo with a resolute voice.

"To the right, on the height crowned with poplars, you will find a chapel. There we

are to be found," said he, and passed by Rinaldo with tranquillity. Rinaldo proceeded on his way.

"A mere trick of that old impostor of Fronteja," said he to himself: whose machine I am, as he has already told me himself. No; I will not come: and if that raven of misfortune appear again I——

Here the black figure again stood before him, and said: "What then will you do?"

Immediately Rinaldo seized his musket cocked it, took aim, and fired at him, but his piece missed fire, and flashed in the pan.

The black figure laughed, and said; Poor marksman! fire at the crows, not at me. Attempt it a second time, and I will crush you to atoms."

"Wilt thou?" cried Rinaldo, raging and beside himself; then threw down his musket rushed upon him, struck him in the breast, and instantly felt himself seized with gigantic arms, and thrown upon the ground so violently as to take away his senses.

When he came to himself he found his head bleeding, and the black figure had disappeared. His rage deprived him of speech. He started up, took his musket, and hurried with rapid steps away.

He had scarcely gone thirty paces, when he perceived by the road side, behind some bushes, a poor miserable, ragged figure, who the moment he saw him, cried out with all his

might; "Ah! my dear, good noble captain!"

Rinaldo started, and approaching him, perceived it was his faithful Ludovico, who instantly endeavoured to rise, while tears of joy flowed down his cheeks.

Rinaldo. Heavens! Ludovico, how you look!

Ludovico. Dreadfully I know.

Rinaldo. How came you into this wretched condition? you look horribly.

Ludovico. I am not only miserable and ragged, but my whole body is bruised and torn to pieces.

Rinaldo. Speak. What has happened to you.

Ludovico. When you sent me into yonder wood to reconnoitre round about the castle of the countess Martagno, I was proceeding with the utmost prudence, and learnt that the countess was not there, but in another castle, which was described to me, and to which I immediately set off. I presently reached it, and was scarcely a hundred paces from it, when suddenly—the devil knows how he came!—a black man in a mask stood before me.

Rinaldo. How.

Ludovico. As I tell you. He summoned me in a commanding tone before the tribunal of the strong judge of truth in secret. I laughed at him, and as he was rough with me, I gave him a box on the ear. But for this I paid dearly; for the fellow attacked me with the strength of a giant, knocked me down like a sparrow

and buffeted me on all sides till I became almost senseless. He then threw me like a bird or a rabbit over his shoulder, and dragged me to a chapel, before which he threw me down like a wallet. The door of the chapel immediately opened: two fellows in black came out, dragged me in by the legs, and threw me into a dark room. There I lay two days on a handful of straw, with no food but bread and water, and of that very sparingly. At length I was taken out, and carried before three men in masks, who sat round a table covered with black, and surrounded by human skeletons. They called themselves my judges, and told me I was a villain and a robber, and so forth. I thought it wisest to hold my tongue. At length they said I had already too long deserved a halter; that they would not hang me for my past crimes, but, that I should be condemned to a general penance. With this sentence I was taken away and stripped by four executioners, who flogged me till I was covered with blood. This was repeated every day; and the rascals laid on so unmercifully, that their lashes almost went to my bones. At length there was no more flesh for them to cut; so this morning they turned me out of the chapel. I have crawled hither, but can crawl no farther.

Rinaldo. How! And this penance I too was to have undergone?

Ludovico. You! God protect you and all men from it!

Here Rinaldo related to him what had happened to himself, and Ludovico crossed himself with wonder, till Rinaldo at length exclaimed, "Come, and let us set their nest on fire."

He had scarcely uttered these words when the black magician stood before him, and thundered out to him; "Wretched worm! have you not yet sufficiently experienced the strength of my arm? Must I totally annihilate you?"

Rinaldo rushed upon him like a madman with his poniard, but the black man eluded him. Rinaldo collected all his strength, seized him with his left hand, and with his right struck his poniard at his breast. The stroke gave a hollow sound, and Rinaldo perceived he had struck upon a breastplate. He struck again and pierced his arm: The black man bellowed aloud, tore himself from him with gigantic strength; pushed Rinaldo back so artfully that he fell, and then with rapid steps took to flight.

"Death and damnation!" cried Ludovico, "what will become of us, if that sorcerer brings his party out against us? They will beat all our bones to a jelly."

Meanwhile they heard the tinkling of bells, and saw a half a dozen muleteers coming down the hill with about thirty unloaded mules, to fetch salt from Saldona. When they approach-

ed, Rinaldo accosted them, and pointing to Ludovico, asked if they would not let that poor fellow, who had been maltreated by robbers, ride on one of their mules, and he would pay them himself?

"If you will pay for him, the man may ride," said the chief of the party; "but he might also ride if you did not pay, for we are Christians and not heathens. Those rascals of Rinaldini's band make a great number of unfortunates. We have given assistance to a great many more who lay upon the road, plundered, naked, and half murdered."

Ludovico who was very happy to find himself so strongly escorted, was tied on a mule, after which the cavalcade proceeded, and Rinaldo continued conversing with his new companions.

Rinaldo. You talk of Rinaldini's band? Is it not entirely exterminated?

Muleteer. By no means. What is cutting a couple of dozen of such fellows to pieces? They grow up like mushrooms.

Rinaldo. Is not Rinaldini himself long ago shot dead?

Muleteer. Aye, that is the common cry; but it is not true. Nor will he be so soon taken

Rinaldo. Why not?

Muleteer. Humph! Can't you guess? He has a charm, that is certain. He is proof against both lead and steel; and some say he can make himself invisible. That, however, I

will not assert; but it is certain they cannot keep him when they have him. For if he is taken, he is instantly at liberty again. He is certainly a fine bold fellow, but I would not be in his skin; for what will be the end of it? By and by the devil will come and tell him his time is out; there is the contract—march, come along with me;" and so he will twirl him over his shoulder in a twinkling.

Rinaldo. You don't imagine——?

Muleteer. Yes, he has certainly a contract with the devil, otherwise he would have swung, and kicked the air with his legs long ago. But after all he is a most unfortunate man. Of what use to him are all the treasures of the world, since his soul is damned? That is the most valuable of possessions. If he cannot preserve that treasure, I would not give a farthing for all the rest. To live honest and die happy is the best of fortunes. But with Rinaldini 'tis a gay life and a miserable death; which is sad fate. He cannot sleep so peacefully on his coffers of gold, as I on my pack-saddles and panniers.

Rinaldo. 'Tis said, however, he is very benevolent.

Muleteer. The deuce take his benevolence. He robs first and then gives away. I shall never get any thing by him. God bless and save my hard earned bread. I would not steal or deceive any man, even to the value of a farthing.

Rinaldo. 'Tis true he pursues a miserable trade.

Muleteer. He is always at hand, and comes uncalled like crows watching for carrion. He had better have learnt some other trade, for he is no fool. Of robbers and their adventures he must know enough; and God preserve all good Christians from such knowledge!

Rinaldo. He himself does not steal any thing.

Muleteer. But he makes others steal, and that is as bad. In short, not a word can be said for him; for he is a most desperate rogue, and no one ever so boldly set justice at defiance.

Rinaldo. How old may he be?

Muleteer. Some say he is not six-and-twenty, others thirty, but that is the utmost. He has long been ripe for the gallows. I should like however to see him once; but not to have any thing to do with him as an enemy, for he has too many accomplices.

Rinaldo. Where is his haunt now?

Muleteer. No one knows. He is like Nobody, everywhere at once. Sometimes he goes about as a cavalier, lives in cities, and gallants noble ladies about; but if search is made for him, he is gone in an instant, and no one knows where. He goes about the country in fine clothes, and assumes every shape and appearance. To-day here, to-morrow there, and his band constantly surrounds him.

Ludovico now perceived upon the hill the chapel of the black men. He shuddered from head to foot, sighed deeply, and gave his master a significant look, upon which the latter turned toward it, and seeing the chapel, understood his meaning.

BOOK VIII.

"That chapel," said Rinaldo, "appears a very old building."

"O, yes," replied the muleteer, "but not a soul cares to visit it; for it is quite ruinous, and has neither picture nor altar. It is probably occupied by crows and owls, unless it may sometime afford shelter to Signor Rinaldini and his birds of night."

Rinaldo perceived, no information could be procured from his new companions relative to this place, and therefore said no more.

At length they arrived at Saldona, where Rinaldo paid generously for Ludovico's ride, and had him carried to some Jews, where he clothed him anew. He then procured him salves and plasters from an apothecary, no were

provisions forgotten. Having slept at the siesta, and hired a chaise, they proceeded on their journey.

Meanwhile Rinaldo examined his musket and found it uncharged; which explained the reason of its missing fire at the blackman.

"They have drawn the charge," said he to himself, "at the castle, in order to maltreat me with impunity. What! can Violanta have an understanding with the black fraternity for some object which may regard the countess? Or would Ludovico have been so maltreated had he not endeavoured to find out the countess's abode? The pictures too in the castle, in which the black figure appeared; the skeleton in the closet, and those which Ludovico saw at the black tribunal! Umph—All this may lead to various conjectures. What if Dianora herself were maltreated by a band of villains who should conspire against her and her property? Oh! that I were now at the head of a score of my men! I would certainly unravel this mystery."

Near Merona, Rinaldo and Ludovico descended from their chaise, sent it back with the driver, and took a by-road, where they met two men with some mules, whom Ludovico discovered to be his old acquaintances Luzio and Jordano, both of Luigino's band.

The mutual joy of meeting was great, and they presently entered on a more particular conversation, which Rinaldo began as follows:

Rinaldo. Where is Luigino?

Jordano. All we know is, that he has divided his troops, half remaining with him, and half under the command of Amalato. We were among these last. Within six days we were alarmed, and we and ten more were cut off; since which we have never been able to join the main body. In the meanwhile we act for ourselves in this neighbourhood.

Rinaldo. Have you a safe place to harbour in?

Luzio. Oh, yes.

Jordano. Up to the ears in rocks and forests.

Rinaldo. I will join you.

Luzio. How?

Jordano. Are you serious?

Rinaldo. As I have said.

Jordano. Thunder and lightning! 'twill procure us both fame and fortune.

They now mounted the mules, and Rinaldo joined the party, who now felt three times as strong as they really were, in consequence of having the dreaded Rinaldini at their head.

Rinaldo immediately gave his orders, sent some of his men out to recruit, and others in search of their old comrades; declaring to them all that he was meditating a grand blow. This made them proud and joyous, and *viva Rinaldini!* resounded from all the rocks.

On the fourth day two more of Luigino's men were brought in, who had been found

straggling, and who were very glad to meet with their companions. Three new recruits were also admitted and sworn; and thus Rinaldo was nineteen strong. With these men he wheeled to the left, up the ridge of mountains above Saldona, on whose left side stood the chapel, against which he had sworn vengeance.

Rinaldo pitched his tent in an uninhabited valley among rocks, and soon received proofs of the courage of his people, who made rich booty on all sides. Thus they wanted neither money nor provisions. They also brought in two footpads, who with great pleasure joined the newly established banditti.

When they had procured the ammunition they wanted, and Ludovico had recovered, Rinaldo set forward with his party, took possession of the pass of the mountain, and came at midnight to the devoted chapel. Finding the door fast, they immediately broke it open, and searched the place by torch light; but they found nothing but vaults and caverns, and all was empty and void.

The speech of the muleteer was now fulfilled, for Rinaldo took up his quarters in the chapel.

The following evening he removed into the valley below, and at the approach of night marched against the castle of the Countess of Martagno. When he had taken possession of all the outer doors, and was about to enter the

castle with Ludovico and Jordano, some of his men told him they heard the sound of horses' feet of a considerable party of cavalry. Upon this Rinaldo drew his men together, and wheeled to the left, into a wood which he had scarcely reached, when the troops approached it. His men were on the alert and ready to fire, the dogs were silent and upon the watch, when a number of burning torches appeared.

"'Tis strange!" said Ludovico: "a detachment of cavalry never march by torch light."

The party still approached, consisting of twelve horsemen, who surrounded a carriage drawn by mules. Some bore torches, and all were in black, and masked, exactly like the black man who had maltreated Rinaldo and Ludovico.

They were now very near the wood, which Rinaldo quitted, and placed himself in the way of the cavalcade with his gun cocked. Behind him were Ludovico, Luzio, Jordano, and two more of their companions ready to fire, while the rest of the party inclosed them on their right flank in a semicircle.

"Halt!" said Rinaldo with a thundering voice; "here is one who would know who you are."

"Who is he?" said the chief of the party, "who is he that dares to command us? us whom all men fear! us, whose power is dreadful?"

"Dreadful and powerful as you may be," said Rinaldo, "I have a name to oppose to you that makes whole cities tremble, and a few leaden balls will soon put an end to your power, and the terror you excite. I am Rinaldini."

"He is not the man," replied the chief, "that can frighten us; nor is he powerful enough to threaten us with effect, since he himself is in our power."

"You lie," cried Rinaldo with bitterness, "Rinaldini is in no man's power."

"You fool!" returned the leader, "your threats might soon be turned against yourself, if you did not excite our pity; but at a proper time you shall repent of it. The lashes of the powerful ones fall heavy. Of that ask Ludovico."

"I hope," cried Ludovico "to pay stroke for stroke."

"Now," continued the black man, "it is our turn to ask you, Rinaldini, why you place yourself in our way? What would you?"

"Satisfaction," quickly returned Rinaldo, "for unauthorized maltreatment practised toward Ludovico and myself. I care not for your pretended power. I will also know what you are thus secretly conveying in the carriage."

"Of all that," replied the black man, "I shall not say a word. We shall give no man any account of our proceedings. Abandon

your design and begin to repent, otherwise severe justice will be executed on you."

Rinaldo made no reply, but gave a signal, upon which his party hemmed in the cavalcade still closer.

"One word more," said he, "and you are dead men. Open the secrets of your carriage voluntarily and surrender, or you shall pay for your obstinacy with your lives."

"You may do as you please," replied the black man, "but I will acquaint you with your own danger: you are surrounded. On all the heights arms are glittering to your destruction; surrender to us on discretion, or your lives are forfeited."

"Captain," whispered Jordano, "the heights seem actually full of men;" and Ludovico in their cant told him the same.

"The die is cast," replied Rinaldo; "we shall not be so easily taken; certainly not without bloodshed. Besides, the moment I give the signal we shall cut our way through."

He now turned again to his antagonist, and asked "For the last time will you surrender voluntarily?"

"For the last time," replied the other, "No."

Rinaldo fired his pistol at the black leader of the party, and twenty more shot were fired by his people. Three of the black men fell, the rest drew their pistols and shot two of

Rinaldo's men; then setting spurs to their horses, they galloped off.

Rinaldo approached the carriage, and raised the curtain, expecting to clasp Dianora in his arms, but instead of a human being found a coffin.

Jordano, Ludovico, and Luzio mounted the horses of the killed, and now on all sides trumpets were heard, and soon after the alarm-bell was rung in all the villages.

"Quick," said Rinaldo, "quick with the carriage to the mountain on the right." He then vaulted on a horse which Ludovico brought him, and galloped toward the pass followed by Jordano and Luzio.

Ludovico and some of his companions sprang on to the carriage and within. The rest kept close together, and the whole party followed their captain as fast as possible.

Rinaldo had scarcely reached the narrow pass of the mountain, when he and his companions dismounted and took post there, resolved to defend this retreat to the last, but no opponents appeared, and they were not attacked.

Soon after came the carriage, and by degrees the rest of the party, who drew off toward a more retired part of the mountain, and by break of day reached a small valley, when they halted. Both mules and horses were left to enjoy the miserable herbage of the valley in liberty, and Rinaldo mustered his people, of whom

none were missing but the two that were killed

Rinaldo now ordered the coffin to be taken out of the carriage. It was extraordinary heavy, and nailed down very fast, but being forced open proved full of gold and silver vessels, closely packed together, with plates, dishes, mugs, goblets, and jewels ; and two caskets containing rings, watches, and six rolls of a hundred ducats each.

"Aha !" said Rinaldo, "now we know these gentlemen. They are of our own trade, only under a different appearance. This is the cause of their hatred toward us. 'Tis envy brings them out against us. 'Tis well they have made a collection here, which we will divide like the heirs of an old usurer."

He immediately wrote down the shares of the distribution, and each had a considerable sum. He himself only kept one of the horses and two rolls of ducats ; the rest of what was due to him he gave up for half its value in money.

Thinking it probable he might be pursued, he divided his band, and pointed out to his companions the road they were to take to the right and left, in order by degrees to approach the place wherein he imagined Luigino might be, and whither he himself intended to go.

Every thing being now in order, he mounted his horse, as did Ludovico and Jordano as his

attendants, and all three took the great road to Nisetto.

They had scarcely left the valley, when they met an armed man, who placed himself in their way: he delivered a letter to Rinaldo, who beheld him with suspicion, and gave his attendants the wink, which they understanding, dismounted and seized the stranger, who stood firm, without the least motion, or sign of fear. The letter was to the following effect:

“Courageous Rinaldini.

“Your fortitude and courage excite our admiration. You have overcome us, and from foes converted us into friends. We now solemnly offer you our hands in an alliance which you must not refuse; for it is the offer of men who are sufficiently dreaded to make themselves respected every where. Tired of the yoke of a tyrannical government, we are resolved to rule ourselves. You who deserve to be at the head of an army, will take the office that is so well adapted to you. We would know where we may find you, that we may communicate further by word of mouth. You may confide your answer to the bearer without the least suspicion; we expect it will be conformable to our wishes.”

“Your friends,

“The Black Judges in secret.”

Rinaldo tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and with a pencil wrote, "Rinaldini desires not to be more acquainted with you than he is already. He is no rebel against his king, and despises your offer. He will be able to punish you, and will never suffer himself to be called your friend."

He folded up the note, and silently delivered it to the messenger, who received it in like manner, and left him without uttering a word.

When he was gone, Rinaldo communicated the contents of the letter to his companions, and they were still speaking on this subject when they saw a coach coming toward them; in which, as it approached, Rinaldo perceived to his utter astonishment, Olympia sitting beside a stranger, who, from the attendants, appeared to be a person of rank and condition.

At the sight of Rinaldo she turned pale, but gave no signs of knowing him; and when he bowed to her returned his salutation with great dignity and distance. Rinaldo stopped one of the servants, who was some way behind, and asked, "Who the gentleman might be?"

"The mayor of Nisetto," said the servant.

Ludovico looked at Rinaldo, and said laconically, "So we did not choose to know yond lady, I suppose?" "Certainly," said Rinaldo laughing, otherwise we should have acted in a different manner."

"The mayor," said Ludovico, "will soon

find her out; and who knows whether, when he once knows her thoroughly, he may not repent of having made her acquaintance."

"Very possibly."

"I must confess the signora falls into a great variety of hands; but, suppose she were to come into the clutches of the black men, and they should inflict on her a punishment for knowing us, like that I experienced. They have written the whole calendar on my back in my own blood, and it would be a pity to impress so many red-letter lines on the signora's delicate body as they have on mine. Yes, yes, if I ever forgive the villains their cruelty, I will confess myself a fool and a coward."

He was still going on with this oration, when Jordano observed that a great cloud of dust appeared before them, which seemed to arise from a body of horse. And so it proved; for at length the cloud approached, and the troops came in sight; upon which Rinaldo ordered his men to prepare their arms, and rode directly toward them.

In fact it was a body of dragoons that were come out against him. The officer returned his salutation with the utmost politeness, and said; "May I ask your name?"

Rinaldo answered without hesitation or delay, "I am a traveller, by birth a Roman, and my name is Baron Tegnano. These are my servants."

"Doubtless, you have a passport?" said the officer.

"Oh yes," replied Rinaldo readily, and letters of recommendation from the mayor of Nissetto, whose relation I have the honour to be."

"That is all perfectly right," returned the officer, "otherwise you would be stopped wherever you meet any soldiers, which you will very frequently."

Rinaldo. How happens that? Is there any danger from the Barbaresques?

Officer. We are too far from the coast for that. But there are a great many robbers about; and Rinaldini with his band is in the neighbourhood.

Rinaldo. So I have heard, but I scarcely believed it.

Officer. 'Tis true, however. And besides, there is another set of thieves; but nobody knows whether they belong to Rinaldini's band or not. They wear black monks habits, and so make themselves much feared. I am glad to see you and your people are so well armed, otherwise I would give you an escort. Even a military body run some hazard in engaging with such a banditti, for they fight like desperadoes. You are going to Molano?

Rinaldo. I am.

Officer. I wish you a pleasant journey. Thus they took leave of each other.

Ludovico observed, "We got off very luckily. I was in a terrible fright lest he

should ask to see our passports and letters of recommendation."

Jordano. So was I. And what would you have done if he had?

Ludovico. Ay, let us hear what you would have done, captain!

Rinaldo. For that I was prepared.

Ludovico. Well.

Rinaldo. I would have taken out my pocket book, turned over the leaves, looked for the papers, and seemed much disturbed at not finding them. "I have left my papers behind me," would have been my answer, and I would have proposed to go back to Nisetto to the mayor. There we should have found Olympia, and you do not imagine she would suffer any evil to befall us.

Ludovico. Bravo! I should not have hit upon it so soon, and yet I flatter myself I have my share of shrewdness. You deserve, indeed, were it only for this, to be our captain.

Jordano. Yes, by heavens! that is true. I am very happy I am in your service. Perhaps I shall gain by it in various ways.

They now trotted on fast; not to Molano, as Rinaldo told the officer, but turned off to the left toward the mountains, where about noon they reached a small village. Near it was a monastery, which served as an inn for travellers, and at which they stopped.

While their frugal dinner was preparing, Rinaldo enclosed the letter he had received

from the black fraternity, to the mayor of Nisetto, and sent it by a messenger accompanied with the following letter :

" To the Mayor of Nisetto..

" Sir—The inclosed letter from a black fraternity is sent you by the man whom it invites to enter into a conspiracy against the lawful government of this island. He has no inclination to hold any communication with these men ; and informs you of this set of banditti, who hide themselves in dark places. You will know what measures to take. The banished, dishonored, and despised robber-captain, is no rebel ; he has renounced his way of life, and will soon be no more in this island. He wishes you all health and happiness.

" RINALDO RINALDINI."

Having arranged this business, he gave himself up to the contemplation of the romantic spot before him. The inn was at the foot of a high mass of rock, on a peak of which stood a beautiful castle surrounded with high walls, and adorned with numerous towers. It reminded him of the castle of Martagno, and recalled the remembrance of the days that were gone.

Wandering about the foot of the rock, lost in silent contemplation, he approached a bush, from behind which a fellow suddenly rushed upon him, threw him down, bound him and

dragged him behind the bush. Here upon a signal given, a trap door covered with turt arose, and Rinaldo was dragged down some steps through a dark passage. A flight of steps, and another trap door, brought him up again to daylight, and he found himself in a large court of a castle. Here his bands were loosened, and he was suffered to recover breath.

He inquired where he was, but only received for answer, that time would inform him.

On the stairs he was met by a kind of warden, who gave him three keys, saying: "These are the keys of the three apartments appointed for your residence in this castle."

Rinaldo. Apartments?

Warden. Yes apartments.

Rinaldo. And not dungeons?

Warden. God defend us from all the dungeons of this castle; they are horrible. But why should a prison receive the noble baron?

Rinaldo. Do you know then who I am?

Warden. I know nothing more of you, than that I am ordered to attend on you, and that you are a noble baron, with whose name I am unacquainted.

Rinaldo. In whose castle am I?

Warden. That I dare not tell you.

Rinaldo. Through whose means am I here?

Warden. I know not.

Rinaldo. Tell me all the instructions you have received relative to me.

Warden. To lodge you in the three rooms I have mentioned; to wait on you and to keep

you company whenever you wish it, but not otherwise ; my wife is to wash and cook for you, and for the rest I am to wait further orders.

Rinaldo. And may I not know the name of the proprietor of the castle ?

Warden. Not from me.

Rinaldo. Am I then a kind of state prisoner ?

Warden. That may be. I know not why or wherefore you are brought hither

Rinaldo said no more, but desired to see his apartments, which were very neatly furnished. He found pen, ink, and paper, books, and even a guitar, which showed that whoever had ordered him to be brought there, knew his mode of life.

The view from his apartment was beautifully romantic. He went to a window to enjoy it, and a telescope increased the pleasure he received.

He saw also the inn he had stopped at, and his companions, Jordano and Ludovico, who were searching about with great anxiety, and could not discover any traces of their master. He halloed and made signs, but his voice was sent back by the rocks, and his signs were unobserved. He then wrote a paper and gave it to the wind ; but it whirled in airy circles round and round, till at length it was caught by a hawthorn near the castle.

He now began to reflect on other means of

attracting the attention of his companions; when he saw some men on horseback arrive at the inn. They surrounded Ludovico and Jordano; a firing was heard, sabres glittered, and both parties soon disappeared in a cloud of dust that moved toward the left. It seemed that Jordano and Ludovico were carried off, and the place was void of any appearance of men.

The departing sun left Rinaldo pensive at his window, and there the moon and stars still found him.

Three days had now passed, and the evening of the fourth was come, when, as Rinaldo sat upon his couch, the door opened, and a female figure in a veil suddenly appeared. She stood still near the door; and Rinaldo having contemplated her during a few moments in silence asked, "Who is there?"

She approached, came close to the couch and held out her hand.

"Do I know you or not?"

"You do."

"Who are you?"

"Guess."

"How can I? Yet I suspect."

"Then who am I?"

"Olympia."

Olympia. You have guessed right.

Rinaldo. How came you hither?

Olympia. As you came.

Rinaldo. By force?

Olympia. Not so, but by the same road.

Rinaldo. You know then the private ways of the castle?

Olympia. Not yet. 'Tis the first time I have been here.

Rinaldo. What wilt thou?

Olympia. Can you ask? I am come to see you.

Rinaldo. Can you then leave the mayor?

Olympia. You see I can.

Rinaldo. But will he not be jealous?

Olympia. He is a good-natured man.

Rinaldo. So much the better for you.

Olympia. And for you also. He is one of us.

Rinaldo. That is to say he is a machine of the old man of Fronteja?

Olympia. The same.

Rinaldo. Bravo!

Olympia now took a seat by Rinaldo, who burst out laughing.

Olympia. What diverts you?

Rinaldo. Many things.

Olympia. That is no answer to my question.

Rinaldo. Answer me first.

Olympia. What do you ask?

Rinaldo. Wherefore am I here?

Olympia. For your own safety.

Rinaldo. Who ordered me to be seized and brought here?

Olympia. Your friend.

Rinaldo. The old man.

Olympia. The same.

Rinaldo. To whom belongs this castle?

Olympia. To one of our friends. Were you not here you would be in a dungeon. Ludovico and Jordano are probably now in fetters. The black fraternity are, as you know, very powerful.

Rinaldo. You know then that they persecute me?

Olympia. I know it.

Rinaldo. What! And do not the black fraternity also belong to your party?

Olympia. Not to my knowledge. If so, how could they be your enemies?

Rinaldo. 'Tis all a masquerade, perhaps.

Olympia. And why?

Rinaldo. To raise the merit of the protection you pretend to afford.

Olympia. That is a joke we have no need of.

Rinaldo. Then who are these blustering scoundrels?

Olympia. What you have said; yet they are very powerful by means of their secret bonds of union.

Rinaldo. Are they more powerful than the old man of Fronteja, and they who devote themselves to him?

Olympia. No; but yet they are very powerful. Meanwhile your letter to the mayor has given them a powerful blow. It is now in the hands of government, who are besides very watchful of these men. A little more and

they will be utterly destroyed. But of that you will hear. Now for my message to you.

Rinaldo. What is it?

Olympia. I am to ask you whether you are still resolved to go to Corsica?

Rinaldo. You have but to command your machine.

Olympia. We would hear your determination from your own free will.

Rinaldo. Then I am not your machine?

Olympia. You are free. The old man leaves you to your own free will. Even should you determine not to go to Corsica, you may leave this castle as soon you please, and go where you please.

Rinaldo. I take you at your word.

Olympia. You may do so if you choose.

Rinaldo. I do.

Olympia. Then you will not go to Corsica?

Rinaldo. When I have spoken with the old man, and with Luigino, I will explain myself more fully.

Olympia. And not to me?

Rinaldo. No.

Olympia. Then good night.

Thus saying she arose, went toward the door, stopped, and seemed waiting for something. Rinaldo wished her a good night's rest. Upon this she came back; and seized his hand but Rinaldo drew it back. She continued standing.

Rinaldo. Do you want any thing more?

Olympia. I have more to say to you.

Rinaldo. Then say it.

Olympia. It is something——

Rinaldo. Unpleasant?

Olympia. More than unpleasant.

Rinaldo. Be it what it may, I must and will hear it.

Olympia. Your dear Rosalia is ill.

Rinaldo sighed, but made no answer. *Olympia* waited in vain for a reply, and again went to the door, and stood still.

Olympia. Have you no commands for Rosalia?

Rinaldo. A thousand good wishes for her recovery.

Olympia. But suppose she—*Rinaldo!* Rosalia is very ill.

Rinaldo. Oh heavens!

Olympia. Should she die—?

Rinaldo. 'Tis no enviable fate to be the paramour of a proscribed robber captain. What happiness could the poor girl rationally expect here upon earth? to see her lover upon the rack, herself exposed in the pillory, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a house of correction, for having loved him?

Olympia. *Rinaldo!* You forget the laurels that flourish for you in the vales of Corsica.

Rinaldo. These are no bridal chaplets for a girl, nor do they really flourish for me. That venerable plant, formed for the brows of victorious and triumphant emperors, will never cool

the temples of a robber. On my forehead the laurel itself would fade, and posterity would think it a satire on every hero it ever graced.

Olympia. Unfortunate man!

Rinaldo. Now you call me by my true name.

Olympia. What will, what can become of you?

Rinaldo. Alas; it is too easy to guess.

Olympia. You are dispirited. How will all this end?

Rinaldo. As it must end.

Olympia. Alas! Can you speak thus? Resume your fortitude, and be what you ever were—a great man.

Rinaldo. Shame not the truly great by such a parallel.

Olympia. History will inform you—

Rinaldo. No comparisons! no examples! I know what I am.

Olympia was silent, and covered her face over with her veil. Rinaldo beat his forehead, and sighed deeply.

Olympia. Rinaldo! Rinaldo!

Rinaldo. Rosalia is very ill?

Olympia. I must not deceive you; she is—

Rinaldo. Dead?

Olympia. Dead.

Rinaldo. Farewell, dear girl! 'Tis well for thee that thou art no more! Olympia!

Olympia. Rinaldo!

Rinaldo. 'Tis well for her, is it not?

'Twere well for me, were I too dead. But yet a little while—

Rinaldo turned to the wall and wept, and Olympia left the room. At length he threw himself on his couch and slept.

A noise awoke him from a horrid dream. He, perceiving a strong light in the room, and rubbing his eyes, saw a table set out with wax candles, bottles, and glasses, at which Cinthio, Nero, Ludovico, Jordano, Luigino, Olympia, and Eugenia, were sitting, with a candle before each guest. Rinaldo beheld them in silence, as in an optical exhibition, while they not perceiving he was awake, proceeded with their conversation.

Ludovico. They had already handcuffed us, and began to talk of horrid things, for example, of the rack, of beheading and hanging, and the like. This made us somewhat uneasy, and we imagined we were about to end our lives amid the cruellest torments, when assistance unexpectedly arrived.

Jordano. Ay! We shall never forget the old man of Fronteja. Come let us drink his health.

All. Success to the old man of Fronteja!

Ludovico. He has also frequently rescued our brave Rinaldini from the hands of justice. Yes, he would long since have been food for crows, had not the friendly old man interposed.

Olympia. That is true. Rinaldini is indebt-

ed to him for his life in various ways. He ought to be very grateful to him.

Cinthio. Certainly. My friend Rinaldo is not ungrateful. 'Tis a great pleasure to me to have become acquainted with the good old man and his worthy friend Olympia. There was I, forester of a trifling baliwick, when the only luxury I experienced was to kill a badger or a wild cat, to avoid starving. But now we shall hunt the proud and insolent French.

Luigino. Perdition seize them! Long live the brave Corsicans, who are expecting our arrival, and that of their deliverer.

All. Long live the brave Corsicans!

Ludovico. Perdition seize the French!

Nero. How long may it be before we can join our countrymen?

Luigino. At the utmost a couple of months.

Nero. Were it but a couple of days, I could scarcely wait so long to salute them.

*Ludovico.** But how strong are we?

Luigino. We shall*embark above four hundred strong, and shall find in Corsica above three thousand friends, besides those who will join us as soon as we shall have struck the first blow, and occupy some tenable position. Fort Ajalo will be first taken.

Nero. And the French garrison must be put to death.

Ludovico. They must. We must make ourselves feared. Thunder and lightning. there will be a terrible alarm when it is known

that the invincible corps of Rinaldini is there. They are very devils to their enemies, and the most generous of mankind to their friends. They shed their blood for the liberty of the injured and oppressed Corsicans. Yes, my friends, 'twill bring us fame and honour. Already do I see our names shine upon the obelisk of fame that will be erected to us and our victorious arms; and posterity will say, "Behold the deeds of men who have been called robbers and banditti. Behold their names in letters of gold, and at the head of them that of Rinaldini."

Nero. Will our old man go with us?

Luigino. Undoubtedly. He too is a Corsican, and has the good of his country much at heart.

Eugenia. And will all the ladies at Fronteja go with us?

Olympia. All. Many of them will fight beside their brave companions, with manly courage and patriotism. Others will weave chaplets for the victorious combatants, and their kisses will reward every act of heroism.

A tall handsome man, with a noble air, now entered the room. Luigino called him Astolfo, and Olympia gave him the appellation of brother. He sat down, and another wax candle was lighted and set before him. His glass was filled, and the conversation proceeded.

Cintho. Well! How are we? Is the castle full?

Astolfo. Oh, that it were full of enemies to the French! We are ninety strong already.

Ludovico. Oh, that we were already arrived in Corsica! Yes, the cutler, or gunsmith, whose weapon first destroys a Frenchman, will be so dear to me, that I will pay for ten masses for his soul, and all his family shall sing a *de profundis* when he dies, with wax candles, at my expense.

Astolfo. Early in the morning at the latest, Amalato will be here with his thirty men.

Luigino. Where is Malatesta with his party.

Astolfo. He is coming round by the mountains of Tolona. He is gone out once more in pursuit of the black fraternity.

Ludovico. God reward him! If he can but exterminate that cursed band!

Olympia. I doubt not you often remember these black men in your prayers?

Ludovico. Oh, yes! the cursed scoundrels! They have made so deep an impression on me that I feel it in all my nerves and limbs every time the wind changes.

Jordano. Yes, they handled you very roughly indeed; you must think of them every new moon.

Ludovico. Every time the wind changes, I tell you. They stamped a perpetual almanack on my hide; I feel it in every vein whenever the cock crows. But the first time any of them come within my reach, I will pay them handsomely. Yes, their flesh will be so cut to

pieces, when the crows come to feed on them that they may tear it off without trouble. Hark ye, I feel such a rage against these black gentlemen, that I would load them with all the mortal sins of the world, and with all the pests of the Levant.

Rinaldo was still listening to the conversation while the goblet went gaily round, when the door opened and the old man of Fronteja entered. They all arose from their seats, and saluted him with the greatest respect. He gave them a friendly nod, sat down, and joined in the circle. Two wax candles were placed before him, and his glass was filled.*

Old Man. Pure as the wax and flame of these candles, is the view of all those who are here assembled together; resolved to tread the soil of a country which, when manured with the blood of its tyrants, will yield us a rich harvest of fame. We sow and reap for the oppressed. We are the husbandmen of fame and justice. We come to burst the chains of a brave, an unhappy, and an enslaved nation.

Luigino. 'Tis true. . We come to save them.

Old Man. The day of vengeance and salvation is nigh, and a new sun rises upon Corsica. Spirit of the noble but unfortunate Theodore, appear to the friends of thy country which thou lovedst, and would'st have saved!

As he said this he raised his hand above his

glass, and suddenly the wine began to hiss in it like fermenting must. The bubbles rose high up, and leaving the rim of the glass, formed a pyramid, changed to a mantling cloud, burst in the air, and became a vapoury indistinct appearance of a man. The lights became dim; the form hovered over them clear and transparent, high above the table like a cloud, then disappeared. The lights again brightened, but the form was gone. The company sat in speechless astonishment, and the old man drank-off his glass to the memory of King Theodore.

They were all still sitting in silent expectation, when the old man turned toward Rinaldo and asked him, "Have you nothing to say to your friends?"

Rinaldo. Much good may it do you all.

Old Man. Is that all the interest you take in our vast design?

Rinaldo. All I can do is to wish you well.

Old Man. Has the great, the aspiring wish to become the saviour of Corsica forsaken you?

Rinaldo. Your enterprise is in very good hands.

Old Man. Do you renounce the fame you would acquire by participating in this just and noble achievement?

Rinaldo. I renounce every attempt at a species of fame which becomes me not. No palms of honour can grow for a captain of banditti.

Old Man. Mean-spirited man! you are no longer the bold intrepid Rinaldini; your soul is

gone from you ; you are scarcely the shadow of your former bravery. Oh, my friend, could but your former instructor, the worthy Onorio hear you, what would he say ? How would he deplore your present condition ? What can we do for you ?

Rinaldo. If you are really my friends, forget even that my name is Rinaldini. With that name connect no expectation of brave actions, and let me die in peace unknowing and unknown.

Cinthio. Rinaldo ! My friend !

Rinaldo. I pity you who have been torn from your peaceful solitude ! You were too happy for a robber, and therefore your happiness has ceased.

Old Man. I pity you.

Rinaldo. Give me some proof of your friendship.

Old Man. What proof do you desire ?

Rinaldo. Procure me, thou all powerful man ! a safe retreat from this island.

Old Man. Whither ?

Rinaldo. To some other small^e unnoticed island, where I may find room for myself, and grass for my goats. There will I end my life in peace, amid shepherds and fishermen, unknowing and unknown.

Old Man. How is that possible ? you are known to all the world.

Rinaldo. Not in every part of it. I bequeath you my buried treasures, and will tell you where

they lie; they will aid you in your projected enterprise. Let some ship bear me over the waves, and along the shores of the land whose chains you are about to break.

Old Man. You are ill, my friend: We cannot suffer you to be out of our sight till you recover.

Rinaldo. Will you be my physician? If so, be as compassionate as your brethren, and give me an early grave.

As he said this he covered his face, and the company remained totally silent. The old man gave a sign to Astolfo, who left the room, but perfect silence still prevailed.

At length drums were heard in the castle, and trumpets rent the air; upon which all the company started up, and "We are betrayed," was repeated on all sides. Rinaldo too sprang from his couch, and siezing his sabre hastened to the door. Here the old man embraced him, and cried out with transport, "Yes, you are still the intrepid, the courageous Rinaldini. The beat of drums, and the sound of trumpets have awakened you from your lethargy, and the man again appears. These sounds shall accompany you to Corsica, and the thunder of our cannon shall proclaim to the enemy, that the avenger is come."

Rinaldo beheld the old man with concern and agitation, and his sabre fell from his hand.

"F-a !" cried he, "you know the game you

are playing with me ; but I do not know my own heart."

The old man gave him a significant look, and said, "We have but awakened what was slumbering within you. Now we know you are still the brave Rinaldini. Trumpets and drums may be silent, but your soul speaks louder than your mouth. What you may say when dispirited and cast down, we believe not; we know what sounds restore you to your friends. That which the voice of friendship could not effect, the sound of the trumpet has brought about. This is the call of honour. Now we know you are the hero we sought for."

Rinaldo. You are mistaken. I will seek my death in battle——

Old man. No man seeks it who wishes to live with shepherds and fishermen, surrounded by his goats. Such only seek to shun danger while the truly bold meet it with undaunted front.

Rinaldo. Despair is not bravery. It converts cowards into lions.

Old man. 'Tis enough, Rinaldo! we know you.

On a hint from the old man, the rest of the company silently withdrew one by one, without noise ; and at length the old man himself quitted the room saying, "We leave you to repose."

Rinaldo again threw himself upon his couch,

and the remembrance of the scene that had passed since the time of his awakening, played upon his senses like a dream.

On the following day Rinaldo did not leave his room, but remained alone and undisturbed. The day after, when he wished to speak with Cinthio, he received for answer, that he was no longer at the castle. Upon this he desired an interview with the old man of Fronteja, but he also was no longer there. Presently after came Astolfo, to whom Rinaldo declared his desire to quit the castle.

"That depends on your own free will," replied Astolfo; "however I do not advise you to it, as you had better be accompanied by some of our party. The black fraternity are every where watching for you, and while alone you are always in danger of being exposed to their unlimited revenge. Our party are going by degrees to the coast, where they will embark and sail for Corsica; for we must lose no more time in reaching the place of our destination."

Rinaldo appeared thoughtful, but soon recovered himself, and said, Have you seen a young woman at Fronteja named Rosalia!

Astolfo. I saw her ill and dying.

Rinaldo. Is she really dead?

Astolfo. As certainly as we two are alive.

Rinaldo. A natural death?

Astolfo. What would you say? If you suspect any thing, your suspicions are unfounded.

The old man loved her as though she were his own daughter.

Rinaldo. And yet he has not said a word of her death to me.

Astolfo. That is his manner. He does not willingly speak of the dead.

Rinaldo. Rosalia was very dear to me.

Astolfo. 'Tis so said. I also shall leave the castle to-morrow. If you will go with me you will have protection. We are all going by degrees, as we have told you, to the coast.

Rinaldo. Are you really Olympia's brother?

Astolfo. I am.

Rinaldo. A Corsican?

Astolfo. The same.

Rinaldo. Is Luigino also gone?

Astolfo. He is.

Here they were both silent, and Astolfo at length approached the door; when Rinaldo turned himself suddenly round and said, "I will leave the castle with you to-morrow."

Astolfo rejoiced in this resolution, and left the room.

The next morning Rinaldo mounted a horse, and departed with Astolfo. Here and there they met with several of their party upon the mountains, divided into small troops, though at no great distance from each other. They had very little conversation, however, on the road.

In a few days they reached Sutera, where they rested a few more, and then took the direct road for Syracuse. They left that city on

their left, staid a couple of days at a villa, which seemed to belong to an acquaintance of their party, and then travelled toward the plains of Marsala.

Here they again took up their quarters at a villa, from which Astolfo made a day's excursion alone.

On his return he said, "Here you may remain in peace and safety, till we call you to embark. Should the time seem long, go sometimes to the mountains of Sambuca, where you will find a party of our people encamped. I am now going to the old man, and hope to see you again soon."

Astolfo set off, and Rinaldo found every thing he could wish for at the villa. A gardener and his daughter were his inmates and attendants, and some servants of the Corsican fraternity came to and fro.

The gardener's daughter, whose name was Serena, seemed a good-natured girl, and became Rinaldo's companion both at home, and in his solitary walks. In her, he beheld as it were a second Rosalia, and became so accustomed to her company that he could not leave her. She amused him with little tales of ghosts and knights, and sang not only various ballads she knew before, but several which Rinaldo composed to please her.

In these mutual and simple delights, one day chased on another with so much rapidity that Rinaldo had been three weeks at the villa ere

He reflected how he came there and whither he was going.

Once as he was sitting with her in an arbour, he remarked, that during the two last days she had appeared less happy than usual. She replied, "It may be so; but it is my father's fault."

Rinaldo. Your father's?

Serena. Yes; he told me you would not stay here long.

Rinaldo. And does that distress you?

Serena. Certainly; I am now accustomed to you. We ought to make no new acquaintances, since we must always at length be parted. In my opinion, when two people form a friendship and like each other, they should always continue together.

Rinaldo. And do you like me?

Serena. I thought you must long since have perceived it.

Rinaldo. But how do you know whether I like you?

Serena. I think so, because you always desire to have me with you. We do not love the company of those who are disagreeable to us. But that is not the case with you; for whenever I am absent from you an hour or two, you always call, Serena, where are you? And then I hear your call with so much pleasure, I have sometimes even contrived to be thus called by you on purpose.

Rinaldo. But of what benefit can it be to you that I like you?

Serena. Very great. It makes me gay, and happy, and cheerful, and light-hearted.

Rinaldo. But since I cannot remain here—

Serena. That is very sad! Where then are you going?

Rinaldo. Away from this island to another country.

Serena. Is it a pretty place?

Rinaldo. Oh yes.

Serena. Is there another Serena there who likes you?

Rinaldo. Perhaps I may find several.

Serena. If you have to seek them, why not stay here where you have already found one?

Rinaldo. I have duties, ties, business.

Serena. I am sorry for it. When you go I shall be very unhappy.

Rinaldo. You will soon be gay and cheerful again, and all will be well.

Serena. Oh no! by no means. Do but stay and all will be well indeed.

Rinaldo. It cannot be.

Serena. That is very sad. And will you not come back?

Rinaldo. 'Tis improbable.

Serena. Were it even a year. I could endure it.

Rinaldo. My dear girl! you know not—

Serena. Indeed I know not much, but I may be able to learn perhaps, a great deal more:

and besides if you will be my instructor—Ah! what would I not readily learn of you.

Rinaldo. Learn then to forget me when I am gone.

Serena. That is impossible. No, it cannot be. That I know already. We can never forget those we love.

Rinaldo. Do you love me then?

Serena. Alas! yes.

Rinaldo. That is not well.

Serena. How could it be better? Who can forbid my loving you?

Rinaldo. What can you hope from such a passion?

Serena. To be loved by you in return.

A messenger now came in, and delivered a letter to Rinaldo. It was written by Cinthio who amicably reproached him for not having yet visited his friends on the mountains; and invited him to come speedily. Rinaldo wrote an answer, promising to comply with his request; and as soon as he had despatched the messenger, went to the sea-coast, where he found some fishermen in the bay loading a boat with provisions. He approached, and entered into conversation with them.

Rinaldo. Where are you carrying these provisions?

Fisherman. To Pantalaria

Rinaldo. To Pantalaria?

Fisherman. Yes; do you not know that island?

Rinaldo. How should I? Is it far off?

Fisherman. Only sixty miles; a mere stone's throw.

Rinaldo. Is it very populous?

Fisherman. Except a small town and castle, there are not three hundred inhabitants; for it contains only two small villages and a few country houses. The whole island is surrounded by barren rocks; but within these it is very beautiful and luxuriant. In the midst of it is a most fruitful valley, and the hills are cultivated to the summit. It abounds in corn, wine, oil, and oranges: and what the island does not produce we carry them.

Rinaldo. Are not the inhabitants very poor?

Fisherman. They are indeed far from rich, but very industrious and benevolent. What they want most is money; a piece of gold is so uncommon with them, that it passes for a curiosity. From time to time, however, they dig up ancient coins, of which they make money in Sicily. They spend very little, and a few pieces of silver lasts them a long time.

Rinaldo. These good people seem to live quite in patriarchal simplicity.

Fisherman. Simple enough. There is but one church on the island, except the three in the town.

Rinaldo. But yet they are very pious people?

Fisherman. Oh yes; there is a convent of

St. Clare in the town, and a small monastery in the country, where six Franciscan monks reside. More could not be maintained there; but these trade with our island, and carry over what they want.

Rinaldo. I should like to see this little island.

Fisherman. That you may easily do. You have but to go over with us. We will take you for a reasonable price.

Rinaldo. When do you go?

Fisherman. To-morrow, two hours after sunrise.

Rinaldo. I will accompany you.

Fisherman. But you must be here in time, for we cannot wait.

Rinaldo. Fear not; I will come early enough. Here is something for earnest, and to-morrow we shall meet again.

Thus he returned home in a firm resolution of going to this island of Pantalaria, from which he intended never to depart.

"There" said he, "perhaps I shall at length find a peaceful asylum amid the pure uncorrupted sons of nature, and thus prepare myself in tranquillity and repentance, for the kingdom of heaven."

•

BOOK IX.

The morning dawned, the harbinger of a bright and cheerful day; when Rinaldo thus poured forth his prayers to the Creator;

"Grant that I may now find the long desired repose! Turn not from the repentant sinner, but permit me to find a peaceful retreat amid the worthy, and the honest of my fellow creatures!"

Rinaldo now sprang from his couch, and taking with him his linen, his gold, his jewels, and his arms, sighed out a tender farewell as he passed the chamber of Serena, and hastened to the bay, where the fishermen expected him.

"You have kept your word," cried they as he approached, and then shook hands with him in a friendly and cordial manner.

"Are we all ready?" said one of them, and being answered in the affirmative, folded his hands together in prayer. The rest followed his example.

Rinaldo, whose eyes overflowed with tears, sighed and prayed also. •

"O Lord have mercy on a robber, who turns unto thee, and prays for a safe passage to that land of tranquillity, for which he has so long panted! Oh, punish not these innocent men for having taken on board their bark a sinner who

can in no place fly from thy justice! If thou wouldst punish him at least punish not these innocent men for his sake, but conduct them safely into port, and permit them to reap the fruit of their industry! Oh turn not thine eyes from yonder peaceful island nor punish its fields with barrenness, nor let thy thunders fall on its guiltless cottages! Accept my repentance, and permit me to live among good men, and become good myself!"

Their silent prayers being ended, they embarked. One of the fishermen steered while the others plied the oar to the measure of a song, and the barque ploughed the open sea, which was sweetly illumined with the morning sun.

Rinaldo stood up to contemplate the coast of Sicily, which continually receded from his eye. The mountains diminished into hills, houses and towers became points, and all the various scenery of nature melted into a blue undistinguishable mist.

The fishermen were gay and happy, continually joking and laughing, or singing songs, while Rinaldo listened to them with pleasure, and requested them to repeat those which particularly pleased him.

They were now becalmed, so that the fishermen were compelled to ply their oars without intermission, and even Rinaldo lent his assistance, which greatly pleased them, and in-

duced them to pay him some handsome compliments: Toward night they perceived the lights in the castle, and a fresh breeze drove them toward the east coast of the island, where they entered a bay and dropped anchor.

At day break they came on shore, and were presently surrounded by the inhabitants who crowded to them from their scattered dwellings, and from a neighbouring village, to see all the fine things that would be offered to sale. The fishermen pitched a tent, and the scene presented by the numerous buyers and sellers became extremely animated. Men, women, and children hastened to the tent, and several musicians joined the throng; upon which they began to dance and sing, and pleasure smiled upon the scene.

Rinaldo withdrew from this noisy mirth to an olive grove, where perceiving a beautiful little cottage about two hundred paces farther, he approached it.

He there found a cheerful industrious woman pursuing her rustic labour; and asked her for a small draught of milk, which she cheerfully gave him; but when he offered to pay for it, refused to take any money. Rinaldo pressed it upon her and she accepted. Pleased with his generosity she set out some figs, raisins, and rice-cakes and thus they fell into conversation, in which the good woman was very communicative and free.

On Rinaldo inquiring after her husband,

"Ah! Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, "he has been buried these two years, and left me to do all myself, with three children to maintain. Two of them are boys, one seven years old, the other five, and the third a girl nine years old. The neighbours assist me in my little farm, and I am fresh and hearty, and will go on working till my children are able to take care of themselves, if God pleases to give me health and strength, and when I can work no longer they may take care of me."

Rinaldo made her more and more communicative, and having thus secured her interest and good will, began to declare his plans and his wishes.

Rinaldo. I like this place very much.

Old Woman. Aye truly, 'tis a very pretty place. We do not live indeed in luxury, but Heaven has kindly given us all we want. I never knew a scarcity of provisions but once in all my life, and then we were supplied from Sicily. We felt our misfortune indeed very severely while it lasted; but it is now eight years since, and we have almost forgotten it.

Rinaldo. A thought has struck me. Suppose I were to stay with you a couple of months?

Old Woman. That you must determine, sir, yourself. You know best whether you can make it agreeable.

Rinaldo. The air is good and pure, the sky is clear and why should I not be happy here?

of Switzerland, where my father had an estate.

Martha. And did you not inherit it?

Rinaldo. My brother paid me a sum of money to give it up, and I have been travelling to see the world. But this island pleases me so much, that I am inclined to pass the remainder of my life here.

Martha. Do so. Get a house and flocks of your own, and take a wife, if you are a single man.

Rinaldo. I am free; but heaven knows how long I may continue so.

Martha. Only let me beg I may choose for you.

Rinaldo. With all my heart; at present, however, I will stay with my good friend Martha.

Martha. The neighbours will indeed jest a little, but that signifies not. We have both of us clear consciences.

Rinaldo. In this respect we have.

Martha. And in others too, I hope! At least I have! Have not you?

Rinaldo. (*confused.*) Why not?

Martha. If not, be not offended—but I would not willingly live under the same roof with you. Bad consciences bring ill luck to a house.

This speech made a forcible impression on Rinaldo, who broke off the conversation and resumed his labour.

Having remarked that Martha went out every evening with a large milk pail, and was

absent about an hour from home, Rinaldo one day asked, "Whither she went so far with her milk?"

"I carry it," replied she, "to a villa that lies yonder behind the wood."

Rinaldo. To whom does the villa belong?

Martha. To a gentleman of the town. .

Rinaldo. And does he live there?

Martha. No. For about six weeks past a couple of ladies have resided there, who are said to have come from beyond sea. But no one knows who they are, for they live quite private and retired, and have no communication with their neighbours. I have only seen them once myself. An old woman servant always takes my milk and pays me. I once asked her who the ladies were, but she told me she knew not. The ladies, she said, were foreigners, and she is a native.

Rinaldo. Do the neighbours know any thing of them?

Martha. Nothing. Very few indeed know they are there.

Rinaldo. Do they never go out?

Martha. I asked that question once, and the old woman told me they went out sometimes into the garden, and once to the chapel upon the mountain.

Rinaldo. 'Tis strange!

Martha. There must be some mystery in it. Who knows what they may have done, that they are obliged to conceal themselves so close-

ly. They must either be guilty of murder or theft.

Rinaldo. If they are pretty, they may have stolen hearts, perhaps.

Rinaldo now formed a resolution to see the ladies, and on this object bestowed all his exertions, but in vain. He wished not to excite the observation of the neighbours, and yet could not otherwise accomplish his intentions. He therefore offered to carry Martha's milk for her, to which she readily consented, hoping thereby to learn something more concerning the ladies.

Thus Rinaldo visited the villa, and entered into conversation with the old woman.

Rinaldo. Neighbour Martha is not well to-day, and has asked me to bring her milk for her. I know not, however, to whom I am bringing it, or who is to use it.

Old Woman. I will take it of you.

Rinaldo. But you do not use it all yourself?

Old Woman. No.

Rinaldo. What, have you children?

Old Woman. God forbid! I never had any.

Rinaldo. Then it is for your master or mistress?

Old Woman. Something of that kind.

Rinaldo. I have my supper in my pocket; will you permit me to eat it here?

Old Woman. I am not forbid to consent to that.

Rinaldo. I have worked very hard to-day

and am very tired, and will therefore take a little Syracusan wine.

Old Woman. Syracusan wine! How did you come by that?

Rinaldo. I bought it of the Sicilian fishermen.

Old Woman. But is it not very dear?

Rinaldo. Oh no. And then it tastes deliciously.

Old Woman. That I believe. But poor people like me must not meddle with it. The ladies I serve only drink water and chocolate.

Rinaldo. Indeed! Would you like a glass?

Old Woman. If I may make so free.

Rinaldo. Why not? I never offer any thing I do not mean. Come, drink.

She had scarcely emptied the glass when the bell was rung very loud. "That is on your account," said she. "Go, and promise to come again soon."

She now left him, but immediately came running down stairs, and exclaimed, "Oh Holy Virgin! one of the ladies has fallen down in a swoon. What shall we do? She lies for dead."

Rinaldo did not stop long to reflect, but sprang up stairs, and through an anteroom into the chamber where the ladies were, and beheld one of them kneeling beside the other, who was just recovering from a fit; and Rinaldo remained unseen at the door.

The lady who was kneeling, now stood up,

and perceiving Rinaldo, screamed and said, "What do you want here?"

Rinaldo approached her, and discovered to his utter astonishment Violanta and Dianora.

Violanta did not as yet clearly recollect him through his disguise, and Dianora, who presently came to herself, observed there was a stranger in the room, and asked who he was. Rinaldo stood speechless, but his eyes were fixed on Dianora.

Violanta observed him attentively, and anxiously exclaimed, "Friend, whoe'er you are, whatever chance has brought you hither, let us not behold that face. Leave us instantly."

"On no consideration in the world," replied Rinaldo.

Violanta contemplated him more closely, and at length screaming, exclaimed, "'Tis he himself!"

"'Tis he himself!" repeated Dianora, and covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Oh, Dianora!" cried Rinaldo, shall not the chance that has brought me here determine in my favour? Will you turn away your eyes from me, whom fate has thus wonderfully brought to this island, as it were expressly to meet you? Oh be not more cruel to me than fate itself!"

After a long pause, Dianora uncovered her eyes, and said, "Unhappy man! Why art thou here? Is it not enough that your image everywhere pursues me, must you also thus persecute me yourself?"

“Chance,” replied Rinaldo, “will have it so, and I am happy ! Happier in the little island of Pantalaria, than I could be in the great world !”

The old woman now came in with water. Violanta went up to her, took her by the hand and led her into the anti-chamber.

Rinaldo being now alone with Dianora, he approached her, and seizing her hand fell upon his knees. She cast her eyes upon him with tender grief, and sighed. He moistened her hand with tears, covered it with kisses, and pressed it to his palpitating heart. Dianora wept bitterly, and her bosom heaved beneath the flowers that adorned it. Her cheeks unconsciously reclined downward, and glowed against those of Rinaldo. Their lips seemed to attract each other involuntarily, and Rinaldo exclaimed aloud, “This kiss of forgiveness, this heartfelt seal of pardon purifies me from my errors, and confirms me in a new course of life. You see, my dear Dianora, I am cut off from the noisy world, and have fled to this little island to live in tranquillity and solitude. Yes, Heaven itself approves my pious resolution. My prayers are heard. I am forgiven, and providence has sent you to meet me upon the path of divine reconciliation. You are once more mine, and we shall now begin a new life.”

“Oh, Rinaldo!” said Dianora, sighing, soothe yourself not with these flattering hopes. Let not these delusions fill you with

such sweet but fallacious hopes, which can never be realized."

You cannot rob me of this strong conviction, replied Rinaldo. "You yourself are the path that leads to the accomplishment of my hopes, and what I here embrace is no vision, it is the sweetest of realities. Thus is my good fortune renovated in your arms."

As he said this, he laid his head upon her bosom and tenderly embraced her. Dianora was unable to utter a word, and the scene was the more expressive in proportion to its silence.

Violanta found them in this situation, and passed into an inner room. Dianora now gently pushed Rinaldo from her. He arose, and stood with his eyes fixed on those of Dianora.

Dianora. Rinaldo! What mean those inquiring looks?

Rinaldo. Does not your heart tell you? Has Heaven given you to me again that I may again abandon you?

Dianora. Ah, Rinaldo! How can I, how ought I to answer that question?

Rinaldo. As your heart prompts you.

Dianora. No, we must not now listen to such partial counsellors.

Rinaldo. Whom then should we consult?

Dianora. Reason and reflection.

Rinaldo. These too are partial.

Dianora. Ah no!

Rinaldo. Oh, shun these cold advisers, that

can never make us happy. Heaven has separately pointed out to each of us this land as an asylum, let us thankfully acknowledge the value of the gift and enjoy it.

Dianora. But whither would all this carry us?

Rinaldo. Whither but to happiness, through our own hearts!

Violanta now returned, and said, "If you would not wish that Rinaldo's stay should excite notice even in our old servant, he must go away without delay."

"Oh Violanta!" said Rinaldo, you have never loved or been separated from the idol of your heart, nor ever found again the object you had lost, and enjoyed the bliss of an unexpected and happy meeting, else your lips could never have uttered so dreadful a command."

"Let Dianora herself determine," replied Violanta.

Dianora beheld him with tenderness, and said, "Oh yes, Rinaldo, indeed you must leave us for the present."

Rinaldo. And never see you more! You will leave this island—

Dianora. No.

Rinaldo. Assuredly no?

Dianora. No.

Rinaldo. At least not without me

Dianora. Not without you.

Rinaldo. Now then I will go if you desire it; and to-morrow shall I see you again?

Dianora. To-morrow.

He again tenderly embraced her, and departed. Violanta accompanied him to the door, and, unconscious of his steps, he hurried back to his rustic retreat.

The next morning at sun-rise, Rinaldo's hostess was already in the field, and Rinaldo stood with panting heart before the villa where the beloved object of his heart resided. He walked around the happy spot, yet knew not why he dared not enter it. At length the solitary chapel caught his eye, whither he had been informed Dianora once went to pray. Impressed with this reflection, he went there; threw himself on his knees before the saint, and poured forth his soul in prayers and devotions. At length he perceived the sound of footsteps behind him, and starting up beheld Dianora. He sprang toward her, pressed her to his bosom, and exclaimed—"Our hearts have once met and found each other, and now our souls pursuing a like course, meet in the same pious object. I have been praying and adoring, and will not disturb the devotion of your spotless soul. Pray also, and let me taste of happiness through the acceptance of our joint petitions."

Thus saying, he led her to the altar, where she knelt down, and Rinaldo left the chapel. He also fell upon his knees beneath some lofty cypresses, and raising his hands toward heaven, prayed in silence, and with a flood of tears.

In this situation Dianora found him, as she

returned from the chapel, and softly approaching him, reclined over him, embraced him tenderly, and kissed his forehead, which was warm with the fervour of his devotions.

"Oh, Rinaldo," cried she, "surely you are now become a good man. Very consoling and encouraging were my prayers. The saint, methought, smiled acceptance on my petition, and a sweet tranquillity filled my heart. If heaven has received you into favour, how can I reject you? My heart is yours; love will neither rob us of our peace, nor leave us without consolation."

Rinaldo accompanied her to the villa, where the old woman was informed that this peasant in disguise was a relation of her lady, whom chance and his love of solitude had brought to Pantalaria. The same story was related to Martha, who equally wondered and rejoiced at the discovery.

Every thing now assumed a new form. Rinaldo was no longer the inmate of Martha, but removed to the villa, where the whole house underwent a new arrangement.

Rinaldo now inquired of Violanta the true cause of the sudden departure of the countess from the castle, where the black man first appeared to him; and learnt with astonishment, that a dreadful menace from the same black personage, had determined her to that measure. Thus they reciprocally cleared up the mysterious appearances relative to the black

fraternity ; and they both agreed, that the real obscurity of this business consisted in a conspiracy against the state ; and that they only desired to employ the dreaded robber captain as a machine for the completion of their plans : the true object of which was equally secret, as the existence of the plot was certain. Violanta had already formed an opinion that the black fraternity might secretly pursue the same object with Rinaldini, and that it was incompatible with that object to permit him to renew an acquaintance, which might frustrate their intentions.

Rinaldo felt no inclination to puzzle himself, about a mystery which had little connexion with his present situation, and thought himself but too fortunate in the present, to bestow his thoughts on past scenes which he was desirous to forget. He now stood like an altered man, in a circle formed around him by love and friendship, and lost sight of objects that excited painful remembrances. Neither the scenes of violence and plunder in the Appenines, nor in Calabria and Sicily could engage his thoughts. All had passed away like a vision or a drama, in which he had performed a part, but which he had now forgotten, or at least was desirous to obliterate from his memory. He wished he had ever lived as he lived now ; but whenever his thoughts returned to past scenes, it was to those of youthful happiness, when in rural solitude he tended his goats at pasture.

Being the youngest of the family, it fell to his lot, when scarcely ten years old, to tend the goats of his parents, who lived in no small degree of poverty. This patriarchal way of life, however, had not so many charms as to prevent him at a more advanced age from being desirous of changing his mode of life. He was very eager of knowledge, and felt a strong inclination once more to assist his brother in the vineyard, or the field. This led him to seek the society of a hermit, who lived in the neighbourhood of the spot where he drove his goats to pasture. This hermit, whose name was Onorio, had not always worn his present solitary dress. He knew mankind, was a man of an acute understanding, and had fled from the world, because, as he said, he had learnt to despise it.

This man readily undertook the task of instructing the inquisitive youth: became his tutor in reading and writing, communicated to him a great deal of knowledge by conversation, and supplied him with books, which Rinaldo devoured in solitude. They consisted of translations of Plutarch's lives, Livy, and Quintus Curtius, books of knight errantry, and the Italian historians. All these books gave a romantic turn to the imagination of Rinaldo, and had a striking influence on his plans and resolutions, as well as on all his actions.

He was seventeen years old when his friend and instructor Onorio suddenly disappeared,

leaving a writing, in which he made Rinaldo heir of his little property. Rinaldo converted it all, except the books, into money, and enlisted as a soldier. Here he hoped to realize the romantic ideas impressed upon his mind, but in vain. The machinery of an heroic life was not to be found in the papal troops, which he therefore quitted and entered into the service of Venice. Nor did he continue in that long, but enlisted in the army of the king of Sardinia. Here fortune seemed to smile upon him.

A general officer noticed him, promoted him to be corporal, and at length he was sent as ensign to Sardinia, to garrison Cagliari. Here an occasion arose, in which he violated the laws of subordination, and was broken. This enraged him so much, that he revenged himself on his superior officer, like too many of his countrymen, by the stiletto, and took to flight. Thus being publicly accused of his crime, and finding safety nowhere, he wandered through Italy an outcast from society, and destitute of a place of rest.

At length he joined the band of robbers, of whom he soon obtained the command: reducing them to a regular discipline, and lived among them as their captain.

In his present situation in the island of Pantalaria, he and Dianora formed many plans for their future life, and at length resolved on going to Spain, and from thence to the Canary Islands; there to live in peaceful tranquil-

lity and concealment. Violanta determined to accompany them.

They now began to prepare all things for the execution of this plan, which occupied all their thoughts and industry. But fate soon frustrated their intentions.

One morning Rinaldo went as usual to the sea-side, where he saw a fishing boat putting out to sea. He watched its course, as it steered for Sicily, reflecting on his acquaintances there, and on his friend Serena. Lost amid these ideas, he threw himself down beneath a tree, where he soon perceived a noise behind him. He turned round, and saw in the dress of the country, the old man of Fronteja, walking toward him. Rinaldo sprang up, and would have fled, but the old man cried out, "Stay! wherever you go, I will follow you: Here we are alone."

Rinaldo. What would you with me? Why do you thus pursue me every where, as a bad conscience pursues a criminal, while I am still ignorant who you are? Why do you thus disturb me in my peaceful retreat, and poison with your presence the tranquil joys of solitude? If you are my evil genius, depart from me, for I am no longer the man I was, and hold no further communication with you.

Old Man. Hey day! You are become a very powerful lord, now you are in Pantalaria. Do you imagine you are speaking to one of your former banditti?

Rinaldo. By no means. But why should you persecute me in this peaceful rural retreat, and poison all the joys of my life?

Old man. You have not yet permitted me to speak.

Rinaldo. Speak.

Old Man. You disappeared suddenly, and none of your friends or acquaintance in Sicily knew whither you were gone. I alone knew it: and that I did know it, my presence here is a proof. The black fraternity is, we hope, sufficiently humbled; and your friends have revenged you on your persecutors. Now all is ready for our departure to Corsica, and every one asks, where is our leader? where is the brave Rinaldini, who promised to fight at our head? Thus you were sought for every where, but found nowhere. They became impatient, called me to an account for your sudden disappearance; and presumed to indulge in many conjectures to my prejudice. I knew whither you were gone: I knew what you had found here, and the resolution you had formed. You renounced the road of fame, and desired not the laurels that flourish for you in Corsica. You are indeed no longer the man you were; that I know and see. Your achievements have soon grow old; your fame will go to the grave before you. You have chosen a road for yourself, and disowned your friend. I upbraid you not with what I have done for you from time to time; nor with my having saved your life: for

without my intervention, your body would long ago have been suspended between heaven and earth. I do not envy you your repose; and am happy you enjoy it through me. If you are at peace; if you are happy, I may still rely on your silent gratitude. I desire not to receive it openly; but you cannot wish me to lose on your account.

Rinaldo. Lose! and on my account! what can you lose :—you, who have all?

Old Man. No, I have not all I wish : even for your sake.

Rinaldo. I understand you not.

Old Man. Your friends have thrown out a dishonourable suspicion against me. Several of them think you are no more. I would have preserved silence, and suffered you to enjoy your repose in Pantalaria; but a great part of our body absolutely refuse to embark, till they receive certain intelligence of your being alive. You must save my honour, and show yourself to these doubters.

Rinaldo. How can you require it of me?

Old Man. My honour depends on it.

Rinaldo. I cannot comply with your wish. I will not depart from hence.

Old Man. Must I once more remind you, that you are indebted to me for your life?

Rinaldo. You would rob me of it, if you tore me from my peaceful abode. I will not go from hence.

Old Man. You will not?

Rinaldo. No.

Old Man. Well, then these doubters must come to Pantalaria and see you themselves. This is the only way that remains.

Rinaldo. Reckon not upon it. I can go elsewhere.

Old Man. Whither can you go, and I not know it?

Rinaldo. Oh heavens! Why should Providence deliver me into such hands? Old man, whatsoever you may be called, or whosoever you may be, if the happiness and peace of any man was ever held sacred by you, have pity on me, and leave me in solitude and repose.

Old Man. That I will; but you must rescue my honour from a false suspicion which covers me with shame. Have I deserved this of you? Shall I suffer an accusation of having murdered you to remain unanswered? Shall our whole enterprize fail on this account; and the noble Corsicans in vain expect the promised aid? You cannot desire it. Show yourself to your friends, and then go wherever you please

Rinaldo. If I did but know—

Old Man. Know what?

Rinaldo. That what you require of me would procure me repose.

Old Man. If you really possess peace of mind, you will take it with you wherever you go; but what you have not, you cannot transplant anywhere.

Rinaldo. I was possessed of such peace till

you came enviously to rob me of it. If you really are a good man, and since you have once generously and disinterestedly saved my life, I cannot comprehend why you should again deprive an unfortunate wretch of that peace which Heaven has granted him, and which is dearer to him than the miserable life you upbraid him with having saved. I will follow you however to Sicily.

Old Man. My gratitude shall prove what I can do for you.

Rinaldo. I comply to save your honour, and forward the expedition to Corsica. But not to-day.

Old Man. Take two days. At the expiration of that time we will meet again here.

Rinaldo was about to reply, but the old man suddenly went away, and Rinaldo soon lost sight of him behind the hill, on the road toward the city.

Rinaldo, after a long deliberation, resolved to deceive the old man, and not accompany him to Sicily. He explained the circumstances to Dianora, and informed her of all his adventures, on which the old man had possessed so great an influence. This rendered Dianora very anxious for Rinaldo's safety, and she supported him in the resolution he had formed; but their chief difficulty was the procuring a vessel to convey them to the small island of Limosa, or Lampidosa, or even to that of Mal-

ta in preference; and this difficulty appeared very great.

They were conversing on this subject, when a letter from the proprietor of the villa, in the city, was delivered to Dianora, informing her that a lady and her waiting woman would that evening arrive at the villa, where they would take up their abode in the adjoining building, and recommending them to her friendship.

This intelligence made no alteration in the plan resolved on. Rinaldo went out in search of a vessel, but returned home without success.

Toward evening, the expected stranger sent to inform Dianora of her arrival, and soon after waited on her to make her acquaintance. Rinaldo would have left the room, but they met, and he perceived his old friend Signora Olympia. Her waiting woman was Serena.

The presence of these persons in this peaceful villa, embarrassed Rinaldo extremely. In the presence of Dianora, however, Olympia played the part of a stranger to him, nor was he in the slightest degree compromised by her conversation. But Serena was unpractised in the arts of dissimulation, and no sooner perceived Rinaldo in the anti-chamber, than her countenance brightened up, and she overpowered him with questions, mixing now and then some slight reproaches with her inquiries, and Rinaldo with difficulty avoided an open explanation.

When Olympia had finished her visit, she sought an opportunity of speaking with her old acquaintance alone, and this she found in her chamber.

Rinaldo sought for it too himself, and wished by some preliminary explanations to give a fair turn to their mutual conduct toward each other. Thus by degrees the conversation became very interesting.

Rinaldo. The old man gave me an assurance that he alone of all my acquaintance knew I was here.

Olympia. That I believe. At least I knew not a word of it. You may imagine my surprise at finding you here. I have acted, however, in such a manner, that I doubt not you have nothing to reproach me with.

Rinaldo. And what brought you to Pantalaria?

Olympia. Necessity and providence. Half my friends and acquaintance are arrested.

Rinaldo. Arrested!

Olympia. On the requisition of the French ambassador at Naples. We are betrayed, and our plans relative to Corsica discovered.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Olympia. Guards are placed at the dwellings of the old man at Fronteja, and his young men are arrested. As yet he knows not of it. I bring him the first intelligence of this treachery.

Rinaldo. Could not so powerful a man avert this blow from himself and his friends?

Olympia. That I know not.

Rinaldo. Or perhaps he departed because he knew what was going forward?

Olympia. Of that I doubt.

Rinaldo. Will he be able to save his friends, or is the farce of his juggling tricks brought to a close?

Olympia. I know not what he will do.

Rinaldo. Do you think he, and you, and I, are safe in this island?

Olympia. Who can read in the book of time?

Rinaldo. I thought the old man could.

Here the old man himself entered the room. He seemed perfectly tranquil, and taking Olympia's hand, welcomed her on her arrival. Olympia beheld him with embarrassment and concern.

Old Man. Daughter, you are confused?

Olympia. Oh, you know not——

Old Man. I know wherefore you are come. I know what is transacting in Sicily.

Rinaldo. What do you know?

Olympia. And can you be so tranquil?

Old Man. I cannot help it.

Olympia. No?

Old Man. No.

Olympia. And do you abandon the enterprise in Corsica?

Old Man. I am ready to go to Corsica.

Olympia. Still?

Old Man. Why not? Will you accompany me?

Olympia. And your friends——

Old Man. Will soon follow.

Olympia. All?

Old Man. Most of them.

Olympia. Will you be able to rescue your friends who are in prison?

Old Man. You will see what will happen.

Olympia. Are we safe here?

Old Man. No—And therefore I shall sail from hence.

Olympia. When?

Old Man. As soon as is requisite.

Rinaldo. Could you not avert this misfortune from your friends?

Old Man. What has happened is your fault. Had you remained in Sicily, we had now been in Corsica. 'Tis you that must bear the blame of the misfortune that has befallen your friends. Your disappearance brought them into embarrassments, which rendered it necessary to postpone our departure, while I came to Pantalaria to find you, and thus our friends were apprehended; the French faction triumphs, and the black fraternity exult in our misfortunes. Me they shall not have in their power unless I choose, but you they will seek out: and find you in the arms of love. Your career is run, and your friends are no longer powerful enough to protect you. You fall a sacrifice to your own imprudence. But what I *can* do for you

in the last moments of your life, that I *will* do at the expense of my own safety. You shall learn how greatly I have been your friend.

Rinaldo. Do you consider me so irretrievably lost?

Old Man. I cannot consider you otherwise. You, Olympia, will know what prudence advises.

Thus saying, the old man left them both in a state of embarrassment and alarm. Rinaldo asked Olympia what she proposed to do? to which she replied, "I will follow the old man."

Rinaldo left her and went to Dianora, to whom he disclosed as much of the circumstances that now disturbed his peace as he thought proper, and persuaded her to leave the villa as soon as possible. Meanwhile he returned to his old hostess, and took possession of his former quarters.

At day-break he went to the beach, and was at length fortunate enough to find a fishing boat, of which the captain promised to convey him within three days to Limosa, as soon as the boat should be ready.

Till that time he proposed to stay at the farm of his hostess's brother, which lay about a league from the villa. He wrote to Dianora to leave the villa as privately as possible, and to join him together with Violanta.

Meanwhile he reconnoitered the ground, and provided a secret retreat for himself, consisting of a cave in a rock, which he examined

narrowly, and found perfectly convenient for concealment. He also stored it with food and ammunition.

He had left this spot and was returning home, when he perceived gliding between the hills on one side of him, a white female figure in a veil, who by her dress could be no common peasant.

This circumstance struck him forcibly. He pursued her steps, and at length came up with her on a plain. She went toward a villa, from which a man in a plain dress, but not that of the country, came out to meet her, and taking her hand led her into the house.

Rinaldo approached the villa, and found a girl cutting grass. He asked her, "Do you belong to this villa?"

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Are the lady and gentleman who have just entered, your master and mistress?"

"Yes."

"What is their name?"

"I know not."

"How is that possible?"

"I have told you I do not know."

"Who are they?"

"Neither do I know that."

"Are you a native of this island?"

"Yes, and of this villa, of which my father is gardener."

"And does the villa belong to your master and mistress?"

"No; it belongs to Signor Mandrani in the

city. He is a rich man, and has let the villa to my present master and mistress."

"Have they been long here?"

"The orange trees have been twice in bloom since they came."

"Are they foreigners?"

"Yes. Do you want any thing of either of them that you are so particular in your inquiries?"

"Oh no."

Rinaldo gave the girl some money, and leaving her, returned home, where his hostess presented him a letter from Dianora. She approved his prudence, but thought it better that she should remain at the villa till the departure of the boat was fixed and certain.

Martha was despatched with an answer to Dianora; but she was scarcely gone before the old man of Fronteja entered Rinaldo's apartment. Rinaldo asked him with chagrin, what brought him thither?

Old Man. My friendship for you.

Rinaldo. Can I then nowhere be safe from your importunities?

Old Man. No where as long as you live. Never while I am more your friend than you know how to value.

Rinaldo. How have you again discovered my abode?

Old Man. That must be very unimportant to you. 'Tis enough that I am here, and (if

you will follow me and take my advice) am here for your advantage.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Old Man. Still you may be saved: I will still bring you safe to Corsica.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Old Man. This haughty conduct cannot indispose me to serve you, because I am your friend, as you will perhaps discover when it is too late in the last moment of your life. Now I repeat it, you may still be saved: but not after this day.

Rinaldo. Indeed?

Old Man. Most certainly. By the Almighty that rules us, not after this day. Be not astonished. I speak that which is certain.—

Follow the advice of your friend, Rinaldo. Accompany me, save yourself, and spare me those tears which I shall shed over your grave.

Rinaldo. To-morrow do you say my fate is determined?

Old Man. To-morrow.

Rinaldo. To-morrow?

Old Man. To-morrow; and to-morrow for ever. The morning that will smile on you after this present night, will be the last of your life if you remain here, and do not go with me.

Rinaldo. Give me a proof of what you say.

Old Man. How can I?

Rinaldo. I will believe you. But let me see some miracle.

Old Man. How can I?

Rinaldo. Good night.

Old Man. You believe me not?

Rinaldo. No. To-morrow will not be the last of my days.

Old Man. It will. It will by the Almighty, and by my immortal soul!

Rinaldo. You wish to entice me to Corsica. I will not go, I defy your prophecy. I will stay here.

Old Man. Now then if you will not seize the hand I offer for your salvation, still shall my friendship remain with you, and my tears shall accompany you to the land from which you can never return.

As he said this, his head sank, and he remained a few moments in that posture, then went to the door, which sprang open with a loud noise, The light in the room grew dim, and a white dazzling form glided in.

The old man exclaimed, "Great Heavens! Rosalia!" and rushed out of the room.

"Thou juggler!" cried Rinaldo, then casting his eyes upon the form, actually perceived the face of Rosalia. He started back, she opened her arms, seemed to press something against his breast, beckoned him, and vanished.

The next morning, Rinaldo awoke ere the first dawn of day, having slept but little.

"This is the day," exclaimed he, which is to put a period to my life. Who told the old man with such certainty, that this day shall be my last, and that only if I stay in this island?"

He arose, wrote to Dianora, and having dispatched the letter to her, set forward to his cave, which he determined not to leave during the whole day, in order to falsify the prophecy of the old man.

He had already approached the rock, when he perceived on the beach, at a distance near the side of the cave, some Sicilian soldiers. This struck him so forcibly, that he left the path and took another leading to a wood.

He had scarcely reached it, when he perceived a strong party of soldiers in the valley marching toward it. He therefore left the wood, and went toward the villa, where he had seen the unknown gentleman and lady the day before.

He found the garden door open, and entered it. The unknown gentleman immediately came out of a pavilion to meet him, and they instantly recognized each other. He was the prince della Rocella.

"My prince!" exclaimed Rinaldo, with astonishment.

"Unfortunate man," said the prince, "Are you here?" And immediately returned into the pavilion.

Rinaldo, however, ventured to follow him, and threw himself upon his knees before him. He heard a cry of terror, and perceived upon a sofa the beautiful Aurelia. This sight overpowered him, and he was unable to rise.

The prince gave him his hand, and raising him, said, "If you remain in this island, this is the last moment of our stay here."

"No," said Rinaldo, hesitating, "I will not remain here. To-morrow at day-break I shall leave the island, and you will see me no more. Thank heaven I have again seen you alive. This interview is one of the happiest moments of my wretched life."

"Are you here also connected with your men?" said the prince.

"No," replied Rinaldo; "I am no longer in that horrible connexion. Those bands of shame that once bound me are torn, and I am now as it were another man."

Aurelia arose from the sofa, and was about to leave the pavilion, when the gardener came out of breath, saying, the villa was surrounded by Sicilian soldiers.

"That is on my account," cried Rinaldo, in broken accents.

"Unfortunate man!" cried Aurelia, and sank again upon the sofa.

"Try to save yourself," said the prince.

"It is too late," said Rinaldo, sighing; "I have despised the counsel and warning of a friend. It is too late."

A loud noise was now heard near the pavilion, which was immediately surrounded by soldiers, and an officer entered.

"Here he is," said a voice.

Rinaldo turned toward the voice, and his mortal enemy, the black man, stood before him.

"Have I deceived you?" said he to the officer; and pointing to Rinaldo: "This," said he, "is Rinaldini—seize him, hold him fast."

"Are you Rinaldini?" said the officer.

"I am," replied Rinaldo.

A confusion now arose about the pavilion, and the old man of Fronteja rushed in.

"Rinaldo," said he I have promised you my friendship even in death. I keep my word; you cannot now be saved. Farewell."

As he said this, he drew a poinard and stabbed him in the breast, before any one could prevent him.

Rinaldo fell upon the sofa, near Aurelia, who immediately swooned.

The old man turned toward the black man, and said, "Now you are lost."

He then cast his eyes on Rinaldo, and said, "Your friend Onorio could only close his unfortunate tutorship by your death. You ought to have been a hero, and became a robber. You would not forsake the course you had pursued, and your tutor could not behold you upon the scaffold.

Then wiping the tears from his eyes, and

turning to the officer, he said, "In the name of the king, seize this black traitor, and as for me, conduct me to Naples. I must be tried by the laws of my sovereign. There I shall know how to justify my conduct!"

CONCLUSION.

YEARS have passed away, and the scene is now in another part of the world. The British colonies in North America had thrown off their allegiance to the Mother Country, and since the glorious declaration of the 4th of July, 1776, many a hard fought battle had deluged the plains of the new world with blood. For seven years the little armies of Washington had indefatigably struggled with hosts of British and mercenaries poured upon the defenceless shores of America by the tyrannical George the Third and his servile ministers. At the very commencement of the American struggle the eyes of all continental Europe looked anxiously on, with ardent hopes for the success of the noble undertaking upon the part of the *few* but *brave* spirits who had so manfully asserted the self-evident truth that the privileges of mankind are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Many kindred

souls, fired with the brave example, left their peaceful homes in Europe to partake of the toils of the American struggle for independence. The good, the gallant La Fayette for one; Kosiusko for another; Baron De Kalb too, and Count Pulaski. Among many noble foreigners, like those mentioned, was an elderly person, who was known in the American army by the name of the **CHEVALIER DE BAYARD**. He bore merely the rank of a captain in the army of Washington, and though promotion had been frequently tendered to him by the commander-in-chief, yet he had always declined to accept it.

Towards the last of August, 1781, the French fleet under the command of the Count de Grasse sailed up the Chesapeake and blockaded the British in Yorktown. Washington promptly repaired with his army to the assistance of the French, and took up his position before Yorktown.

It was a lovely evening in the month of September—the bright moon shed her beams over river and land. The fleet lay calmly upon “the bosom of the waters,” and the white tents of the Americans glistened over the plain. The sentinels walked their lonely rounds, and nothing disturbed the silence of

the scene save at intervals the neigh of some champing war-horse, or the distant bark of a watchful house-dog. Two officers of the American army had passed the sentinel at a post near a romantic spot of greenwood, and, partly shaded by the thick foliage of some brushwood, were conversing in a low tone. It was Washington and the Chevalier Bayard.

Washington. Is it possible? You amaze me.

Bayard. Yes, general, in the old man now before you, you behold the former famous *Rinaldo Rinaldini*!

W. You were stabbed you say by the old man of Fronteja?

B. Yes, and for a long time my life was deemed precarious indeed, but my constitution finally triumphed, and I was brought to trial before the authorities of Sicily, together with the old man. By the intervention of powerful friends we were saved, and our otherwise fatal punishment commuted to banishment. We left Sicily together and sailed for France, which we reached in safety, and took up our abode in Paris, where I assumed the name which I now bear.

At the siege of Yorktown, La Fayette and the Chevalier de Bayard particularly distinguished themselves. On one occasion the

progress of the besiegers was considerably retarded by the fire from two redoubts, advanced about three hundred yards in front of the British works. With a view to excite emulation between the allied troops, the attack of the one was committed to the French, and of the other to the Americans. La Fayette headed the American detachment, and the Baron de Viominil the other. Among the American detachment was the company of the Chevalier de Bayard. Just before sunset, the two detachments, animated with the emulous hope of doing honour to themselves and their respective countries, marched firmly to the assault. The American detachment charged the redoubt without firing a gun, and rushing over the abattis and palisades, almost instantaneously carried the works, with very inconsiderable loss.

On the 19th of October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered his sword to General Washington, and the Independence of the North American colonies was established. There was rejoicing throughout the land. Congress voted its thanks to many, among whom was the Chevalier de Bayard. La Fayette sailed upon his return to his native country in December, 1781, and it was at first the

intention of Bayard to accompany him, but he eventually concluded to take up his residence in the country whose battles he had fought. He purchased a tract of land in the state of New York, and immediately entered into extensive improvements upon it; and it was a source of no inconsiderable gratification to him to watch from his retirement the gradual success of a government which he had himself so efficiently aided in establishing. With General Washington he was a constant correspondent, and we have his letters to the general up to the date of 1793. In the graveyard of the village church in the small town of C*****, may be seen a flat tombstone bearing the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY '
of the
CHEVALIER JULE ERNEST DE BAYARD,
an Officer
in the Armies of the American Revolution,
who departed this life August 16th, 1797, in the 81st year
of his age.
Requiescat in pace.

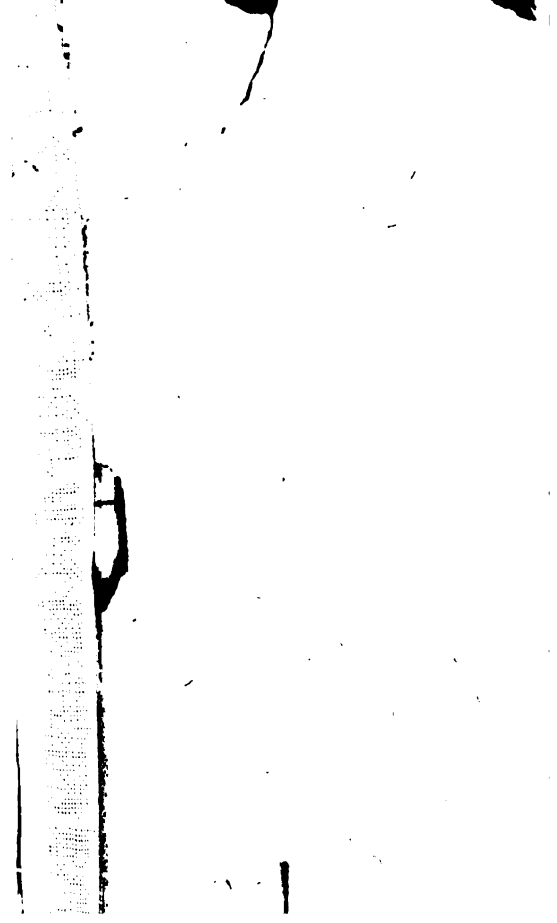
There, in that village church-yard, with the green willow drooping over his tomb—after passing the latter years of his existence in the peaceful enjoyment of rural life—repose the earthly remains of one who in another career was known to us as the bandit RINALDO RINALDINI.

K 7

1761









[illegible]



